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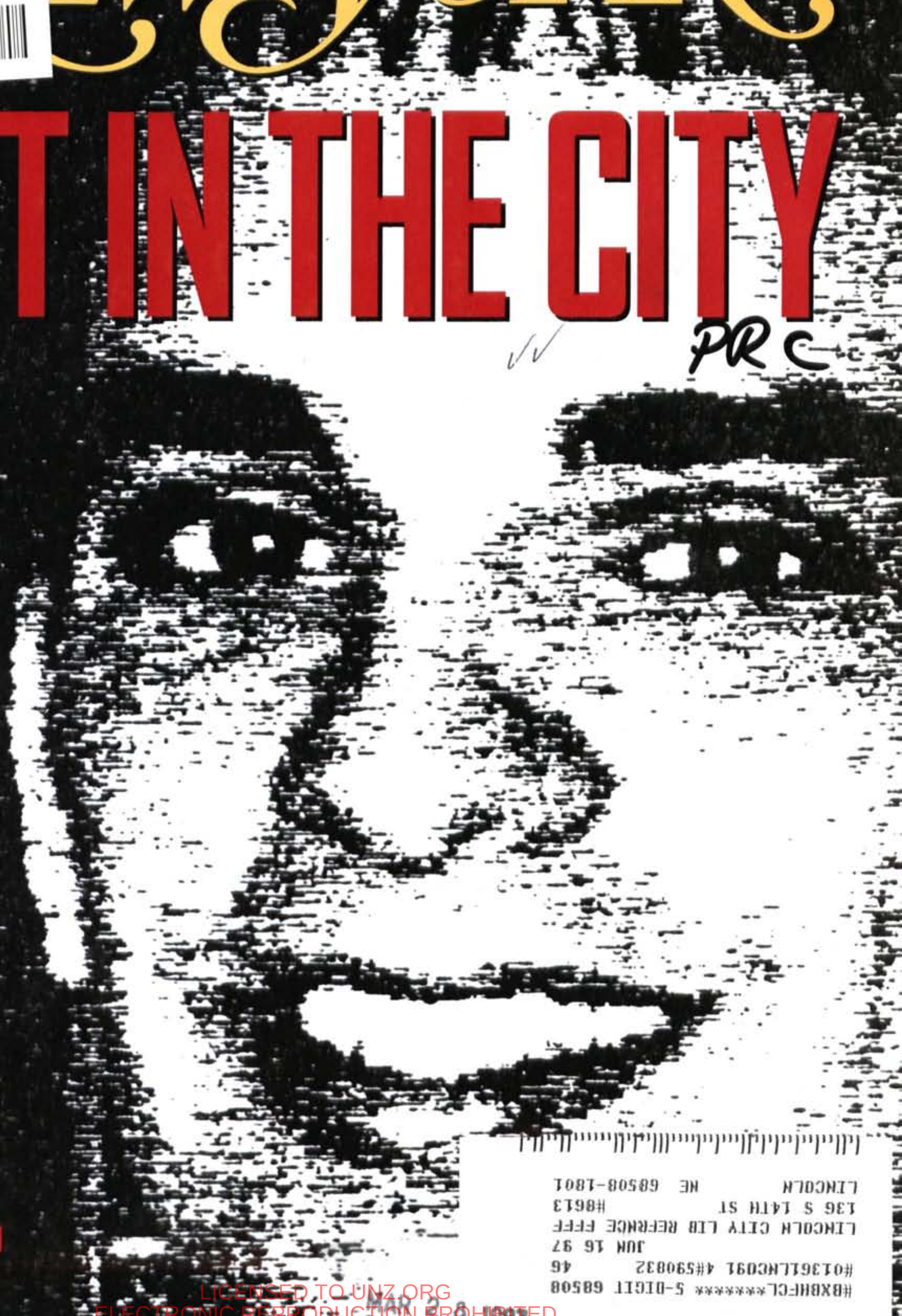

When Patrick McNeill vanished from an East Side bar a month ago, he left behind a frantic family and a host of questions about who the model student really was.

A *New York* investigation by Chris Smith

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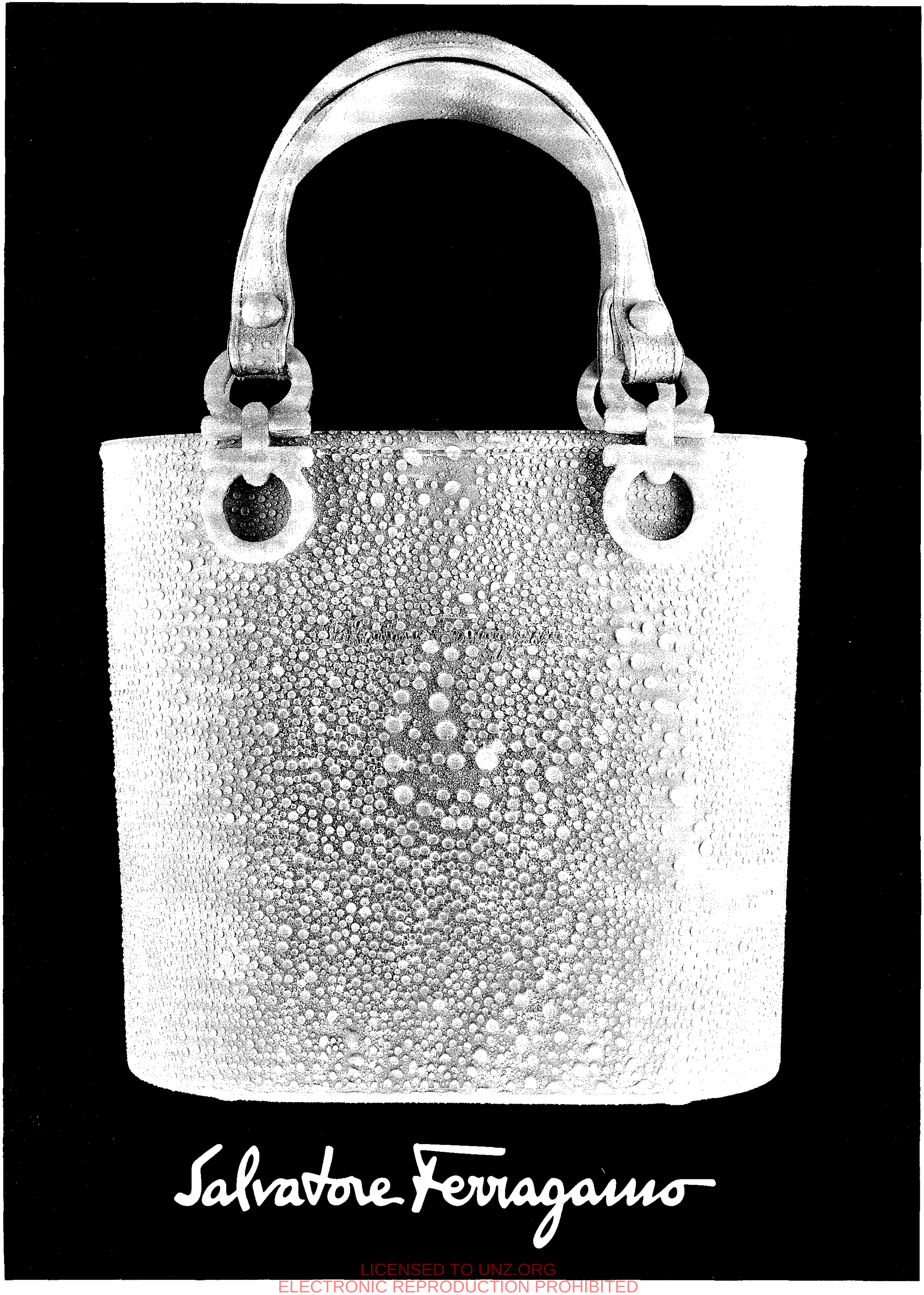
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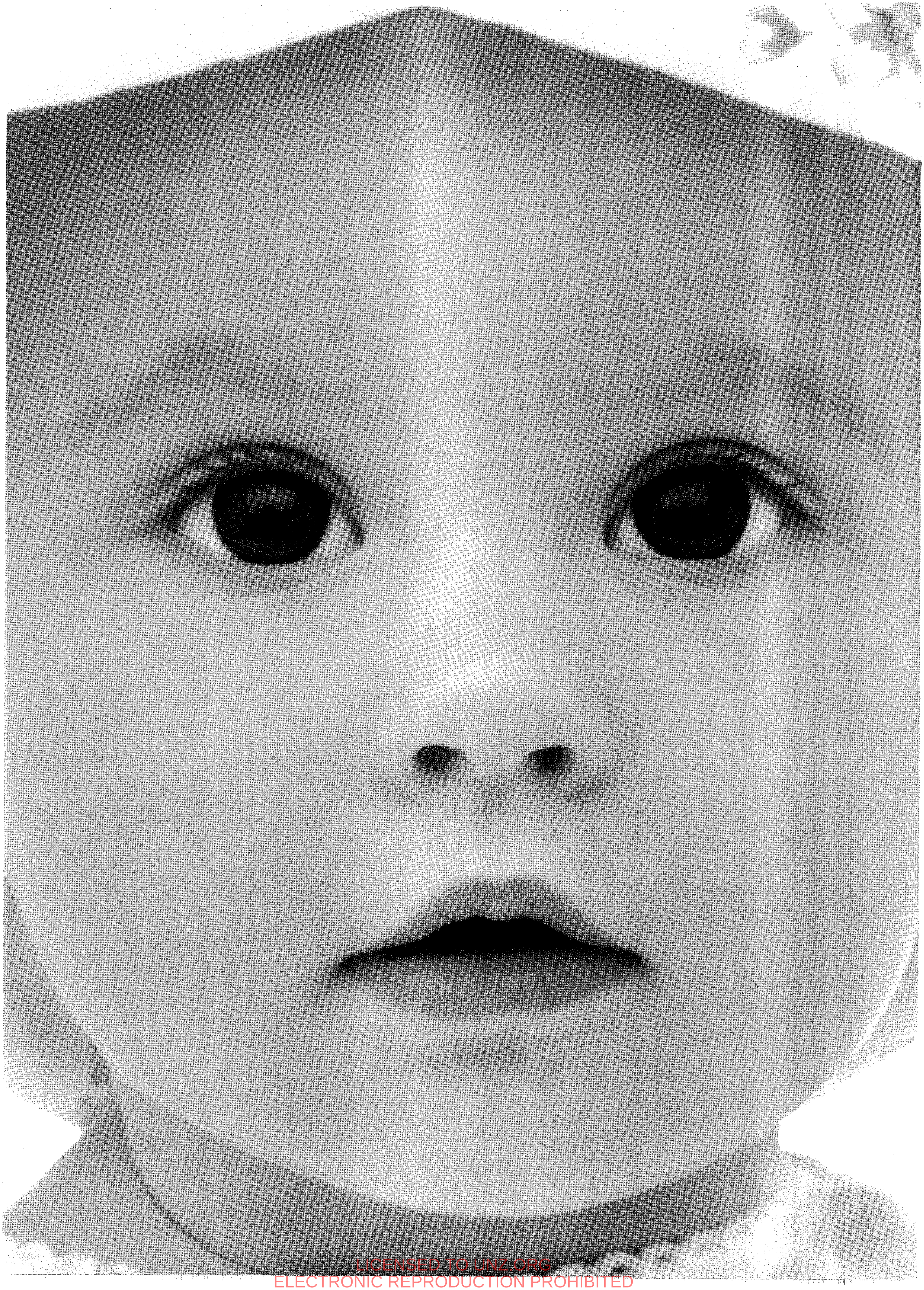
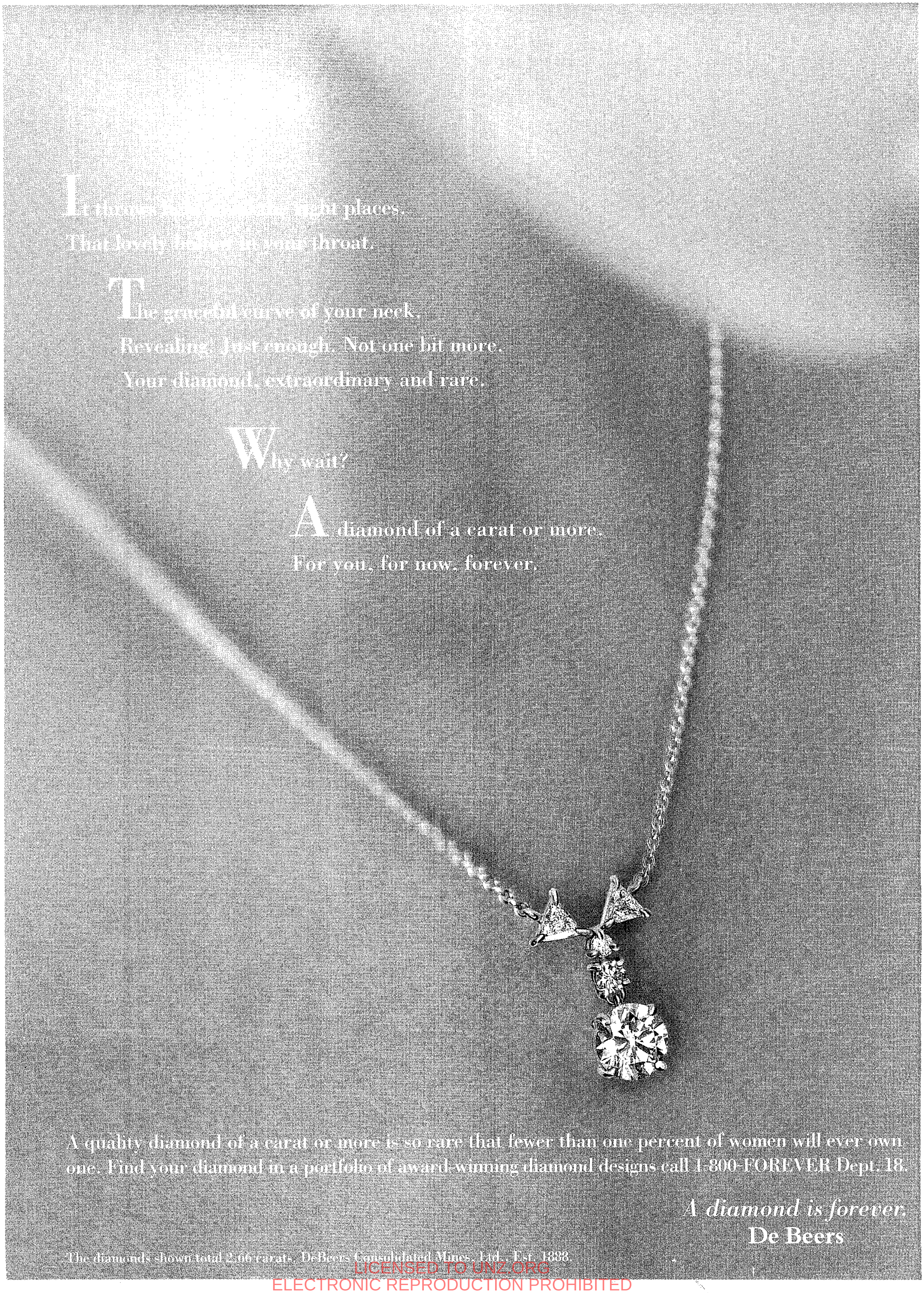


spring break

floral jumper $28 floral hat $14.50

baby
GAP



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since day one. Until this happened."

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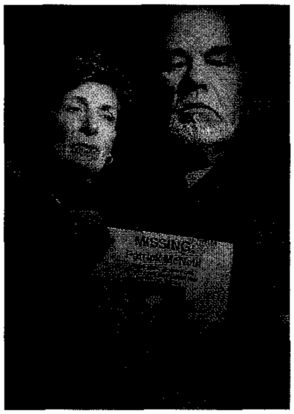
By Chris Smith



You've seen the posters: Patrick McNeill, 21, straight-arrow Fordham student, MISSING. His friends and family are in agony; his father is spending his days passing out flyers all over town; the cops have hit mostly dead ends. But *New York* finds that Patrick's life was more complicated than his parents realized. Is he missing—or hiding? **Also:** More New Yorkers from the missing-persons files. **By Ruth G. Davis**

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By Alexandra Lange

The Museum of Modern Art, already an amalgam of three awkwardly overlapping parts, now plans another expansion, onto the site of the Dorset Hotel. Finally, a chance for a building the collection deserves. But as usual, selecting an architect involves as much politics as aesthetics. A tip sheet of contenders for the city's commission of the decade.

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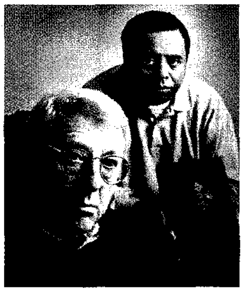
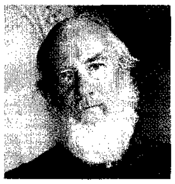


As a Jewish boy in the Bronx, Michael Horowitz learned to ignore the taunts of Christian kids. Yet he's now leading the fight against the persecution of third-world Christians. And he's challenging not only other Jews but the religious right to get the faith.



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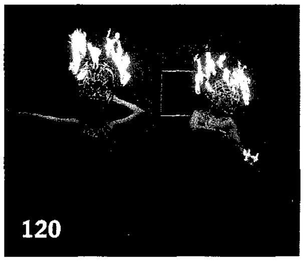

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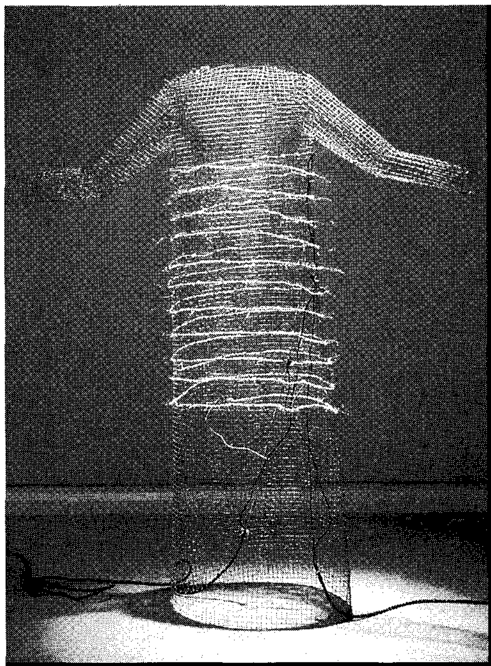

Jana Sterbak, *I Want You to Feel the Way I Do...(The Dress)* (detail), 1985.
Metal structure, incandescent filament, and projected text.
National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa. Photograph: Paul Orenstein

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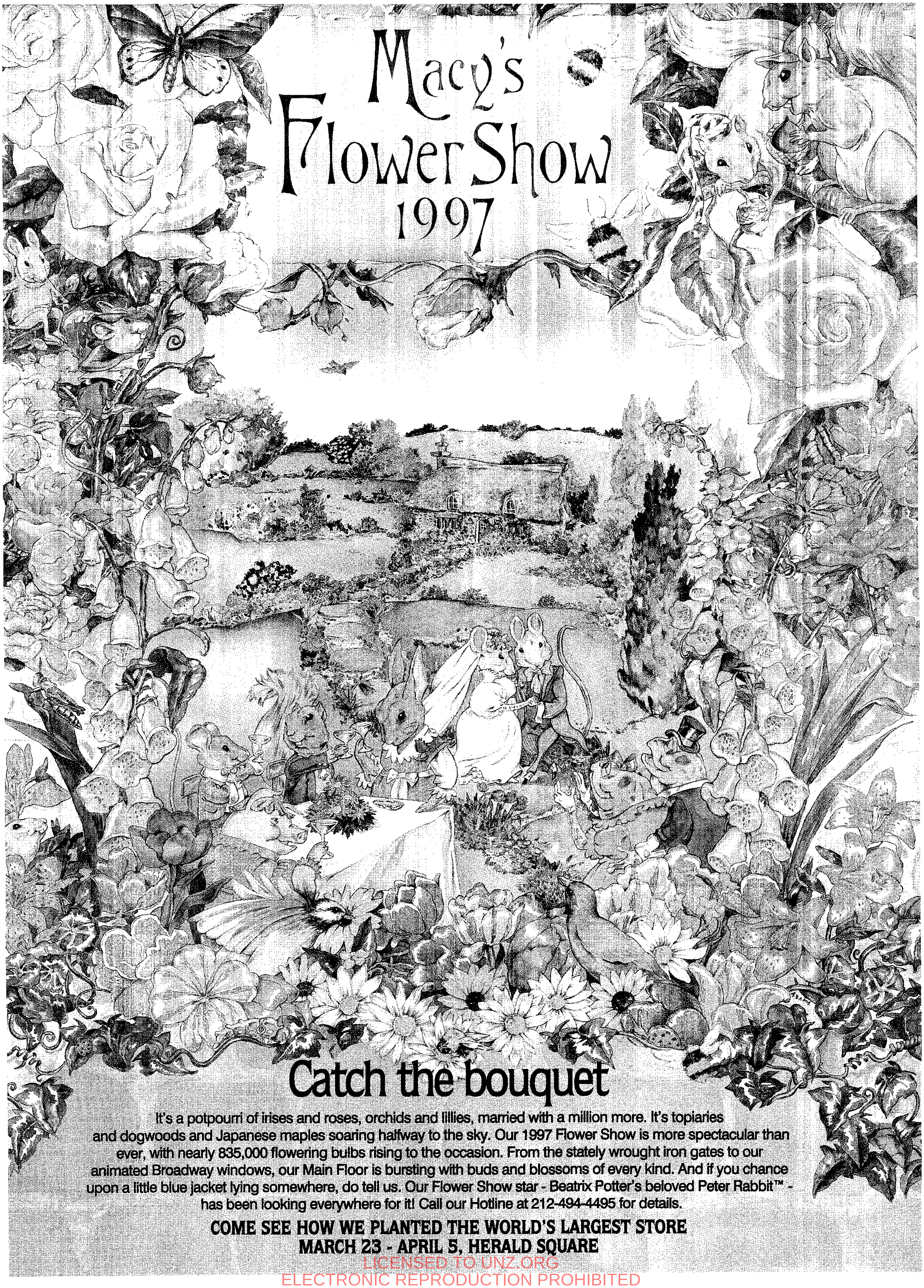

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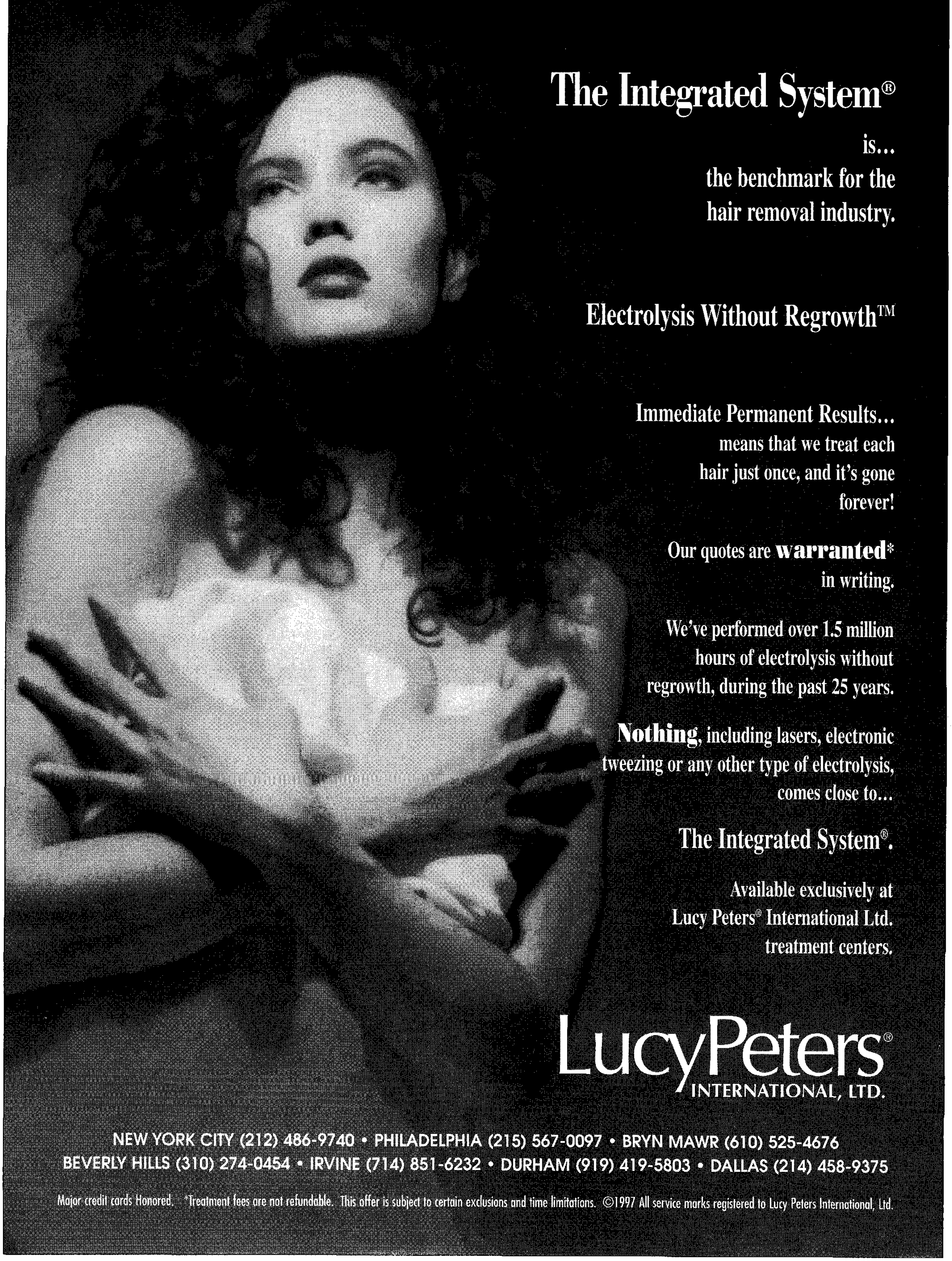WORLD CLASS ELECTROLYSIS

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Sights Unseen

Former myopics praise laser eye surgery as a visual rebirth; the meat-packing district's sinful quandary; stylish nights are worth the money.

I, TOO, HAVE HAD EXCIMER LASER SURGERY by Dr. Mark Speaker, and my results have been fabulous ["I Can See Clearly Now," by Melinda Blau, March 10]. I worked with Dr. Speaker at the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary and was able to get a significant reduction in the cost of the surgery, and it still cost me $1,500, none of which went to Dr. Speaker. He did it for me free: It was the so-called royalty fee for the laser that I had to pay, $750 per eye.

Insurance does not cover the cost of the surgery, because the insurance companies consider it to be "cosmetic." But what I had done was anything but cosmetic—there is a therapeutic, corrective end result. Exactly one year after the operation, my vision is better than 20/25 after I had had a correction of –6.50 in both eyes for almost twenty years. I have waited all my life to not have to wear Coke-bottle glasses and contacts all the time—this surgery was a godsend.

Diane M. Fitzgerald
Certified Registered Nurse Anesthetist
HYPOLUXO, FLA.

I UNDERWENT LASER EYE SURGERY (IN MY case, PRK) in August 1995 at 20/20 Laser Centers in Toronto. I had both eyes "done" at the same time, and the surgery profoundly changed my life: I was very nearsighted (5.25 diopters) with some astigmatism, and aside from three days of pain post-surgery, I had a wonderful experience that has resulted in perfect 20/20 vision. Since the U.S. is far behind Europe and Canada in experience with this surgery (FDA approval only came recently), readers should be cautioned to work with their local eye doctor, inquiring as to the number of surgeries a center has performed, the years of experience of the surgeon, and whether they can speak to a number of former patients. They should consider traveling, as I did, to a place that can provide these elements. In this age of "Your glasses will be ready in an hour," people need to be encouraged to think more about quality than convenience. While PRK was without question the best $4,000 I ever spent, it also involved the only pair of eyes I'll ever have.

Lynn Snowden
MANHATTAN

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Uptown Unity

IN MY DISCUSSION WITH CRAIG HOROWITZ for "The Battle for the Soul of Harlem," I intended to provide a balanced criticism of the development realities which have plagued Harlem over the last twenty years [January 27]. I spoke of the significant contributions made by Harlem's political leadership, and it was not my intention to be part of a hatchet job on local elected officials. To my dismay, Mr. Horowitz focused only on the criticisms and not on the constructive initiatives supported by Harlem's leaders.

There has been no quick fix to the problems plaguing Harlem, and there is plenty of blame to be parceled out for the lack of development and initiative. But Harlem's recent turnaround is a direct result of a new partnership forged between the local officials and community groups.

In housing development the Harlem Congregations for Community Improvement and the Abyssinian Development Corp. stand out as beneficiaries of this new partnership. Rheedlen Center for Children and Families and the Harlem Dowling-Westside have also been recipients of the partnership. There's more work to be done, but this is only the beginning of the new Harlem.

Rev. Dr. Preston R. Washington Sr.
President and CEO, Harlem Congregations for Community Improvement
MANHATTAN

Night Out

ACCORDING TO RANDE GERBER, SKYBAR AT the Mondrian hotel has been infiltrated by gawkers who would split a $190 room three ways just to get in ["Inn Fighting," by Eric Konigsberg, March 10].

In fact, the room my two friends and I shared last Friday cost $255, not $190. Including drinks at the bar, breakfast, tips, tax, and parking, the tab approached $600. It was—we three agree—a bargain. Coco Pazzo aside, the hotel stay was perfect. As for Skybar, I haven't had this much fun since my last night—can it really be eighteen years ago?—at Studio 54.

Fred Bernstein
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Packing 'Em In

LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT—FIRST CAME THE meatpackers wearing their bloodstained white frocks ["Meat the Neighbors," by Matt Pincus, March 3]. Then came the gay men wearing black leather and their butts hanging out. Then came the prostitutes wearing almost nothing at all with everything hanging out. Then the drag queens and club kids wearing everything that glitters, glows, and glimmers—and now lawyers in $3,000 designer suits? Well! There goes the neighborhood!

Michael Evanochko
BROOKLYN

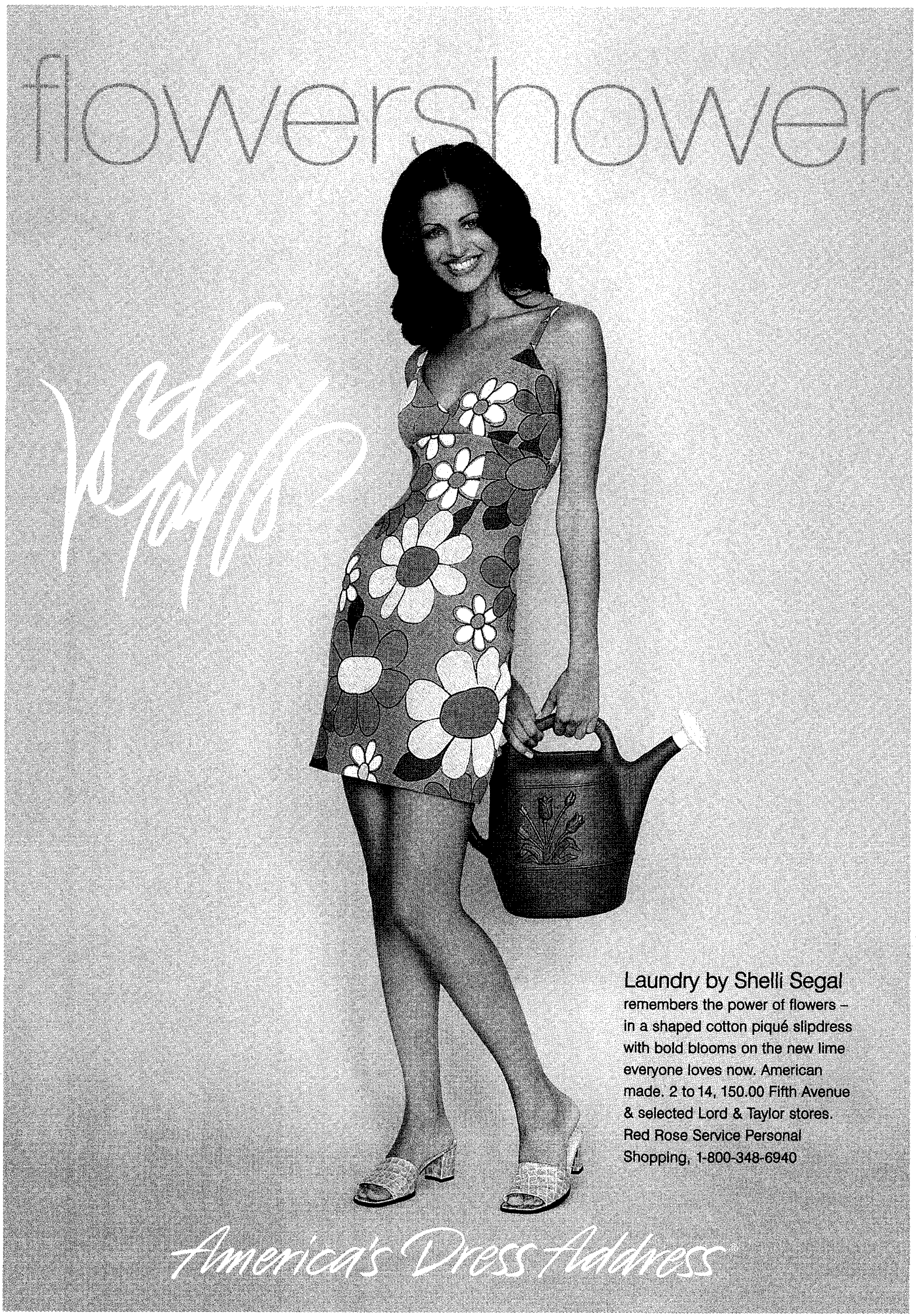
Knit Wits

AS PRESIDENT OF THE BIG APPLE KNITTERS Guild, I would like to let Mr. Hochhaus, his friends, and all of your knitting readers know that BAKG exists ["Gotham: No Needling, Please," by Liesl Schillinger, February 24]. Big Apple Knitters Guild has more than 200 members from throughout the metropolitan area. We meet in various boroughs on the second Saturday of each month. We have speakers, field trips, and a retreat, and we teach one another, actively participate in charity knitting, and have a program to train our members to teach children and adults to knit.

Naomi R. Allen
President, Big Apple Knitters Guild
MANHATTAN

Corrections In David Ellis's "Not Necessarily the News" ("Media," March 24), Eric Alterman's book was mistitled. The correct title is *Sound and Fury: The Washington Punditocracy and the Collapse of American Politics.* In "Cue: Restaurants," we should have identified Michele Scicolone's *A Fresh Taste of Italy* as her fifth book. Michael Gruber is an agent at the William Morris Agency, not CAA, as stated in "Inn Fighting."

flowershower



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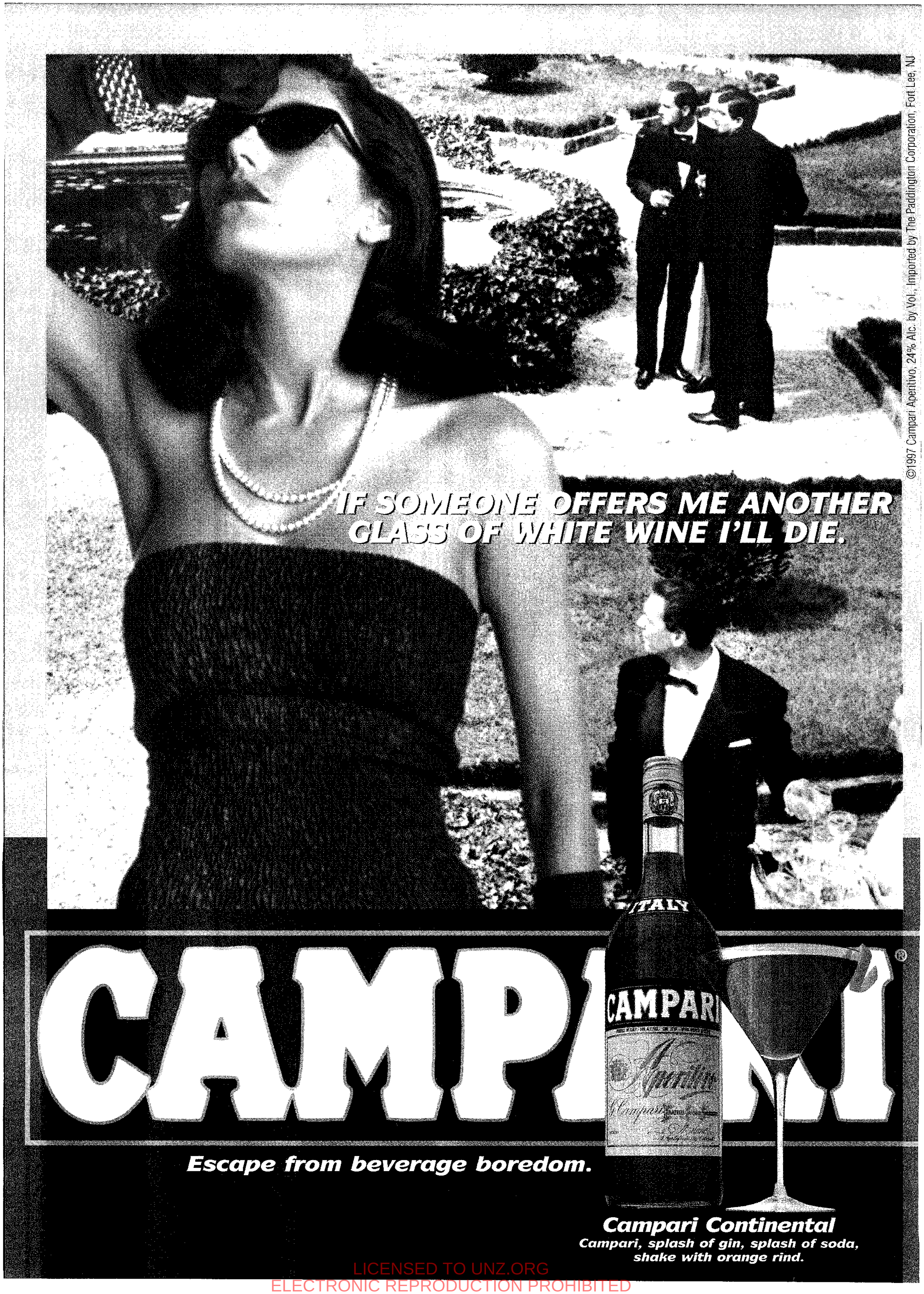
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INTELLIGENCER

MAYOR, MAYOR ON THE WALL . . .

Rudy Giuliani is clearly not threatened by the image of his announced mayoral opponent, Manhattan borough president **Ruth Messinger.** On a recent evening, Giuliani ran into the 34-year-old twin daughters of WOR radio personality **Shelly Strickler,** who impersonated Messinger at the Inner Circle dinner earlier this month. "If Ruth Messinger had looks even close to your mother's," he told the astonished women, "*then* I would have something to worry about." Says the elder Strickler: "I'm sure he was joking, and I have to admit I was flattered, but in any case, candidates should certainly not be judged by how physically attractive they are." Messinger's camp was understandably less tolerant of his remarks. "One thing he does not want to do is to make this a beauty contest," huffed senior Messinger adviser Lee Jones. "By every standard, he will emerge as the clear loser." The mayor's office did not return calls.

KELLER GOSSIP AT THE *TIMES*

ABC isn't the only workplace where private lives are becoming public these days. At the New York *Times,* the buzz is about foreign editor **Bill Keller** and his messy split from his wife, National Public Radio's **Ann Cooper.** Sources say Winnie Mandela biographer **Emma Gilbey**—whose relationship with Keller has been the subject of speculation—is now pregnant. And Cooper is looking for a new apartment with the young son she and Pulitzer Prize winner Keller adopted. Neither Keller nor Gilbey, a Brit who's dated *The New Yorker*'s **Rick Hertzberg** and columnist **Taki,** returned calls; Cooper hung up. But the well-regarded editor has explained all to his bosses at the *Times,* where he is considered a contender to succeed retiring managing editor **Gene Roberts.** "It is now believed possible that Roberts might be given a one-year extension," reports one longtime *Times* Kremlinologist, "partly because [executive editor] **Joe [Lelyveld]** is not enthusiastic about any of the other candidates." Lelyveld refused to comment, except to say that he views this as "a personal matter."

Ruth Messinger:
Rude-ly judged

ALANIS'S SUCCESS: ISN'T IT IRONIC

Is **Alanis Morissette** going through a musical version of sophomore slump? **Madonna's** pet artist, whose *Jagged Little Pill* sold almost 15 million copies, is, according to sources close to her family, in a panic about recording her next album. The Canadian chanteuse has recently purchased a lavish home in Brentwood and has cloistered herself there, not even attending the Grammys, the American Music Awards, or Canada's Juno awards. It was widely reported that Alanis was traveling in India; in fact, a source says she never left home. "In reality she is so anxiety-ridden about her second album that she just shut herself in her house," says the source. Adds an industry insider, "She is afraid that the first album did so well because of producer **Glen Ballard,** who may not be doing the next album. Also, every promotional avenue was exploited for the last album. Where do you go from there?" Says a spokesperson for Morissette, "We don't know anything about an anxiety attack, and she never told us anything about going to India. She's just on vacation and getting ready to start work on her next album."

JULES GETS READY TO KROLL OVER

Jules Kroll, who made a fortune doing investigations for Wall Street, is discovering that it isn't easy to sell out. No sooner were rumors printed that Kroll Associates is talking about a sale to the publicly traded Equifax, a credit-reporting company, than word comes down that Kroll is now facing problems with one of his resident sleuths. Longtime Kroll president (and former New York City police commissioner) **Bob McGuire** is said to be "very unhappy" and planning to leave. McGuire (along with 40 other Kroll honchos) has been compensated with a piece of the company, but several sources close to him speculate that he's unhappy with the financial arrangements of the proposed sale. Another source warns that this isn't just about money, saying that McGuire's problems with Kroll go back "over many, many years." Kroll disputes the story, insisting that there's no deal on the table to sell the company yet. As for McGuire, Kroll says, "He's a dear personal friend, and we have had no disputes about money or anything else." McGuire, traveling to his son's basketball finals in Virginia, could not be reached.

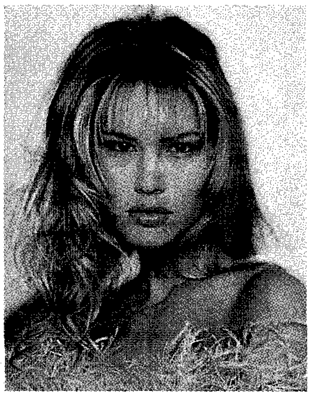
PLAYBOY'S CHINA SYNDROME

Playboy, a magazine that has long trumpeted itself as a beacon of free expression, is now being accused of censorship by an angry **Paul Theroux.** The magazine had arranged to excerpt Theroux's next novel, *Kowloon Tong,* working out the deal months ago with his agent, **Andrew Wylie.** Then, according to an interoffice memo leaked to *New York,* marketing officials at Playboy

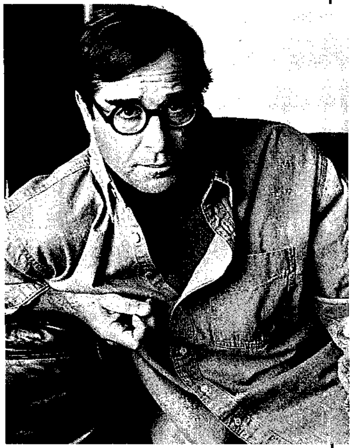
Photographs: top, Gregory Pace/Sygma; bottom, Kevin Cummins/London Features.

DAVID COPPERFIELD'S NEXT TRICK?

People at Elite will be seeing double next month when new client **Valeria Mazza** joins the top-scale agency after leaving Ford Models. A source at Ford says the Guess? jeans model was asked to leave the company because of chronic absenteeism and that common modeling ailment—a swelled head. "She's self-delusional. She was a huge star in Argentina, and she believed she was a huge star over here too. She's not," said the source. "You can't be a star if you don't show up for work." Ford Models president **Katie Ford** would only say of Mazza's departure, "I'm very happy for her, and I wish her lots of luck with her future career." Meanwhile, one high-profile client at Mazza's new agency may not be rolling out the welcome mat for her new professional colleague. Elite also represents the original Guess? jeans girl, **Claudia Schiffer.** Mazza has long been considered a Claudia look-alike, plus her much lower daily rates make her, in the words of one paper, "a bargain basement double" for the German supermodel. Apparently, Claudia doesn't exactly see imitation as the sincerest form of flattery. "Claudia and Valeria absolutely hate each other," said one industry source. "Both had terrible seasons in Milan and Paris, hardly appearing on the runways, and when Claudia found out about Valeria, she went ballistic." Neither Mazza nor Schiffer could be reached for comment.


Valeria Mazza: Don't cry for her

Claudia Schiffer: Guess again


Paul Theroux: Too risqué for *Playboy?*

Enterprises who read the story objected to "several points which are derogatory . . . toward the Chinese people" (for example, describing the Cantonese language as "not remotely resembl[ing] human speech"). *Playboy* ultimately decided not to publish the story. "Their licensing branch is making deals to make millions of dollars in China, licensing condoms, cigars, and T-shirts, and they were fearful of offending the Chinese," reports one insider. "Offend the Chinese?" retorts Theroux. "These are the people who brought you Tiananmen Square." Theroux's novel is a black comedy about the return of Hong Kong to mainland China, "and of course it's not politically correct," he adds. *Playboy* managing editor **Jonathan Black** insists that he alone decided not to run the Theroux excerpt, because the magazine had just published a two-part James Bond story set in Hong Kong. Black called back later to say the magazine would, in fact, run the story "at some future date."

BRONFMAN HEIR; HARASSMENT SCARE

HIGH SOCIETY: Tongues are wagging about Seagram scion **Jeffrey Bronfman**—the cousin of Seagram CEO **Edgar Bronfman Jr.**—who has long shied away from the family's involvement in corporate finance. Bronfman has dedicated the past fifteen years to the preservation of "early civilizations," especially the religious and social cultures of aboriginal tribes in South and Central America. Apparently, he takes his work very seriously. Rumor has it that Bronfman is part of a cultlike Venezuelan religion that uses psychedelic drugs to enhance spirituality. While Bronfman did say he had recently returned from Venezuela, he would neither confirm nor deny the allegations about his religion. "It's not that it's totally wrong—it's just that there are certain aspects of my life that I try to keep private," he says. "It's just not a subject I choose to discuss."

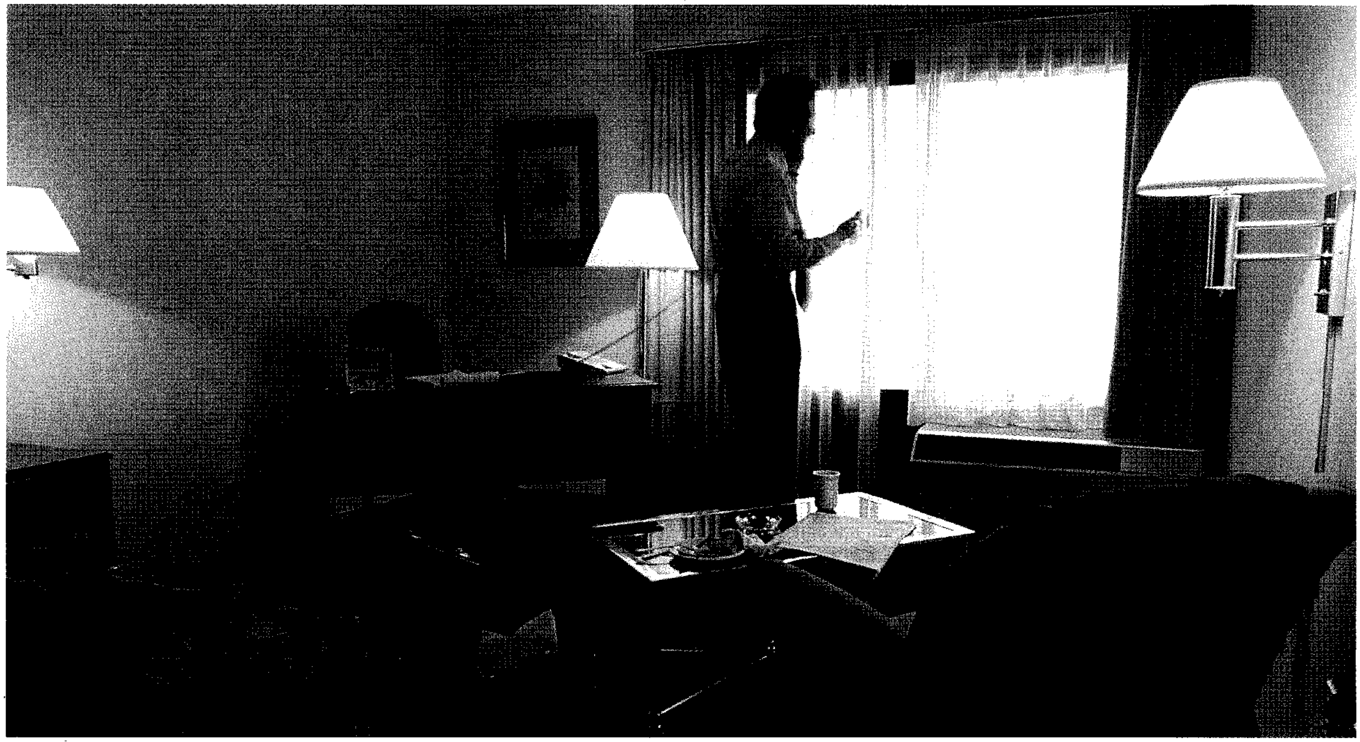
SEXUAL NBC'S: Did NBC's West Coast president **Don Ohlmeyer**'s stint at Betty Ford after drinking too much and reportedly grabbing a network publicist at a party turn him into a righteous man? The entire staff at the network is now being sent back to school—to learn about sexual discrimination. A spokeswoman at the network confirmed that the sessions, which began earlier this month, are mandatory for all employees. "There's also a mandatory orientation for new employees," she says. "There's nothing more to say about it, really."

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne.

KOSNER'S OWN BROADCAST

The Museum of Television and Radio's tribute to **Sam Donaldson** last Monday night drew a roomful of notables, but the ones who attracted attention were *Esquire* editor **Ed Kosner** and New York *Observer* editor **Peter Kaplan.** According to sources, Kosner, apparently upset by the *Observer*'s extensive coverage of *Esquire*'s recent imbroglios, verbally accosted Kaplan; when *Good Housekeeping* editor **Ellen Levine** stepped in to greet the two, she was summarily dismissed by Kosner, so intent was he on stating his case. "I think our reporting has been fair," says Kaplan (who is often mentioned as a possible Kosner successor). "Guys are allowed to have vigorous conversations at museums. It's good for editors." Is Kosner upset that he appeared unglued in such a public forum? "Oh, God, no," he says. "I talk to Peter all the time. If *that* was vehement, Peter don't know vehement." Is Kaplan upset? "No," says the top editor. "Exhilarated, if anything."

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Stephanie Pfriender/Outline; M. Gerber/LGI; Grazia Neri/Sygma.



Another grey hotel room.

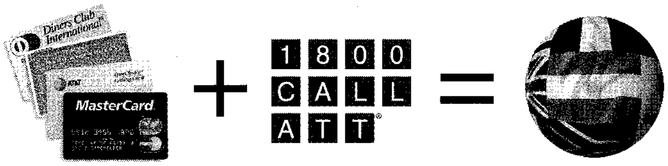
Another view of the parking lot.

Nothing about it was like Buenos Aires.

I ordered a steak from room service and called Abuela.

I could see her smile.

Suddenly, I realized the room wasn't grey.



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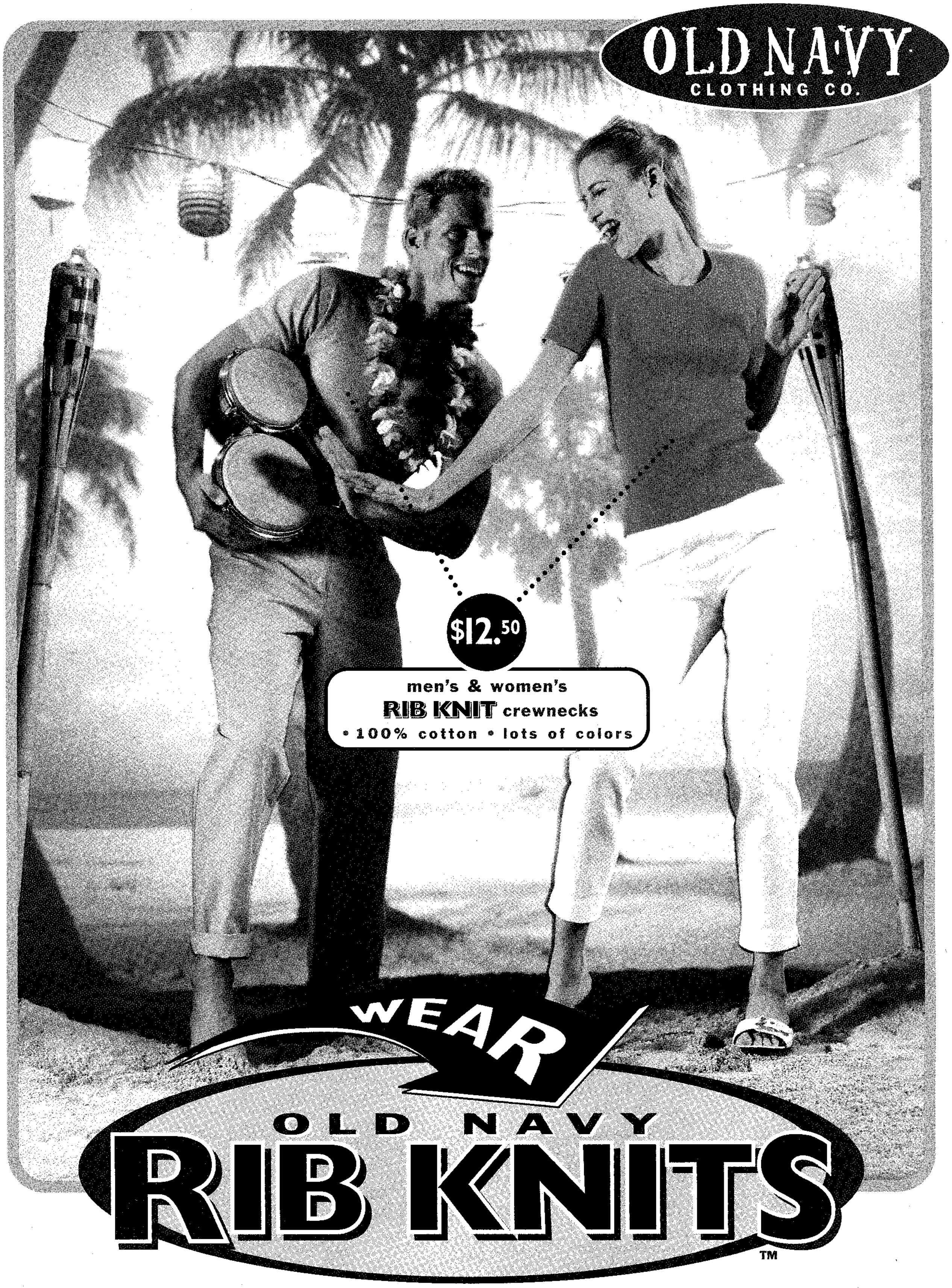

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GOTHAM

A city that moves so fast it takes energy just to stand still—*Barbara Walters*

Street

BROADWAY PARTY LINE, LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE

THEY ARE, IT SEEMS, THE MOST popular spots on upper Broadway these days: With their colorful awnings and picture-window signs advertising exotic destinations like Santo Domingo and Caracas and Monrovia, they draw big crowds every night of the week. The real draw, though, is the simple logo they all share: a telephone.

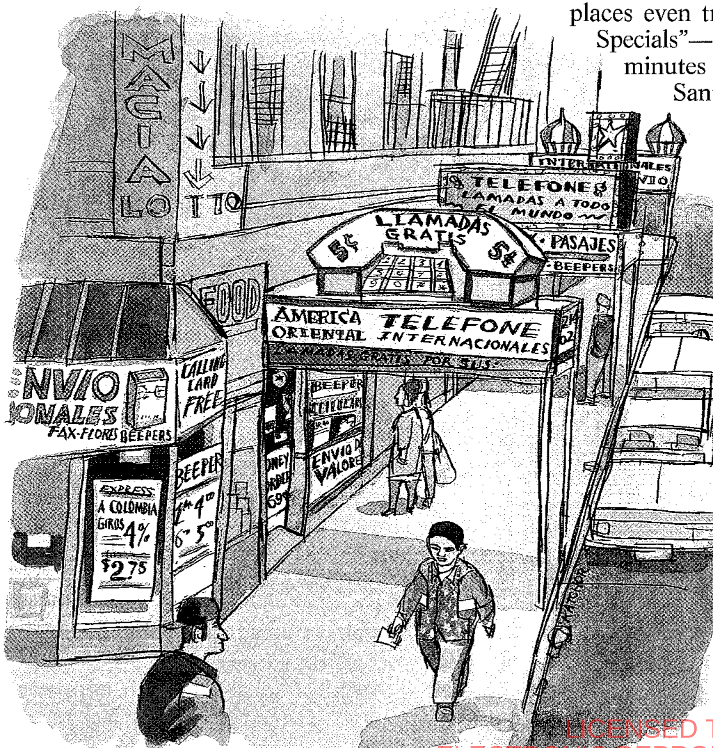
Telefonicas have become a common sight everywhere from the Upper West Side to Inwood; in certain sections of Washington Heights, there are three or four on every block. On Saturday nights, these spots might appear, to the casual passerby, visually indistinguishable from trendy nightclubs, with their long lines of well-dressed patrons trailing out the door.

But this is not the cellular-phone crowd; many of these people don't even have telephones in their homes. And they're not lining up to make a call to finalize the evening's plans; for most of them, making a call *is* the evening's plans. "This is a good place," explains Roberto, a 20-year-old who came to New York from Guatemala almost a year ago. "For a few minutes, here, I can go home." *Telefonicas* are open seven days a week, often well past midnight, and business is brisk.

A *telefonica* is really nothing more than a store divided into makeshift phone booths, sometimes as many as twenty. Customers wait on line until a booth becomes available, make their calls, and pay on their way out. Signs out front advertise the rates, which vary from country to country: 49 cents a minute to Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic; 89 cents to Mexico, Haiti, and the rest of Latin America and the Caribbean; 99 cents to Israel; $1.35 to Africa, Asia, and the Middle East (there is always an additional "connection charge"—usually a dollar or two). Some places even trumpet "Birthday Specials"—30 cents for three minutes to San Juan or Santo Domingo. "I can't afford to do this from my apartment," explains Jenny, who calls her parents in Kingston, Jamaica, every week. "So I come down here. My family knows I call on Sundays around suppertime, so they're there for me then."

In some cases, *telefonicas* have surpassed bodegas, bars, and social clubs as the choice spots to gather and wax nostalgic for the old country. One Dominican, who would not give his name, even claims to have met his wife while waiting in line at a *telefonica,* though she was not with him on this particular day ("It's good to be alone sometimes," he explains).

For Roberto, the few minutes he spends every week at the *telefonica* is not a time to be alone but a time to get away from his loneliness. "I like to talk to my father," he says. "I miss Guatemala, and when I talk to him, I can almost see it." Alexander Graham Bell may have conceived his invention as an aid for the deaf, but in Washington Heights, at least, it can cure, if only temporarily, the kind of blindness that comes with distance. RICHARD RUBIN



Style

GOD BLESS YOU, SIGNORE VENTRELLA

"I DARE TO SUGGEST," THE LETTER READ, "that you assign a member of your staff to get a haircut by Franco Ventrella. He's been my haircutter for years now, and is worth a look." It was signed KURT VONNEGUT. Vonnegut, who is 74 years old now, is of course better known for writing such novels as *Slaughterhouse Five* (about the firebombing of Dresden during World War II) and *Cat's Cradle* (about the end of the world) than he is for his personal-grooming expertise.

Vonnegut met Ventrella 27 years ago, right around the time *Slaughterhouse Five* was published. "I was a regular at a restaurant called Hobos on the East Side where he was the maître d'," Vonnegut explained, standing outside Ventrella's East 60th Street building. "My previous barber had been my wife, but she didn't know how to layer and I was developing a bouffant. Franco said to me one day, 'Mr. Vonnegut, I am also a barber. Couldn't we do something about your hair?' "

On the way up the stairs, Vonnegut whispered, "I haven't told Franco anything. We'll pretend you're just a friend along for the ride." Ventrella, a trim 58-year-old waiting on the third-floor landing, greeted us with "Hi, would you like some tea?" His studio is a quiet, bright room with wood floors and two classic salon chairs. The ceiling is salmon with gold trim. There's a mahogany desk in one corner and a baby grand piano in another. Atop the piano is a bust of Apollo along with several plays by Shakespeare and a history of famous nautical battles. Cherubs, sconces, and swords adorn the walls, along with pictures of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Francis Drake.

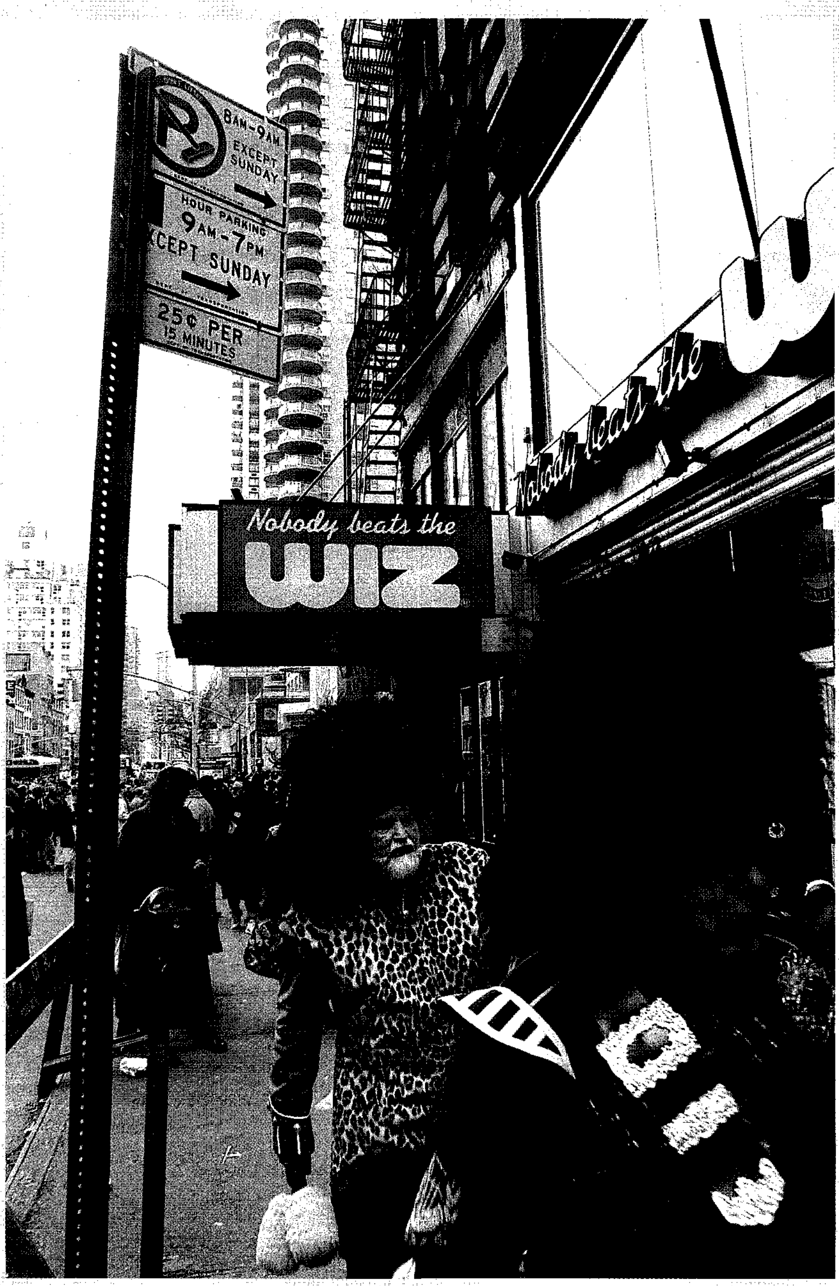
Franco walked to a cabinet and turned on an opera. After a quick shampoo, Vonnegut tried to get his old friend to talk about himself, though the effort was mostly in vain. "Franco, what part of Italy are you from again?" he asked innocently. "When did you move to the U.S.? When did you join the Army?" Ventrella sighed and said, "Oh, 1959, right after I moved from Italy. I didn't speak any English, but I joined up anyway because I got in a huge fight with my wife."

As they talked, Ventrella palmed Vonnegut's head and rolled it around a little, making the writer's thick gray locks stand up at odd angles. Then he began snipping confidently. "I heard that Salieri and Mozart were actually good friends," Vonnegut said, apropos of nothing. "That makes sense," Franco responded. "How could you be a musician and not love Mozart?" Vonnegut shook his head and said, "Mozart had a very simple funeral." Franco nodded: "The gaudy carriages and all that—I think it's wrong." Vonnegut thought for a moment and said, "I like the shape of the old coffins."

Shorn again: Master barber Franco Ventrella.

Both men grew silent. The haircut was finished in five minutes. When Vonnegut rose, his hair was neatly cut close to the skull, giving him a surprisingly youthful and roguish look. He shook hands with Ventrella, and as we left, he pulled his watch cap on, tight. NORMAN VANAMEE

SHOT



Third Avenue at 87th Street, 3 P.M., Saint Patrick's Day, *photographed by Matt Harnett.*

Mourning

ON FULTON STREET, BIGGIE SMALLS WAS THE MAYOR

ON A CROWDED BLOCK IN FORT GREENE, AN overcast Tuesday is offering the most chilling visual simulacrum of the decade: a real-life version of the image from rapper Notorious B.I.G.'s new album cover—a hearse—driving past B.I.G.'s former apartment with the star himself lying in the back, dead.

Here in his old neighborhood, the slain 24-year-old rapper—born Christopher Wallace, known as Biggie Smalls—is being mourned as spokesman, neighbor, and family member. "Biggie Smalls is the *mayor* of Bed-Stuy," says Quick, 19. "He's the mayor of New York City."

The drive-by shooting of this post-gangsta rapper is only the most recent of the brutal fluctuations between image and reality that have marked hip-hop culture over the past few months. And here, with TV cameras hanging out of brownstones and helicopters hovering overhead, the volatile power of rap music—social, emotional, and political—is on national display.

"I think it's good that all these kids came out," says Georges Sulmers, a 30-year-old rap-label owner from the neighborhood. "They can see the reality behind all the posturing, that it can have repercussions."

A few houses up, people cluster in front of 226 St. James Place, former home to the pre-B.I.G. Wallace—a sly 300-pound neighborhood raconteur who'd hang out on the corner, dispense the occasional crack vial, but mostly just hold forth.

Photograph by Angela Cappetta.

"Anybody that knew Biggie on the face-to-face, seen him out here doin' his raps, beatin' on the garbage can—they knew it wasn't just about that drug shit," says local boy Jahad Grant, 19. "He came from nothing to something. Once you do that, everyone gonna give you the utmost respect." Nearby, Sharon Annunzihea holds up her 7-month-old daughter. "I even got my baby out here representin'," she says proudly. The child's name is Reality.

Scattered boos and obscenities greet a platoon of uniforms marching down the gauntlet. The Reverend Herbert Daughtry walks by with a megaphone, asking people to show their respect with a tip of the hat, a bow of the head. "You mean to tell me," yells a man in the crowd, "that of all you niggas out here, nobody brought a tape to be bangin' his shit?"

A wave surges down the crowd as the motorcade appears on St. James Place. From passing limousines and Jeeps wave female rapper L'il Kim, Little Caesar, and other members of Biggie Smalls's old rap crew Junior M.A.F.I.A. They are past and gone in six minutes. Following the cars around the corner, the crowd spills out onto Fulton Street. Suddenly, the booming bass of a Biggie Smalls song starts pumping from a store window, and immediately, people find their release—dancing in the street, jumping onto car roofs, wildly waving liquor bottles and Biggie T-shirts. A shopkeeper hurriedly pulls a metal grate down over a storefront. Eight people crowd atop the buckling roof of a blue sedan, jumping up and down, chanting, "Bed-Stuy! Bed-Stuy!"

In Brooklyn, the funeral procession for rap star Biggie Smalls.

The cops charge the crowd, pulling out nightsticks, releasing pepper spray. Five of them carry off a man in a black jacket and blue jeans. More follow him.

"It's just sad," says Vanessa Reed, 28, a student at John Jay College. "That they have to get out here and fight, throwing bottles and all this nonsense."

But their response is fitting. Biggie Smalls's death marks a time when reali-

FIELD MEMO

Drive Time

Freddy Ferrer is spreading his message of outrage tonight, in Democratic clubs from Gramercy Park to Flushing. At the National Arts Club, where the Tilden and Eleanor Roosevelt clubs are holding a candidates' forum, he offers his standard stump speech. A place of suffocating gentility, it's not the ideal setting for Ferrer's message, an overwhelmingly bleak portrait of children without classrooms, homeless people asleep on office floors, and, paramountly, a mayor who doesn't care. Ferrer's strength, and limitation, is that he can only communicate through a filter of anger. Everything, simple and complex, is cast as an outrage: "You need a mayor who understands—and I'm *outraged* that he doesn't—that education is the economic engine that drives this city!"

Ferrer's politics of resentment plays better in some places than in others. If his downtown reception is lukewarm, the Upper West Side's is downright frosty. It's the West 72nd Street headquarters of the Park River Democrats—Ruth Messinger territory. The forum is held in a musty little room plastered with posters from campaigns long forgotten: MAKE BELLA THE MAYOR, FRANK BARBARO FOR MAYOR, a gallery of lost causes. Ferrer plunges into his speech, but the crowd is unmoved. One man challenges him to be more aggressive on police-brutality issues. Another asks about his election-year switch in favor of the death penalty. Before long, Ferrer is hopelessly stuck on the defensive. "Are you or are you not in favor of the death penalty?" someone demands. "I came out for it in *this* case," he snaps. Later, Messinger is introduced as "the next mayor of New York." "They were never going to support me," Ferrer shrugs.

Candidate Ferrer on the stump, and on the road.

The drive to Queens is dominated by stories about Giuliani's slights—of the Bronx, of poor people, of Puerto Ricans, of Ferrer personally. To him, they're all the same, as when Giuliani decided not to build a police academy in the Bronx: "People have confirmed to me that it was a deeply political decision," he says. "It was 'F him' and 'F the Bronx.' " Every anecdote ends with the same image: Scrawny Bronx Puerto Rican takes on the bully at City Hall.

At the New Century Democratic Association forum, a vintage community meeting in the basement of a church, the silver-haired ladies and ruddy-faced men immediately warm to his screed about the plight of the poor and the working class, the deterioration of schools and hospitals. Ferrer speaks movingly about growing up poor in the Bronx: "I know what it is to live in a fourth-floor walkup and not have heat or hot water in the wintertime. You take a shower very quickly." The audience nods knowingly. By the time he lowers the boom on Giuliani, his outrage has found a context. "It's very nice that the mayor loves New York," Ferrer says. "But at the end of the day, you better also love New Yorkers."

The ride back to Manhattan is quiet. Everyone's burned out. In the back seat of a Crown Victoria, Arnie Segarra—Ferrer's aide, traveling companion, and keeper of secrets—answers the car phone. "You got the Eleanor Club vote!" he announces. Ferrer's face lights up, and he snaps his fingers in the air. "Am I messing around, or what?"

ANDREW KIRTZMAN

Photographs: top, Mark Peterson/Saba; bottom, Andrew Goldberg(3).

Girls on Film

At Pravda to celebrate the New York Women's Film Festival.

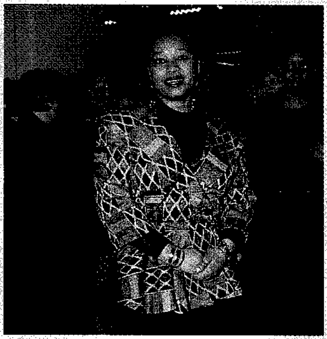
By Ariel Kaminer
Photographed by Patrick McMullan

SARA GOODMAN, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OF the New York Women's Film Festival, was choosing her words carefully: "If you look at the number of films made by women in the Academy Awards—well, don't quote me on this, but there are, like, none." She didn't want to seem strident; tonight's party, after all, was about promoting women's films, not overthrowing the patriarchy. Over by the bar, someone was trying to interest Annabella Sciorra in an upcoming part; near the banquettes, Kim Gordon was holding a script someone had managed to slip into her bag.

Still, there was no denying a political coefficient to all the friendly chatter. Phrases like *boys' club* and *old-boy network* were in heavy rotation. "With so few women in power in this industry, women end up doubting what they can do, not having people who support their work," said Lalou Dammond, who is at work on "a fake documentary about a postpunk girl band mysteriously found shot to death in front of their Hollywood mansion." A radical faction in the upstairs lounge had already scheduled a meeting to discuss its first big group project: opening a bar.

Back downstairs, Anne Childers, a film major at NYU, was reciting the evening's extracurricular lessons. "You have to sell yourself. You have to have the utmost confidence," she said, sipping from a cocktail that had been as hard to get as a pitch meeting at Miramax. "You get three drinks in anyone, they're all the same."

Top, actress Sarita Choudhury, Sandy Golinkin of *Allure*, and filmmaker Suzanne Myers celebrate women's film. Above, Leonard Garment and Lionel Hampton at the Village Gate toasting Garment's *Crazy Rhythm*.



Clockwise from top left, Laura Yorke, Dick Snyder, Connie Chung, and Maury Povich at the Children's Blood Foundation's Key to Life Gala; Zindzi Mandela-Hlongwane at the premiere of Island Pictures' *Mandela: Son of Africa, Father of a Nation;* artist Cerith Wyn Evans and Jeffrey Deitch in front of *Concave Mirror* at Deitch Projects; Mary Richardson, Robert Kennedy Jr., Alec Baldwin, Conan O'Brien, Lynn Kaplan, and Ron Silver at the Creative Coalition Spotlight Awards.

ty and myth-making became so tightly fused as to strangle hope and imagination, a time when the gang culture that had seized mainstream rap music finally seized the rappers themselves. Things like symbolism, metaphor, speeches, and eulogies seem rather quaint in such times.

Back outside Wallace's old home, Jahad Grant scans the crowd. "We love this man," he says softly. "This nigga singlehandedly brought rap back to the East Coast. He brought it all back home.

"*I* love this man," he says. "I love this man to death."

CHRIS NORRIS

Clubs

AT WETLANDS, KEEPING UP THE GOOD WORKS

"I NEVER WANTED TO GET INTO THE NIGHTclub business. It's a shitty business. Everyone wants a piece of you." Peter Shapiro is tugging the straps of a soft-sided briefcase, his 24-year-old mind searching for the right words. "But, you know," he finally says, "it's *Wetlands.*"

A film-school graduate whose senior project was a Grateful Dead documentary, Shapiro may be the city's untrendiest club owner. Nevertheless, in early April he takes possession (pending approval of the liquor license) of TriBeCa's trippy, eco-happy nightspot. One condition of the sale was maintaining the club's commitment to boycott corporate bad guys. That was a nonnegotiable point from Wetlands founder Larry Bloch, who spent two years trying to find someone who would carry on the club's protest mailings and weekly eco-gatherings and retain the environmental director, all of which cost $100,000 per year.

"It's all spelled out, right down to the recycled toilet paper," says Bloch, 43, who recently moved to Vermont.

"Wetlands is not about Budweiser frogs and club chicks," the new owner says. "It's a place to hang with friends, see great bands, and talk about social issues. I feel energized here."

Shapiro bought the club, in part, with an inheritance of IBM stock. He also had help from the club's music booker, Chris Zahn, and environmental director, James Hansen, who have become part owners.

Shapiro plans to open other Wetlands branches around the country and to start a Wetlands record-and-film company. "Now when we boycott people," says Hansen, 31, "we'll be scarier than ever."

For now, it's Shapiro who's scared. "I'm definitely in over my head," he says with a laugh. "It's kind of ridiculous. But I have Larry's dream to keep alive."

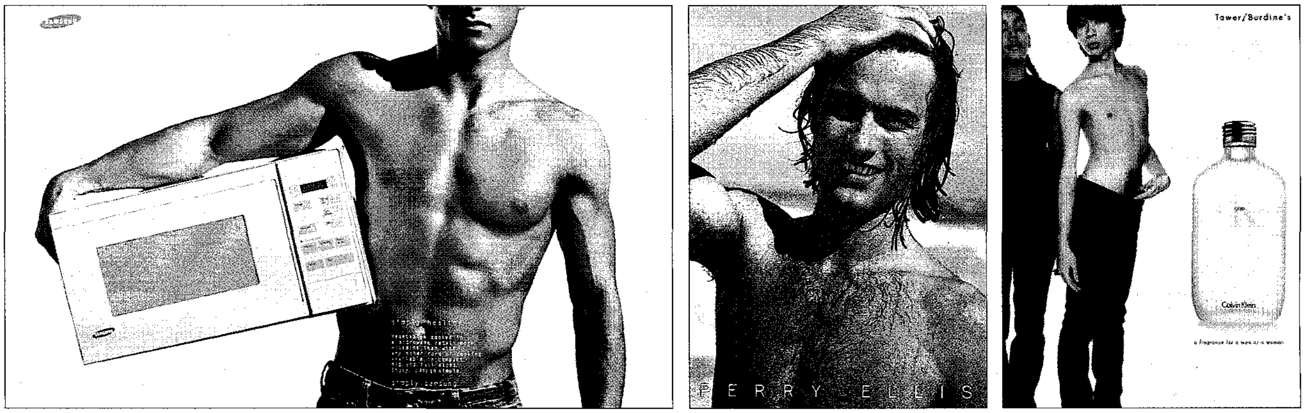
KEVIN GRAY

Men's, women's & children's designer clothes 40-75% off, every day. Paramus, E.Hanover, Wayne and Elizabeth, NJ; New York City; Manhasset, NY; Philadelphia; & Potomac Mills Mall, VA. **DAFFY'S**

THE IMAGE BARBARA LIPPERT

Pecsploitation

On Madison Avenue, shirtless men now sell everything from microwaves to margarine. But as musclemen go mainstream, fashion has begun flirting with the new Scrawny Man.



The three faces of Steve (left to right): Samsung's micro-babe, Perry Ellis's fresh-faced frat boy, and Calvin Klein's chic hustler.

CALL HIM ATLAS UNPLUGGED—the shirtless guy with the highly evolved chest who lugs around a microwave in those ubiquitous Samsung ads. A modern, nineties kind of guy, this Atlas no longer feels compelled to carry the world on his back. Now he shoulders the responsibility only for his abs, his pecs, and the occasional kitchen appliance.

A knowing take on the fifties blonde draped over a car hood (with a little gym culture thrown in) the Samsung ad sold almost a million microwaves for a schlocky Korean brand that had long languished at the bottom of the electronics food chain. Its success is a testament not only to the flip-flop in gender roles but also to the power of the buff male chest to be the new universal, politically correct symbol of sex.

Peter Arnell, who conceived the Samsung campaign, calls the male torso "the sexiest crossover image of the 1990s. It appeals to male, female, young, old." Though Arnell also created an array of ads using partly clad, muscular female models, it was the Microwave Man—durable, powerful and aerodynamic—who received the most attention, breaking through demographic barriers. "Microwaves are usually bought by older women," says Arnell. "We wanted to reach guys going to college."

Now that men have become the new babes, beefcake is turning up in places where cheesecake would get laughed out of town—selling female-targeted products like Diet Coke and Johnson's Baby Shampoo. Even Sylvester Stallone, who along with Arnold Schwarzenegger helped get the hyperdeveloped, hairless bodybuilder chest on the map in the eighties, has become a socio-savant on the subject. As he explained to Susan Faludi in *Esquire,* "the male-model, chiseled, Calvin Klein–ad type of person, he is, for the nineties, the woman with the triple E. He's taking the place of the blond bombshell of the fifties. The woman in the street doesn't want to be Jayne Mansfield."

WHY HAVE MAINSTREAM ADVERTISERS TAKEN pec-centric imagery to their bosoms? It all began with fashion advertisers, most notably Calvin Klein. Michelangelo's *David* predates Marky Mark by a few hundred years, of course. But it was Klein who took a largely urban gay aesthetic and moved it into the mainstream. Working with photographer Bruce Weber, he introduced the first frankly frontal male— pole-vaulter Tom Hintinhaus, wearing only a skimpy pair of white briefs and a deep tan.

Though the image of the ripped toyboy could have been torn right out of the pages of *Honcho,* women, the traditional buyers of men's underwear, thought it was meant for them. And it worked. Within moments, mainstream advertisers were appropriating Calvin's homoerotic poses, but carefully stripping the danger out of his charged imagery.

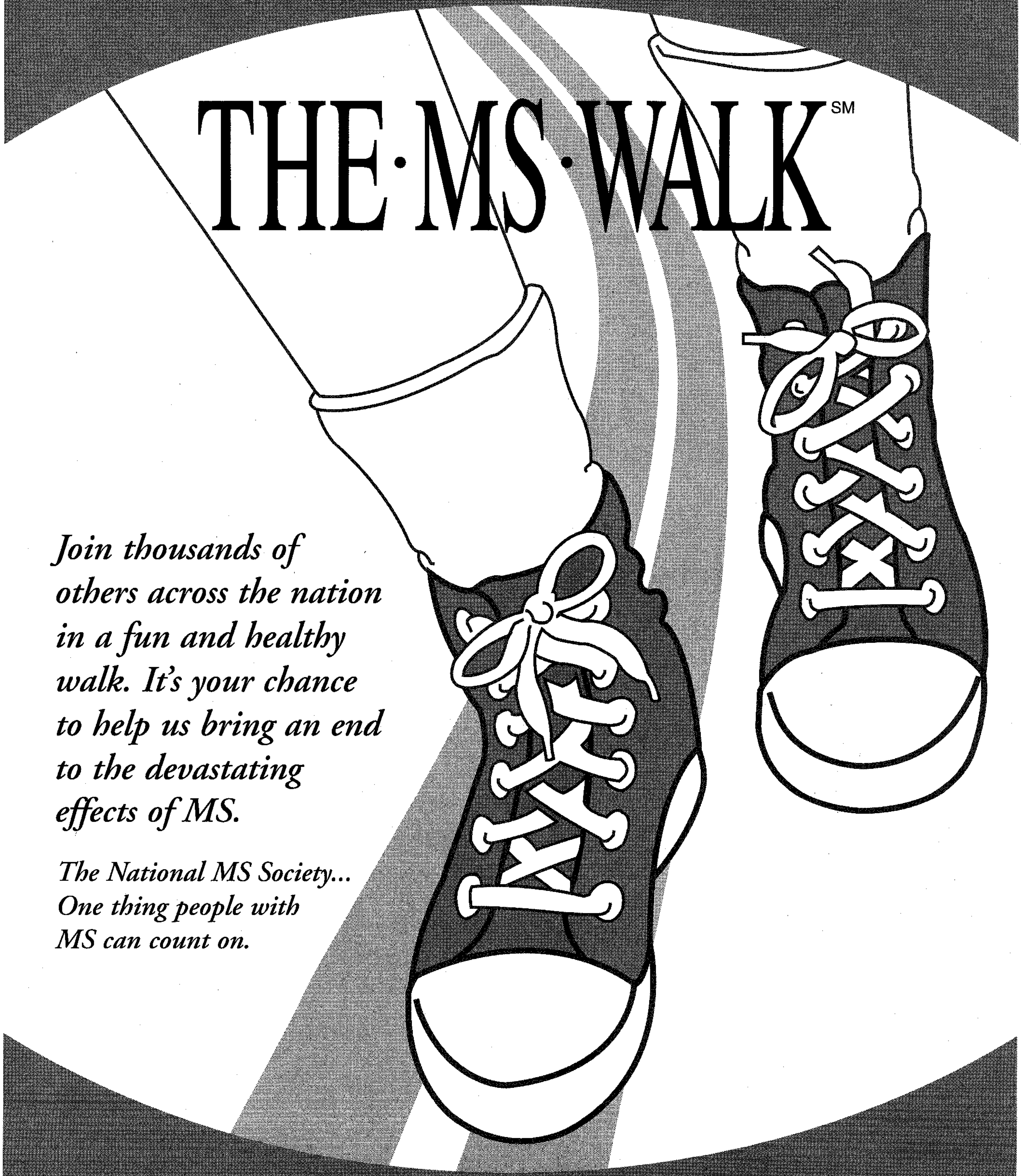
Babies, for example, became a familiar nude-man accessory. As boomers became fathers, advertisers found a new religious icon—the male Madonna. Naked infants on the chests of stripped-down daddies have proved seductive to men and women alike. Papa's hyperdeveloped chest has come to represent a sort of pansexual breast—sending mixed signals of sex, succor, and strength.

A CURRENT SERIES OF ADS FOR TOMMY HILfiger set at a local swimming hole features a busty woman in a wet bra—but she's merely a prop, her orbs sadly overshadowed by the hot and determinedly heterosexual frat boys clowning around in wet boxers. In another play on the frisky-frat-boy motif, the striving-to-be-sexy Abercrombie and Fitch recently introduced a series of ads shot by Bruce Weber that depict a bunch of rowdy jocks on spring break. Creative director Sam Shahid, who also helped produce the first Calvin ads, says he considers the pictures showing guys sunning themselves and having pillow fights "very Norman Rockwell."

Then there's Fabio, the tanned, Italianate romance model who stokes female fantasies in a series of ads for the unwieldily named I Can't Believe It's Not Butter. In the ads, the model with the fridge-size chest and the buttery tresses

MS
NATIONAL
MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS
SOCIETY

THE·MS·WALK℠



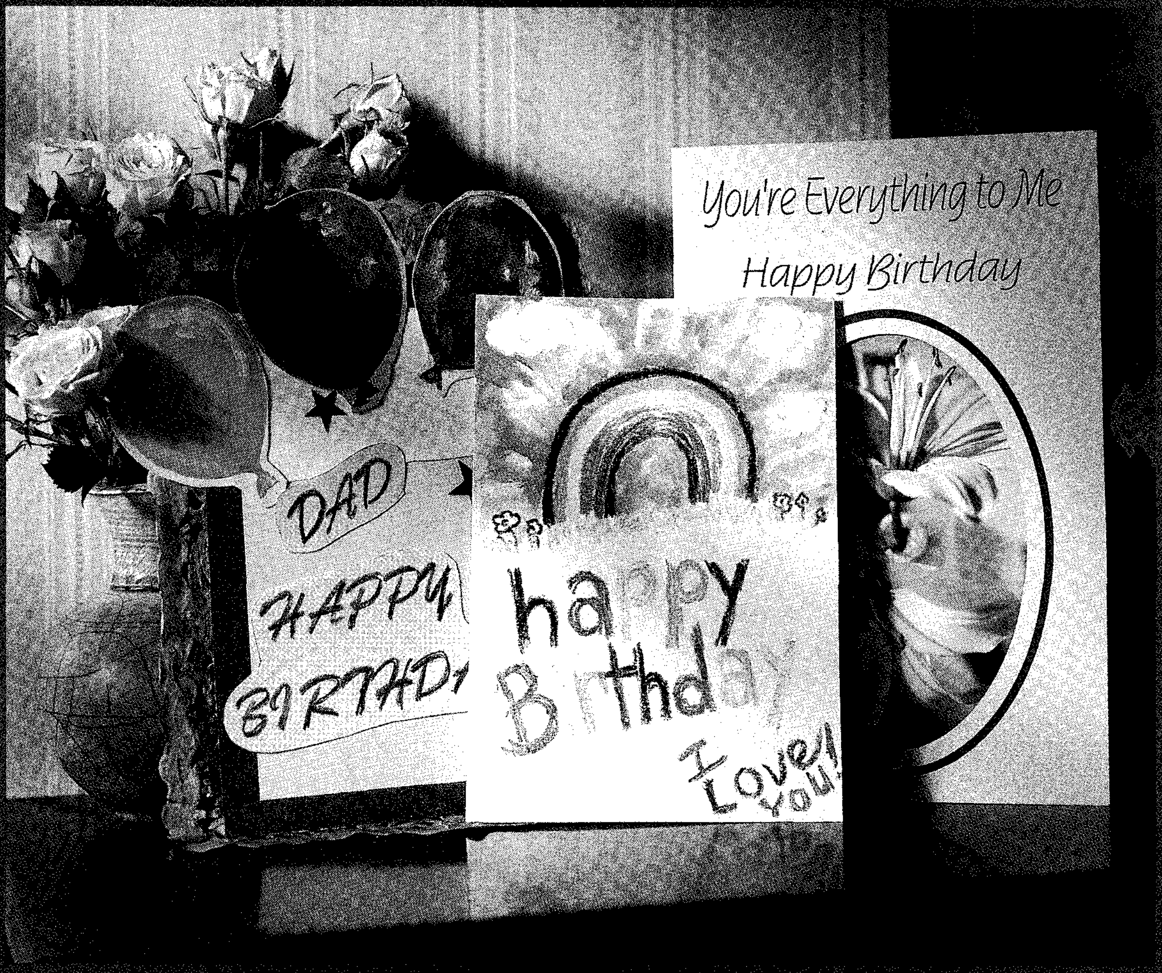
Join thousands of others across the nation in a fun and healthy walk. It's your chance to help us bring an end to the devastating effects of MS.

The National MS Society...
One thing people with
MS can count on.

April 20, 1997
For more information call 1 800 FIGHT MS

You'd give your life for them.
But that's not what they want.

They just want you
to stay healthy.



The fact is, you could be at risk of having a first heart attack, if you have high cholesterol.

PRAVACHOL is proven to help prevent a first heart attack.

PRAVACHOL is the only cholesterol-lowering drug of its kind proven to help prevent a first heart attack. And the grim fact of the matter is, up to 33% of people do not survive their first heart attack.

Improving your diet and exercise is important, but may not be enough. So, ask your doctor about Pravachol. It may help you live a longer, healthier life.

PRAVACHOL, when used with diet, is proven to reduce the risk of a first heart attack, lower the risk of death from heart disease, and lessen the risk of heart surgery, based on a new landmark five-year study including over 6,500 males with high cholesterol and no evidence of heart disease. PRAVACHOL is a prescription drug, so you should ask your doctor or healthcare professional if PRAVACHOL is right for you. Some side effects, such as slight rash or mild stomach upset, occur in about 2–4% of patients. PRAVACHOL should not be taken by women who are pregnant or nursing, people who are allergic to any of its ingredients or by anyone with liver disease. Your doctor may perform blood tests to check your liver function before and during treatment. Tell your doctor right away if you experience any muscle pain or weakness, as it may be a sign of a rare, but serious side effect. Be sure to mention any medications you are taking so any possible serious drug interactions can be avoided. Please see important information on the next page.

PRAVACHOL®
pravastatin sodium 20 mg tablets

Visit our Web site at www.pravachol.com

Ask your doctor
if Pravachol is right for you or call

1-800-PREVENT

PRAVACHOL helps prevent first heart attacks.

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PRAVACHOL®

Pravastatin Sodium Tablets

CONTRAINDICATIONS: Hypersensitivity to any component of this medication. Active liver disease or unexplained, persistent elevations in liver function tests (see **WARNINGS**). *Pregnancy and lactation.* Atherosclerosis is a chronic process and discontinuation of lipid-lowering drugs during pregnancy should have little impact on the outcome of long-term therapy of primary hypercholesterolemia. Cholesterol and other products of cholesterol biosynthesis are essential components for fetal development (including synthesis of steroids and cell membranes). Since HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors decrease cholesterol synthesis and possibly the synthesis of other biologically active substances derived from cholesterol, they may cause fetal harm when administered to pregnant women. Therefore, HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors are contraindicated during pregnancy and in nursing mothers. **Pravastatin should be administered to women of childbearing age only when such patients are highly unlikely to conceive and have been informed of the potential hazards.** If the patient becomes pregnant while taking this class of drug, therapy should be discontinued and the patient apprised of the potential hazard to the fetus. **WARNINGS: Liver Enzymes —** HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors, like some other lipid-lowering therapies, have been associated with biochemical abnormalities of liver function. Increases of serum transaminase (ALT, AST) values to more than 3 times the upper limit of normal occurring on 2 or more (not necessarily sequential) occasions have been reported in 1.3% of patients treated with pravastatin in the US over an average period of 18 months. These abnormalities were not associated with cholestasis and did not appear to be related to treatment duration. In those patients in whom these abnormalities were believed to be related to pravastatin and who were discontinued from therapy, the transaminase levels usually fell slowly to pretreatment levels. These biochemical findings are usually asymptomatic although worldwide experience indicates that anorexia, weakness, and/or abdominal pain may also be present in rare patients. **It is recommended that liver function tests be performed before the initiation of treatment, at 6 and 12 weeks after initiation of therapy or elevation in dose, and periodically thereafter (e.g., semiannually).** Patients who develop increased transaminase levels should be monitored with a second liver function evaluation to confirm the finding and be followed thereafter with frequent liver function tests until the abnormality(ies) return to normal. Should an increase in AST or ALT of three times the upper limit of normal or greater persist, withdrawal of pravastatin therapy is recommended. Active liver disease or unexplained transaminase elevations are contraindications to the use of pravastatin (see **CONTRAINDICATIONS**). Caution should be exercised when pravastatin is administered to patients with a history of liver disease or heavy alcohol ingestion (see **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Pharmacokinetics/Metabolism**). Such patients should be closely monitored, started at the lower end of the recommended dosing range, and titrated to the desired therapeutic effect. **Skeletal Muscle — Rare cases of rhabdomyolysis with acute renal failure secondary to myoglobinuria have been reported with pravastatin and other drugs in this class.** Uncomplicated myalgia has also been reported in pravastatin-treated patients (see **ADVERSE REACTIONS**). Myopathy, defined as muscle aching or muscle weakness in conjunction with increases in creatine phosphokinase (CPK) values to greater than 10 times the upper normal limit, was rare (< 0.1%) in pravastatin clinical trials. Myopathy should be considered in any patient with diffuse myalgias, muscle tenderness or weakness, and/or marked elevation of CPK. Patients should be advised to report promptly unexplained muscle pain, tenderness or weakness, particularly if accompanied by malaise or fever. **Pravastatin therapy should be discontinued if markedly elevated CPK levels occur or myopathy is diagnosed or suspected. Pravastatin therapy should also be temporarily withheld in any patient experiencing an acute or serious condition predisposing to the development of renal failure secondary to rhabdomyolysis, e.g., sepsis; hypotension; major surgery; trauma; severe metabolic, endocrine, or electrolyte disorders; or uncontrolled epilepsy.** The risk of myopathy during treatment with another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor is increased with concurrent therapy with either erythromycin, cyclosporine, niacin, or fibrates. However, neither myopathy nor significant increases in CPK levels have been observed in three reports involving a total of 100 post-transplant patients (24 renal and 76 cardiac) treated for up to two years concurrently with pravastatin 10-40 mg and cyclosporine. Some of these patients also received other concomitant immunosuppressive therapies. In one single-dose study, pravastatin levels were found to be increased in cardiac transplant *patients receiving cyclosporine. Further, in clinical trials involving small numbers of patients who were treated* concurrently with pravastatin and niacin, there were no reports of myopathy. Also, myopathy was not reported in a trial of combination pravastatin (40 mg/day) and gemfibrozil (1200 mg/day), although 4 of 75 patients on the combination showed marked CPK elevations versus one of 73 patients receiving placebo. There was a trend toward more frequent CPK elevations and patient withdrawals due to musculoskeletal symptoms in the group receiving combined treatment as compared with the groups receiving placebo, gemfibrozil, or pravastatin monotherapy (see **PRECAUTIONS: Drug Interactions**). **The use of fibrates alone may occasionally be associated with myopathy. The combined use of pravastatin and fibrates should be avoided unless the benefit of further alterations in lipid levels is likely to outweigh the increased risk of this drug combination. PRECAUTIONS: General —** Pravastatin may elevate creatinine phosphokinase and transaminase levels (see **ADVERSE REACTIONS**). This should be considered in the differential diagnosis of chest pain in a patient on therapy with pravastatin. *Homozygous Familial Hypercholesterolemia.* Pravastatin has not been evaluated in patients with rare homozygous familial hypercholesterolemia. In this group of patients, it has been reported that HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors are less effective because the patients lack functional LDL receptors. *Renal Insufficiency.* A single 20 mg oral dose of pravastatin was administered to 24 patients with varying degrees of renal impairment (as determined by creatinine clearance). No effect was observed on the pharmacokinetics of pravastatin or its 3α-hydroxy isomeric metabolite (SQ 31,906). A small increase was seen in mean AUC values and half-life ($t^{1}/_{2}$) for the inactive enzymatic ring hydroxylation metabolite (SQ 31,945). Given this small sample size, the dosage administered, and the degree of individual variability, patients with renal impairment who are receiving pravastatin should be closely monitored. **Information for Patients —** Patients should be advised to report promptly unexplained muscle pain, tenderness or weakness, particularly if accompanied by malaise or fever. **Drug Interactions —** *Immunosuppressive Drugs, Gemfibrozil, Niacin (Nicotinic Acid), Erythromycin:* See **WARNINGS: Skeletal Muscle**. *Antipyrine:* Since concomitant administration of pravastatin had no effect on the clearance of antipyrine, interactions with other drugs metabolized via the same hepatic cytochrome isozymes are not expected. *Cholestyramine/Colestipol:* Concomitant administration resulted in an approximately 40 to 50% decrease in the mean AUC of pravastatin. However, when pravastatin was administered 1 hour before or 4 hours after cholestyramine or 1 hour before colestipol and a standard meal, there was no clinically significant decrease in bioavailability or therapeutic effect. (See **DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION: Concomitant Therapy**.) *Warfarin:* In a study involving 10 healthy male subjects given pravastatin and warfarin concomitantly for 6 days, bioavailability parameters at steady state for pravastatin (parent compound) were not altered. Pravastatin did not alter the plasma protein-binding of warfarin. Concomitant dosing did increase the AUC and Cmax of warfarin but did not produce any changes in its anticoagulant action (i.e., no increase was seen in mean prothrombin time after 6 days of concomitant therapy). However, bleeding and extreme prolongation of prothrombin time has been reported with another drug in this class. Patients receiving warfarin-type anticoagulants should have their prothrombin times closely monitored when pravastatin is initiated or the dosage of pravastatin is changed. *Cimetidine:* The $AUC_{0\text{-}12\ hr}$ for pravastatin when given with cimetidine was not significantly different from the AUC for pravastatin when given alone. A significant difference was observed between the AUC's for pravastatin when given with cimetidine compared to when administered with antacid. *Digoxin:* In a crossover trial involving 18 healthy male subjects given pravastatin and digoxin concurrently for 9 days, the bioavailability parameters of digoxin were not affected. The AUC of pravastatin tended to increase, but the overall bioavailability of pravastatin plus its metabolites SQ 31,906 and SQ 31,945 was not altered. *Cyclosporine:* Some investigators have measured cyclosporine levels in patients on pravastatin, and to date, these results indicate no clinically meaningful elevations in cyclosporine levels. In one single-dose study, pravastatin levels were found to be increased in cardiac transplant patients receiving cyclosporine. *Gemfibrozil:* In a crossover study in 20 healthy male volunteers given concomitant single doses of pravastatin and gemfibrozil, there was a significant decrease in urinary excretion and protein binding of pravastatin. In addition, there was a significant increase in AUC, Cmax, and Tmax for the pravastatin metabolite SQ 31,906. Combination therapy with pravastatin and gemfibrozil is generally not recommended. In interaction studies with *aspirin, antacids* (1 hour prior to PRAVACHOL), *cimetidine, nicotinic acid,* or *probucol*, no statistically significant differences in bioavailability were seen when PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium) was administered. *Other Drugs:* During clinical trials, no noticeable drug interactions were reported when PRAVACHOL was added to: diuretics, antihypertensives, digitalis, ACE inhibitors, calcium channel blockers, beta-blockers, or nitroglycerin. **Endocrine Function —** HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors interfere with cholesterol synthesis and lower circulating cholesterol levels and, as such, might theoretically blunt adrenal or gonadal steroid hormone production. Results of clinical trials with pravastatin in males and post-menopausal females were inconsistent with regard to possible effects of the drug on basal steroid hormone levels. In a study of 21 males, the mean testosterone response to human chorionic gonadotropin was significantly reduced ($p < 0.004$) after 16 weeks of treatment with 40 mg of pravastatin. However, the percentage of patients showing a ≥ 50% rise in plasma testosterone after human chorionic gonadotropin stimulation did not change significantly after therapy in these patients. The effects of HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors on spermatogenesis and fertility have not been studied in adequate numbers of patients. The effects, if any, of pravastatin on the pituitary-gonadal axis in pre-menopausal females are unknown. Patients treated with pravastatin who display clinical evidence of endocrine dysfunction should be evaluated appropriately. Caution should also be exercised if an HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor or other agent used to lower cholesterol levels is administered to patients also receiving other drugs (e.g., ketoconazole, spironolactone, cimetidine) that may diminish the levels or activity of steroid hormones. **CNS Toxicity —** CNS vascular lesions, characterized by perivascular hemorrhage and edema and *mononuclear cell infiltration of perivascular spaces, were seen in dogs treated with pravastatin at a dose of* 25 mg/kg/day, a dose that produced a plasma drug level about 50 times higher than the mean drug level in humans taking 40 mg/day. Similar CNS vascular lesions have been observed with several other drugs in this class. A chemically similar drug in this class produced optic nerve degeneration (Wallerian degeneration of retinogeniculate fibers) in clinically normal dogs in a dose-dependent fashion starting at 60 mg/kg/day, a dose that produced mean plasma drug levels about 30 times higher than the mean drug level in humans taking the highest recommended dose (as measured by total enzyme inhibitory activity). This same drug also produced vestibulocochlear Wallerian-like degeneration and retinal ganglion cell chromatolysis in dogs treated for 14 weeks at 180 mg/kg/day, a dose which resulted in a mean plasma drug level similar to that seen with the 60 mg/kg/day dose. **Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility —** In a 2-year study in rats fed pravastatin at doses of 10, 30, or 100 mg/kg body weight, there was an increased incidence of hepatocellular carcinomas in males at the highest dose ($p < 0.01$). Although rats were given up to 125 times the human dose (HD) on a mg/kg body weight basis, serum drug levels were only 6 to 10 times higher than those measured in humans given 40 mg pravastatin as measured by AUC. The oral administration of 10, 30, or 100 mg/kg (producing plasma drug levels approximately 0.5 to 5.0 times the human drug levels at 40 mg) of pravastatin to mice for 22 months resulted in a statistically significant increase in the incidence of malignant lymphomas in treated females when all treatment groups were pooled and compared to controls ($p < 0.05$). The incidence was not dose-related and male mice were not affected. A chemically similar drug in this class was administered to mice for 72 weeks at 25, 100, and 400 mg/kg body weight, which resulted in mean serum drug levels approximately 3, 15, and 33 times higher than the mean human serum drug concentration (as total inhibitory activity) after a 40 mg oral dose. Liver carcinomas were significantly increased in high-dose females and mid- and high-dose males, with a maximum incidence of 90 percent in males. The incidence of adenomas of the liver was significantly increased in mid- and high-dose females. Drug treatment also significantly increased the incidence of lung adenomas in mid- and high-dose males and females. Adenomas of the eye Harderian gland (a gland of the eye of rodents) were significantly higher in high-dose mice than in controls. No evidence of mutagenicity was observed *in vitro*, with or without rat-liver metabolic activation, in the following studies: microbial mutagen tests, using mutant strains of *Salmonella typhimurium* or *Escherichia coli*; a forward mutation assay in L5178Y TK +/- mouse lymphoma cells; a chromosomal aberration test in hamster cells; and a gene conversion assay using *Saccharomyces cerevisiae*. In addition, there was no evidence of mutagenicity in either a dominant lethal test in mice or a micronucleus test in mice. In a study in rats, with daily doses up to 500 mg/kg, pravastatin did not produce any adverse effects on fertility or general reproductive performance. However, in a study with another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor, there was decreased fertility in male rats treated for 34 weeks at 25 mg/kg body weight, although this effect was not observed in a subsequent fertility study when this same dose was administered for 11 weeks (the entire cycle of spermatogenesis, including epididymal maturation). In rats treated with this same reductase inhibitor at 180 mg/kg/day, seminiferous tubule degeneration (necrosis and loss of spermatogenic epithelium) was observed. Although not seen with pravastatin, two similar drugs in this class caused drug-related testicular atrophy, decreased spermatogenesis, spermatocytic degeneration, and giant cell formation in dogs. The clinical significance of these findings is unclear. **Pregnancy: Pregnancy Category X. —** See **CONTRAINDICATIONS**. *Safety in pregnant women has not been established.* Pravastatin was not teratogenic in rats at doses up to 1000 mg/kg daily or in rabbits at doses of up to 50 mg/kg daily. These doses resulted in 20x (rabbit) or 240x (rat) the human exposure based on surface area ($mg/meter^2$). However, in studies with another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor, skeletal malformations were observed in rats and mice. There has been one report of severe congenital bony deformity, tracheo-esophageal fistula, and anal atresia (Vater association) in a baby born to a woman who took another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor with dextroamphetamine sulfate during the first trimester of pregnancy. PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium) should be administered to women of child-bearing potential only when such patients are highly unlikely to conceive and have been informed of the potential hazards. If the woman becomes pregnant while taking PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium), it should be discontinued and the patient advised again as to the potential hazards to the fetus. **Nursing Mothers —** A small amount of pravastatin is excreted in human breast milk. Because of the potential for serious adverse reactions in nursing infants, women taking PRAVACHOL should not nurse (see **CONTRAINDICATIONS**). **Pediatric Use —** Safety and effectiveness in individuals less than 18 years old have not been established. Hence, treatment in patients less than 18 years old is not recommended at this time. **ADVERSE REACTIONS:** Pravastatin is generally well tolerated; adverse reactions have usually been mild and transient. In 4-month long placebo-controlled trials, 1.7% of pravastatin-treated patients and 1.2% of placebo-treated patients were discontinued from treatment because of adverse experiences attributed to study drug therapy; this difference was not statistically significant. In long-term studies, the most common reasons for discontinuation were asymptomatic serum transaminase increases and mild, non-specific gastrointestinal complaints. During clinical trials the overall incidence of adverse events in the elderly was not different from the incidence observed in younger patients. **Adverse Clinical Events —** All adverse clinical events (regardless of attribution) reported in more than 2% of pravastatin-treated patients in the placebo-controlled trials are identified in the table below; also shown are the percentages of patients in *whom these medical events were believed to be related or possibly related to the drug:*

	All Events		**Events Attributed to Study Drug**	
Body System/Event	**Pravastatin (N = 900) %**	**Placebo (N = 411) %**	**Pravastatin (N = 900) %**	**Placebo (N = 411) %**
Cardiovascular				
Cardiac Chest Pain	4.0	3.4	0.1	0.0
Dermatologic Rash	4.0*	1.1	1.3	0.9
Gastrointestinal				
Nausea/Vomiting	7.3	7.1	2.9	3.4
Diarrhea	6.2	5.6	2.0	1.9
Abdominal Pain	5.4	6.9	2.0	3.9
Constipation	4.0	7.1	2.4	5.1
Flatulence	3.3	3.6	2.7	3.4
Heartburn	2.9	1.9	2.0	0.7
General				
Fatigue	3.8	3.4	1.9	1.0
Chest Pain	3.7	1.9	0.3	0.2
Influenza	2.4*	0.7	0.0	0.0
Musculoskeletal				
Localized Pain	10.0	9.0	1.4	1.5
Myalgia	2.7	1.0	0.6	0.0
Nervous System				
Headache	6.2	3.9	1.7*	0.2
Dizziness	3.3	3.2	1.0	0.5
Renal/Genitourinary				
Urinary Abnormality	2.4	2.9	0.7	1.2
Respiratory				
Common Cold	7.0	6.3	0.0	0.0
Rhinitis	4.0	4.1	0.1	0.0
Cough	2.6	1.7	0.1	0.0

*Statistically significantly different from placebo.

In the Pravastatin Primary Prevention Study (West of Scotland Coronary Prevention Study) (see **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Clinical Studies**) involving 6595 patients treated with PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium) (N = 3302) or placebo (n = 3293) the adverse event profile in the pravastatin group was comparable to that of the placebo group over the median 4.8 years of the study. The following effects have been reported with drugs in this class; not all the effects listed below have necessarily been associated with pravastatin therapy: *Skeletal:* myopathy, rhabdomyolysis, arthralgia. *Neurological:* dysfunction of certain cranial nerves (including alteration of taste, impairment of extra-ocular movement, facial paresis), tremor, vertigo, memory loss, paresthesia, peripheral neuropathy, peripheral nerve palsy, anxiety, insomnia, depression. *Hypersensitivity Reactions:* An apparent hypersensitivity syndrome has been reported rarely which has included one or more *of the following features: anaphylaxis, angioedema, lupus erythematous-like syndrome, polymyalgia* rheumatica, dermatomyositis, vasculitis, purpura, thrombocytopenia, leukopenia, hemolytic anemia, positive ANA, ESR increase, eosinophilia, arthritis, arthralgia, urticaria, asthenia, photosensitivity, fever, chills, flushing, malaise, dyspnea, toxic epidermal necrolysis, erythema multiforme, including Stevens-Johnson syndrome. *Gastrointestinal:* pancreatitis, hepatitis, including chronic active hepatitis, cholestatic jaundice, fatty change in liver, and, rarely, cirrhosis, fulminant hepatic necrosis, and hepatoma; anorexia, vomiting. *Skin:* alopecia, pruritus. A variety of skin changes (e.g., nodules, discoloration, dryness of skin/mucous membranes, changes to hair/nails) have been reported. *Reproductive:* gynecomastia, loss of libido, erectile dysfunction. *Eye:* progression of cataracts (lens opacities), ophthalmoplegia. *Laboratory Abnormalities*: elevated transaminases, alkaline phosphatase, and bilirubin; thyroid function abnormalities. **Laboratory Test Abnormalities —** Increases in serum transaminase (ALT, AST) values and CPK have been observed (see **WARNINGS**). Transient, asymptomatic eosinophilia has been reported. Eosinophil counts usually returned to normal despite continued therapy. Anemia, thrombocytopenia, and leukopenia have been reported with HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors. **Concomitant Therapy —** Pravastatin has been administered concurrently with cholestyramine, colestipol, nicotinic acid, probucol and gemfibrozil. Preliminary data suggest that the addition of either probucol or gemfibrozil to therapy with lovastatin or pravastatin is **not** associated with greater reduction in LDL-cholesterol than that achieved with lovastatin or pravastatin alone. No adverse reactions unique to the combination or in addition to those previously reported for each drug alone have been reported. Myopathy and rhabdomyolysis (with or without acute renal failure) have been reported when another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor was used in combination with immunosuppressive drugs, gemfibrozil, erythromycin, or lipid-lowering doses of nicotinic acid. Concomitant therapy with HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors and these agents is generally not recommended. (See **WARNINGS: Skeletal Muscle** and **PRECAUTIONS: Drug Interactions.**) **OVERDOSAGE:** To date, there are two reported cases of overdosage with pravastatin, both of which were asymptomatic and not associated with clinical laboratory abnormalities. If an overdose occurs, it should be treated symptomatically and supportive measures should be instituted as required.

CAUTION: Federal (USA) law prohibits dispensing without prescription.

Consult package insert before prescribing PRAVACHOL® (pravastatin sodium).

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D3-B001-7-96

J4-538D

is portrayed less as a sex symbol than as a human cartoon. In one memorable spot, Fab materializes in a kitchen—his denim work shirt open to his chest—and delicately sprays the nondairy product on his inamorata's asparagus tips, sending her into a fit of ecstasy.

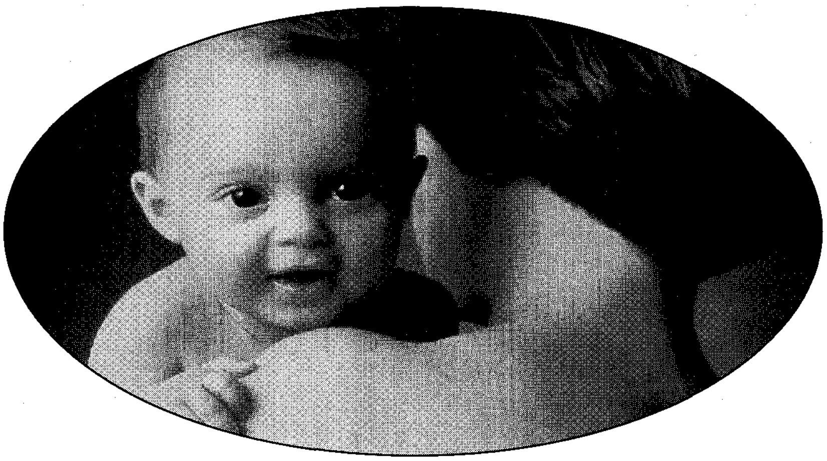
Not surprisingly, the focus on beefcake has created its own male beauty myth. Doing duty as sex object takes its toll: Men are increasingly becoming self-conscious about their looks in the throwback way that women have been trying to move past. They indulge in obsessive exercising, back-waxing, and furtive liposuctioning of love handles in an effort to keep up with the new ideal. "Some of the body fascism of the gay world entered the straight world, which resulted in a lot of Ab Rollers advertised on TV," admits Michael Lafavore, editor-in-chief of *Men's Health* (which debuted with a cover depicting a bare-chested man holding a baby). "A lot of men are coming around to the realization that they're not gonna look like that. Abs are tough," he says. "I predict the next thing is legs. Legs are more doable."

In the meantime, fashion advertisers, who thrive on provocation, wouldn't be caught dead using imagery co-opted by Fabio and mini-fridges. In the wake of beefcake, muscles seem "cheap and not as sexy," Shahid explains. The models he's choosing now are "not as pumped. They have thinner swimmer's bodies. They're also much younger."

Make way for the New Hollow Men: the chic 98-pound weaklings who have been slouching their way through ads for Gucci, Versace, and, of course, Calvin Klein. One ad for Klein's unisex fragrance cK be features a painfully thin Asian kid with a tattoo on his chest who would not look out of place on the Christopher Street Piers. Another ad, for Versace's Versus line, takes this afternoon-of-a-fawn thing to its limits, depicting an underfed young nymph plaintively tugging at the dress of a fully clothed woman.

So bare-chestedness has come full circle—from male porn to mainstream he-man, and back again to the starving-hustler look. The young male androgyne is not the kind of guy you'd find wandering around microwaves, but fashion is relentlessly fickle. For decades, it was women who complained about the cruel vagaries of fashion and beauty—the way the amazon gave way to the waif, who gave way to junkie chic. Thanks to Madison Avenue, men are beginning to feel the same heat.

We'll make sure
that he always has a healthy
shoulder to cry on.



Over the years, Hospital for Special Surgery has pioneered the use of arthroscopic surgical techniques, helping thousands of people with severely damaged shoulders to regain their mobility. Often, within weeks of surgery. So movement can be painless again.

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CITYSCAPE KARRIE JACOBS

The Ferry Godfather

The latest Staten Island skirmish isn't over secession—it's over ferry terminals. After stopping the big clock, Guy Molinari has visions of Stealth-bomber architecture.

THE STORY SEEMS LIKE A PREdictable one: A famously controversial architect, Robert Venturi, wins a competition to build the ferry terminal at the southern tip of Manhattan with an extravagant design, and the monster that passes for political process in this city eats him alive. In the end, we wind up with a building that is plain and serviceable and offends no one. But there's a twist: Guy Molinari, the politician who killed Venturi's design, which he termed "outrageous," is suddenly sponsoring a famously controversial architect of his own, Peter Eisenman, to build an even more extravagant ferry terminal (and museum) in Staten Island. Who is outrageous now?

First, we start with the Manhattan-side building, the new design of which was presented to concerned citizens a couple of Wednesday nights ago at Staten Island's Borough Hall. The proceeding played like a civics lesson, an example of participatory democracy as it might be depicted in a fifties documentary. Architect Frederic Schwartz, a slight man with the demeanor of a civil servant, presented the final iteration of the Whitehall Ferry Terminal, the Manhattan end of the Staten Islander's daily commute, to an audience characterized by its raisin-bread diversity, its attentiveness, and its good manners. Schwartz stood at an easel flipping through elevations and plans of a low-slung modern glass-and-steel building that would be quite at home off Route 287 in New Jersey. "We were inspired by lighthouses," he insisted, showing a nighttime view of the terminal, "luminous, glowing, warm."

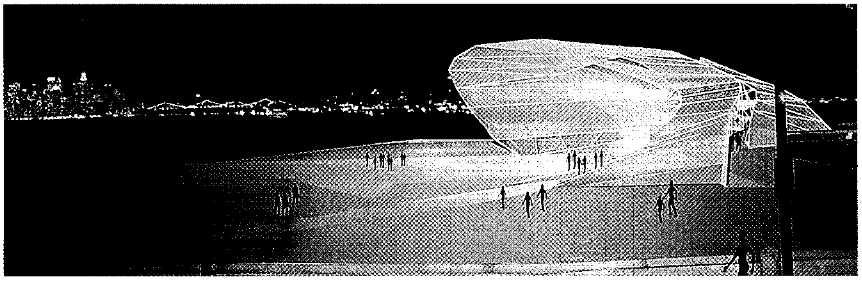
Mostly, Schwartz, partner-in-charge of Anderson/Schwartz Architects, and his colleagues discussed logistics, the flow of pedestrians through the treacherous patterns of cars and buses in front of the terminal, the pathways from various subway stations, the phasing of construction. Architect as visionary was not in attendance. This was architect as public-spirited technician.

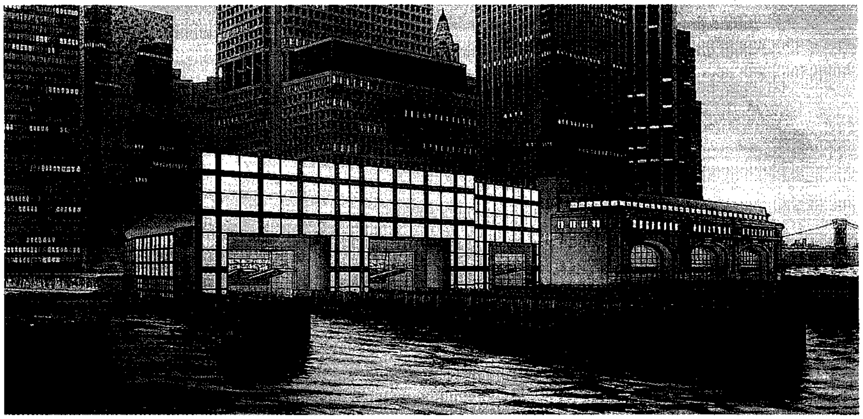
Toward the end of the meeting, after it was announced that the new ferry terminal would be completed in about 2003, audience members asked questions: Will bicyclists still be forced to wait outside before they board the ferry? Can you make the toilets indestructible? Is there a provision for keeping pigeons out of the waiting room? Finally, a man in his sixties who might have sprung from a crowd scene in a Frank Capra movie stood up in the audience and said, "I think these architects deserve a round of applause." And everyone clapped.

At no point did anyone grouse about the fact that this ferry terminal was originally slated for completion in 1998, or that the building that Schwartz presented is a bloodless substitute for the original design by Philadelphia-based Venturi, Scott Brown & Associates that won a competition sponsored by the Economic Development Corporation in 1992.

Robert Venturi, best known as co-author of the book *Learning From Las Vegas,* is often credited with inspiring the postmodern movement. But Venturi has always been more interested in the ephemera that pops up along commercial strips than in the columns and pediments revived by his contemporaries. VSBA's Whitehall terminal read like a caricature, a building that wed the arched ferry slips of the old Battery Maritime Building next door with a barrel-vaulted interior to rival Grand Central's, and wore an outsized clock, 120 feet in diameter, as a figure in a David Levine drawing wears a nose. It was outlandish but wonderful.

Understandably, the Staten Islanders at the meeting the other night just want a new terminal. The old Manhattan facility, rebuilt hastily after a 1991 fire, has a dreary waiting room, escalators that work only some of the time, and plywood where several of the glass doors should be. It looks good only by comparison with the terminal on the Staten Island side, which resembles the bleakest imaginable high-school gymnasium, with stingy windows way up high, Lincoln Tunnel–colored glazed bricks, and pigeons roosting in the drinking fountain.





Top, Eisenman's close encounter with Staten Island; bottom, the Manhattan compromise.

Renderings courtesy of Eisenman Architects (top); Lee Dunnette for the N.Y.C. Economic Development Corp. (bottom).

The five-year delay is directly attributable to one Staten Islander, borough president Guy Molinari. He hated Venturi's clock. "To have a Disneyland clock sitting right in the middle just destroyed the ambience of the wonderful skyline," Molinari commented recently. Of course, put in perspective, the clock would have been a dot on the horizon until the ferry was quite close to Manhattan, and then it still would have been overshadowed by the surrounding palisade of buildings. No matter.

After Mayor Giuliani, Molinari's fellow Republican, took office, more than $30 million dropped out of the $120 million budget for the terminal, and Venturi was forced to design a more modest building. He came back with a modern, saddle-shaped structure as unremarkable as the neighboring office towers. Its most salient feature was a programmable electronic display, a bit of Times Square flash, facing the water.

To Molinari's eyes, the redesign was as "outrageous" as the first. "All I said to him was, 'Why not something like a seascape?' " says the borough president.

The public never got a chance to weigh in—unless you count a survey conducted by the Staten Island *Advance,* in which readers were asked to phone in their approval or disapproval. Surprise—the results of a poll vulnerable to cranks with redial buttons were not positive. Late last year, after the EDC decided to scrap the exterior signage, VSBA dropped out, leaving their former collaborators, Anderson/Schwartz, with the project.

So far, it's a familiar tale: Architect attempts bold gesture. Politics kills it. A compromise is built instead. The End.

EXCEPT FOR ONE THING: WHEN GUY MOLInari, guardian of the skyline, gave his State of the Borough address toward the end of February, he had an architect, Peter Eisenman, sitting near at hand. Eisenman is a progenitor of the trend that followed postmodernism—deconstructivism—and responsible for the Wexner Center for the Arts, a Columbus, Ohio, museum famous more for its fragmented façade than for its collection.

Molinari announced that the Staten Island Institute of Arts and Sciences had commissioned Eisenman to design a new museum, which would sit astride a rebuilt St. George Ferry Terminal. An elevation drawing, which shows a night view, looks like a scene from *Close Encounters:* Human figures are drawn to a huge, luminescent, high-tech conch shell, a mother and child pointing in amazement. This translucent white apparition is perched at the edge of the water, angled upward as if about to fly. It nicely represents the merger of today's computer-generated architecture and an optimism about the future imported from the 1964 World's Fair.

"I went to the Rose Parade," says Eisenman, explaining the inspiration for this design. "Suddenly, everyone looked up and gasped." Overhead, Eisenman saw a Stealth bomber flying low above the crowd. "I thought, if you could do that for architecture, people would love it."

So Molinari, who couldn't come to terms with a big clock or an electronic array on the Manhattan side of the water, now seeks to erect on the shores of Staten Island a deconstructed something or other that has the potential to be the most extreme public building in New York City history. He says it will open at roughly the same moment that Staten Island's other major landmark, the Fresh Kills garbage dump, closes. Molinari, who has announced that he's running for a third term, is dreaming of monuments.

During his State of the Borough address, Molinari pointed to Eisenman, seated in the audience, and said, "He's a genius." He then related a conversation they'd had. "We joked about Venturi and the clock. Mr. Eisenman said, 'You were a hundred percent right in the position you took.' Now I know I'm right."

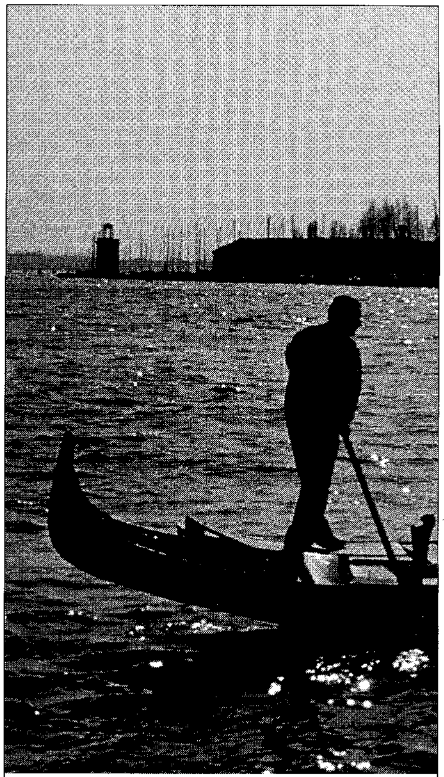
Neither Venturi nor VSBA partner Denise Scott Brown will discuss the Whitehall Ferry Terminal until they've cleared up legal issues with the city. But she will comment on the video she saw of Molinari's speech. "In my opinion, clients choose architects much like themselves," she says, barely keeping her anger in check. "Look at them. They look alike."

Indeed they do. In an interview on Staten Island Cable, the two white-haired men, architect and client, can be seen mirroring each other in a sort of a courtship dance. Eisenman, grinning, says to Molinari, "If you think they're doing something exciting at Whitehall, doctor," pointing at the borough president, "we're going to beat them hands down."

Molinari flashes a toothy smile and replies, "You bet."

If Eisenman succeeds in erecting his stealth building, it will be because he managed to make a conservative politician in a sleepy borough feel like he is leading his people into a bright future. Eisenman's most inventive design is not the building but the borough president. He's redrawn Guy Molinari as a visionary.

Whether Eisenman can make a provision for keeping the pigeons out of the waiting room remains to be seen. ■



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While Patrick McNeill's parents comb the city relentlessly for their missing son, whom they remember as a conscientious and generous young man, police and acquaintances paint a different picture of the Fordham student: as a troubled party boy who may have cracked under enormous pressure to keep up appearances.

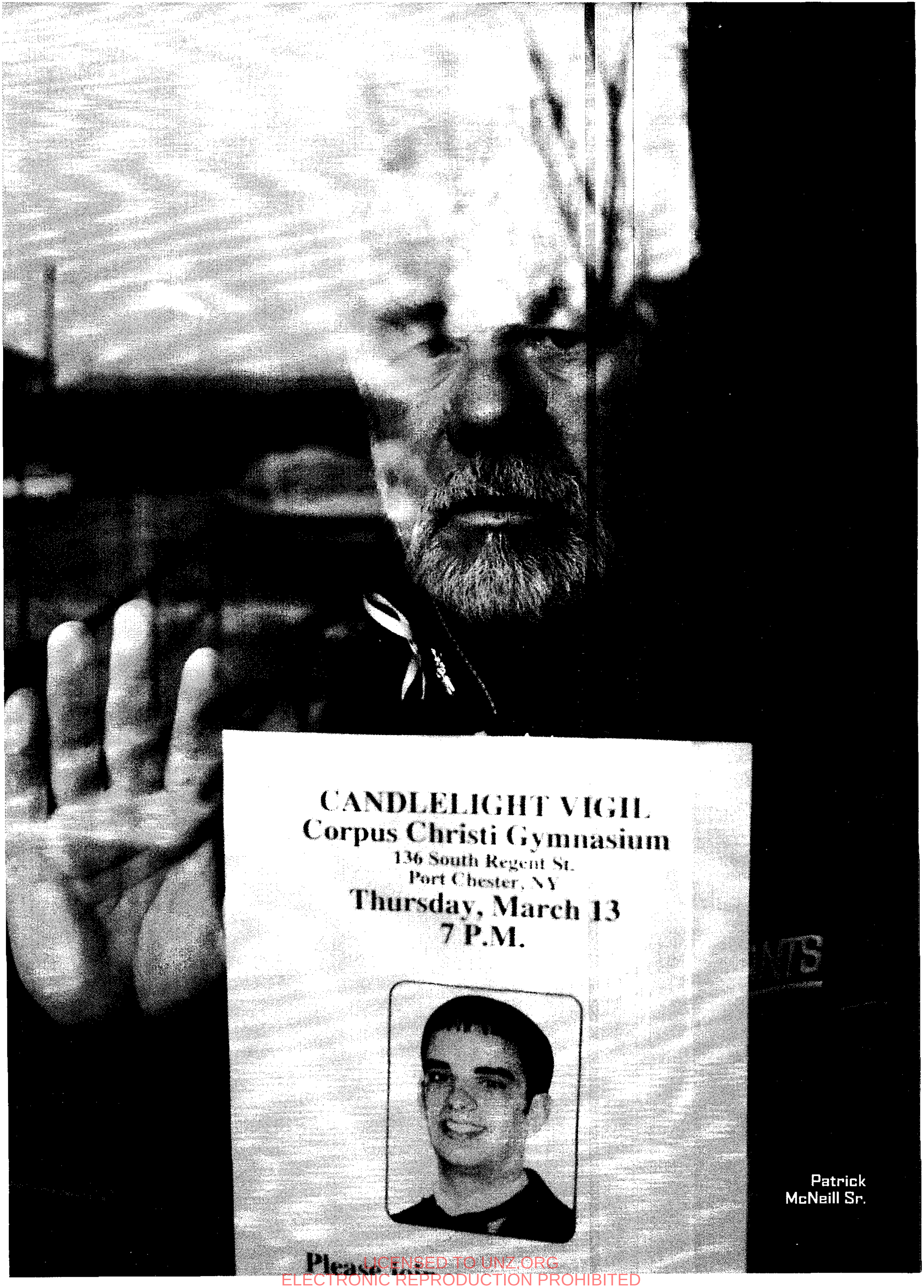
By Chris Smith

THE VANISHING

The flyers are taped to token booths and to Lexus windshields. A Connecticut diaper-delivery service slips one of the flyers into each of its bags. Marchers in the St. Patrick's Day parade saw the same small poster on every lamppost along the 42-block route. ■ In black and white, photocopied hundreds of thousands of times, Patrick McNeill appears to be a pleasant young man. His short black hair is raked forward in a jaunty Caesar cut, his smile is wide, and he's wearing the kind of formal bow tie rented for graduations and proms. He looks happy. Beyond that, it is hard to read much more from his two-dimensional face. Bold capital letters announce that Patrick McNeill is missing. ■ For the past month, McNeill's distraught parents have added detail to the picture of their son. Pat loved

Saba

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTONIN KRATOCHVIL
FOR *NEW YORK*



Patrick
McNeill Sr.

to help people: As a junior at Fordham, he worked with a half-dozen altruistic groups. His grades were peaking, and he'd just landed an internship that could help him fulfill his dream of becoming an FBI agent. Between sobs, friends from high school and college talk about how Pat was a sweet guy, always the first one with a hug and an encouraging word. His father, also named Patrick, says, "My son never gave me a scare, in all his life, since day one. Until this happened."

On February 16, Pat McNeill walked out of a noisy Upper East Side bar and vanished. Sure, he'd had too much to drink, but otherwise his disappearance seems tragically inexplicable. Just after midnight, a good kid, a loving son, twenty years' worth of hopes, evaporates into the city air.

Gone.

"Would it shock you to learn," says a police investigator, "that things aren't as simple with Patrick McNeill as they look?"

IT IS THE MOST FAMOUS NEW YORK MISSING Persons case since 6-year-old Etan Patz disappeared on his way to school in SoHo in 1979. Close to 1,000 people from McNeill's hometown of Port Chester have teamed with dozens of his college friends to comb the city streets, relentlessly, for more than a month. "I can't imagine not being able to find your child—how awful that must be," says Anne Calipa, 55, a Port Chester mother of three boys and a friend of McNeill's mother. "If it was one of our children missing, his parents would be here to help us."

The extraordinary outpouring of volunteers has kept the search for Pat McNeill in the public eye. Behind the scenes, the McNeill family is pushing every available political button. Cops say the NYPD is being pressured by Senator Alfonse D'Amato, because McNeill's father has long been a player in the Republican Party of Westchester. Last week, Mr. and Mrs. McNeill watched the St. Patrick's Day parade standing next to John Cardinal O'Connor.

Rallying support has been made easier by the parents' insistent portrayal of Pat McNeill as virtuous and hardworking, an exceptionally generous college kid with a clear sense of direction in his life. Yet the police, while unable to explain how he disappeared, now believe McNeill lost his way long before he stepped out of the bar. "Patrick made some mistakes," says a Missing Persons detective. "And it appears he needed some time and space to sort things out."

Even within the NYPD, Missing Persons is seen as a backwater bureau with too many cops marking time until retirement. By suggesting that McNeill wanted to disappear, investigators may be trying to cover their embarrassment at not being able to solve a highly publicized case.

But their line of thinking adds an especially cruel twist: that Pat's mistakes clashed with the intensity of his family's love and expectations, and that he could actually be dodging their efforts to find him. Pat certainly wasn't the first college student to try to drown pressure with booze. Did vodka give Pat McNeill the guts to run off February 16? Or did it simply make him vulnerable?

IT'S SATURDAY NIGHT ON WEST 14TH STREET, and the sidewalk is a blur of faces, people in a hurry to get to the movies, to eat dinner at a tiny Spanish restaurant, to fetch their laundry. They've got to keep *moving.*

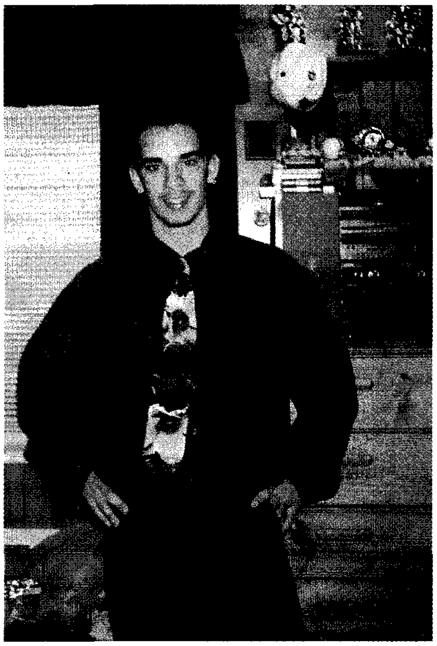
A burly man in a leather Giants jacket keeps getting in the way. He's sticking his right shoulder into the chest of speeding pedestrians. The walkers spin, shuffle sideways, try to ignore him with a practiced "No thanks." He stops them in their tracks with four words and a tone of voice beyond despair. "This is my son," Patrick McNeill says, holding up the photocopied picture. "He's been missing for three weeks now."

Total strangers, after listening for a few moments, wrap McNeill, 55, in a soulful hug. This happens with every third or fourth passerby. One man bursts into tears. Another presses ten bucks into McNeill's hand and tells him to buy the volunteers coffee. A few skeptics quiz McNeill about the character of his son, who turned 21 a week after passing from sight.

"Was he into drugs?" asks a short-haired woman. "No," McNeill responds. "He's a clean-cut kid, a wonderful boy. In high school, he played football and was in a talented-and-gifted program. Now he's a student at Fordham University. He's six foot one, about 185 pounds. You

"Would it shock you to learn," says a co

A shrine in the McNeill home in Port Chester. "He's a clean-cut kid," says Pat's father. "A wonderful boy."



McNeill was an athlete in high school.

hat things aren't as simple with Patrick McNeill as they look?"

could bounce a quarter off his stomach."

"Why does the flyer say he might have a beard now?" asks a dreadlocked woman. "Is he trying to hide?"

"Oh, no," McNeill says. "I believe he's been hurt, maybe hit over the head; he doesn't know who he is and can't take care of himself." McNeill's hands are bare despite the biting 26-degree wind, and he reaches out and grips the woman's upper arm, trying to express the gravity of the situation with a gentle squeeze. "Listen," he says, his voice low and raspy from weeks of nonstop nervous smoking, "if you see anyone at all that looks like Pat, can you call a cop right away? Can you please help me get my son back?"

There's a rare quiet moment. McNeill, who lives in a small Westchester town 25 miles north of the city, stares up at the neon signs and bright store windows. "This city is so lit up, even in the middle of the night," he says. Water is welling in his raw red eyes. "How can no one see him?"

THE YOUNGER PAT MCNEILL, THE MIDdle child of three, cared tremendously about how he was seen. "He's so meticulous, he's a fanatic," his father says with a laugh. "When he's home, he drives my wife insane, 'cause he'll take five or six showers a day; he'll brush his teeth the same amount. He was up at this ski slope two weeks before his disappearance, up in the chairlift, and he's got his knapsack. And one of his buddies says, 'What the hell you got that thing for out here skiing?' He says, 'Well, I got my brush, my comb, my gel here; in case I fall down and I see some good-looking chick, I got to make sure my 'do is right.' That's the way he is."

"Pat's a real ladies' man," says his friend Kelly Danga, a Fordham junior. "We'd tease him about his clothes, his cologne, how he had to be perfect. He was right out of J. Crew and the Gap."

His well-tended face popped up all over campus. McNeill involved himself in a long list of campus extracurricular activities: driving a van that shuttled students between Fordham's Bronx and Manhattan campuses, volunteering with the college's ambulance corps, signing comedy and magic acts for campus shows, playing on a Frisbee team, studying to become an emergency medical technician, performing instructional skits as part of freshman orientation. "I've never seen Pat in a bad mood," says Jim Higgins, a former Fordham roommate. "He's the last guy who'd run away from a problem."

During Pat's first two years, the busy schedule hurt his grades, and his father chewed him out over the C's and D's. "Fordham is really expensive," says the older McNeill, "and we weren't paying all this money and taking loans and having him on a scholarship so he could run around. Pat understood. He just needed to be pushed a little. He hit the books."

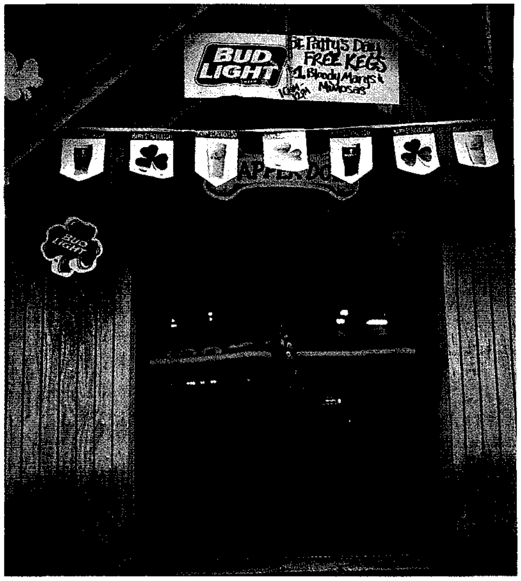
McNeill, an accounting major, appeared to have found a balance in the fall semester of 1996, raising his grade point average to 3.2, the highest level he'd reached at Fordham. "He was on the path for the accounting honor society," says Professor Barbara Palaia, the chairwoman of Fordham's accounting department and McNeill's academic adviser. Palaia recently arranged for McNeill to work as an intern in the city's Department of Investigation. "He loved it; he was thriving," she says. "It was a step in the direction of his dream, working for the FBI."

"He's a great guy, a lot of fun," says a close Port Chester friend, Scott Giorgi. "If he had problems, he'd confide in us. And nothing was bothering him that I know of."

Last year, though, McNeill suddenly pierced his tongue, adding a silver stud to go with his two pierced ears and one nipple ring. Most of his college pals see no meaning in the metal. "It was just another way of Pat saying, 'Look at me,' " says his classmate John Thorpe. "Lots of guys our age have pierced tongues."

Friends from high school who've remained tight with McNeill were stumped. "Pat and I have had earrings since middle school," says Dan Greto, 20, a Port Chester pal. "He got them first. I wasn't allowed to get one until someone who was a 'decent kid' was allowed to get one. But the tongue thing was really a stupid idea." Not that it made a dent in their strong friendship: Greto and McNeill had tickets to see Metallica, and hours before McNeill disappeared, they discussed plans to celebrate McNeill's 21st birthday the following week.

When Pat was 19 and wanted a Celtic-cross tattoo on his right biceps, McNeill's father didn't object. How could he, the senior McNeill laughs, since he'd been tattooed as a teenager? But Pat didn't ask permission for the tongue piercing. During one of his frequent visits home, his parents spotted the silver stud in his mouth, and they erupted. It was the first of several high-volume arguments about the jewelry. "Pat tried to act like it was no big deal," his father says. "He promised to take it out."



The Dapper Dog, on Second near 92nd.

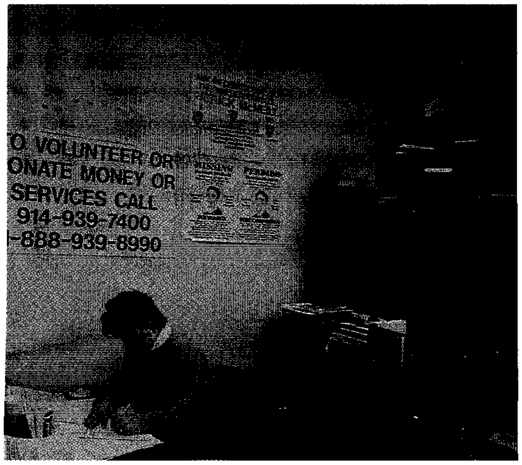
There was also tension in McNeill's dorm room. McNeill was a last-minute addition to a suite of seven sophomores, buddies who'd grown up in Philadelphia. The suitemates were divided into pairs, McNeill sharing a bedroom with Matt Kochiss, 19, in a building called Martyrs Court.

"I'm going to sound like an asshole, but I didn't like Pat," Kochiss says. "I want him to be found and I want him to be okay, but I don't like it when people glorify him just because he's missing. He dicked us." Kochiss complains that McNeill "ratted

Photograph: center right, Jean Laughton.

out" the suitemates to Fordham officials over a dorm prank.

Even before that incident, Kochiss says, he was dismayed by McNeill. "A lot of times, it's the strongest-seeming people who actually turn out to be the weakest. Like how he'd spend so much time getting ready for class, preparing how he looked. He was kind of compulsive, involved in everything, like he had to do so much because maybe he felt like a failure to his parents—especially his dad, who wanted him to be a top football player or something. The drinking was a way for him to escape reality and his feelings of unsuccess. This night he disappeared was typical. He was always talking about 'I'm gonna go out and get trashed.' Normally, he'd find his way home."



"This city is so lit up, even in the middle of the night," McNeil

THE JEWEL-BOX GYMNASIUM AT CORPUS Christi elementary school in Port Chester feels like a time machine to the fifties, with grand wooden arches supporting the low ceiling and paper banners on the walls congratulating championship teams. Tonight the gym is lit by white candles. Some of them perch atop the basketball hoops as 500 somber people file in for a prayer vigil. Children sit on the parquet floor, adults standing in a half-halo behind them.

Two priests offer prayers for Pat McNeill, whose family sits uneasily in metal folding chairs beneath a bus-shelter-size photo of their missing son. Jackie McNeill, Pat's mother, has barely left the house in the past month. A lean 51-year-old to begin with, she's grown gaunt in recent weeks; Jackie trembles as she wipes her eyes with crumpled tissues. Her husband, fighting off agony with donated roast-beef sandwiches and macaroni and cheese, is an imposing 265 pounds.

The senior McNeill was born in this town of 25,000 and knows most of the population by name. After serving on a Navy destroyer, McNeill returned home to dig ditches for the Rye highway department. Thirty years later he's worked his way up to foreman and been elected president of the local Republicans.

Years of blue-collar labor gave Patrick McNeill muscular arms and a broad back, but right now the strength seems to have been drained out of him. The only reason he doesn't have nightmares is that he doesn't sleep. He's just returned from Los Angeles, where he told his son's story on the *Leeza* show. As he steps to the microphone, the darkness is chopped by the eerie spotlights of Minicams from local cable channels. "I love you all for what you've been doing," he tells his assembled neighbors. His voice climbs and cracks. "Please open up your hearts now to God, with us, and ask Him to return Patrick to us."

The moving evening is a reminder that New York is closer to the mythical heartland than most people think. Local housewives who haven't gone near Manhattan in years hand out flyers in some of its housing projects. Jeff Grey, the owner of a video store, does a phenomenal job of improvising a campaign to keep Pat McNeill in the media spotlight, all with one donated fax machine. Local off-duty cops work around the clock, chasing tips and searching abandoned buildings.

A candlelight vigil at an elementary school in Port Chester. The whole town has been mobilized.

The McNeill mystery has given his hometown a rallying point. Port Chester is a weary, gritty little place. The biggest employer, a bolt-and-nut factory, shut down years ago. The LifeSaver candy plant left, too. "Everything changes. The Fuller Brush company offices, those other factories, they're all just gone," says Joseph Tamucci, 62. "I can't remember anything, positive or negative, that's brought people together like this. It's amazing."

One thing uniting residents now is anger toward Fordham University. A Fordham administrator spoke at the vigil, opening his remarks with the awkward admission that he didn't know about the event until the last minute. The McNeill family is furious that Fordham's president hasn't called to offer his sympathies. And they're still upset by an incident during the first week Pat McNeill was missing.

"Mr. McNeill had come to campus," says a Fordham friend of the missing student. "A group of us decided to go to Manhattan and put up flyers with him. We asked for a ride to the subway in a campus van, and a security guard refused, arguing something about legal liability and ordering us to turn back. It was outrageous, especially with Mr. McNeill standing there. We ended up walking." A university spokeswoman says it was "a mix-up," and that the school has provided counseling, transportation, and free phone lines for students. And the president, she says, has recently written the McNeills a condolence letter.

Pat McNeill's diary, discovered by Fordham security, wasn't turned over to his family until early March. The diary includes McNeill's description of a Valentine's Day dinner with Mary Mendenhall, an NYU graduate student employed as an adviser by Fordham's student-activities de-

Patrick's mother at the vigil.

ither says. "How can no one see him?"

partment. Mendenhall says Fordham forced her to resign.

"We weren't dating," Mendenhall says. "Definitely not. Pat wanted to thank me for working with him. That's all. But the university overreacted and thought this would create some image problem for the school. They said I'd 'disappointed expectations for an employee.' What they really should be concerned about is finding Pat."

Fordham says it's cooperating fully with investigators, but some students say its motives are different. "When the school looks at Pat's disappearance, they see a bunch of underage drunken Fordham students in a bar," says a friend of McNeill's. "That's what they're worried about."

THE MISSING PERSONS DETECTIVE HAS worked on cases where memory-addled senior citizens have wandered into bus stations and surfaced in the Midwest. He's traced anonymous bodies that turn up dead at the morgue. "Usually," he says, "instead of John Doe, we call them UMW or UFB, like for 'unknown female black.' Or there's 'John Trauma'—that's when they're beyond recognition."

If this year is about average, his bureau of 22 investigators will field 16,000 reports of New Yorkers at large. "And right now, we've got to drop everything else for this one, McNeill. What if another one blows up? Of course the bosses are gonna kick our ass."

It's not just the bureaucratic pressure that's irritating the cop. "We could be getting a lot more help from the family," he says. "A current photo, for one thing. That one on the flyers is a year old. The kids at Fordham did much better posters—with his baseball hat backwards, with the earrings—but those weren't sanctioned by the family, so we can't use them. If people see pictures of a kid in a tuxedo when he's probably wearing a T-shirt, they're gonna discount it. But that's not the image the family wants projected—the earrings, the pierced tongue."

Those accessories are mentioned on the flyers, but the detective maintains surface markings aren't really what the Pat McNeill case is all about. "The public wonders why cops are cynical," he says. "It's because of cases like this."

On many nights, Matt Kochiss says, his roommate McNeill would return with a girl. "It seemed like a lot of the girls he'd bring home—how can I say this? A lot of them were, uh, not so great-looking. Maybe it was part of the fact that he had this problem with his self-esteem. He needed any girl's attention to feel better."

According to the Missing Persons detective, McNeill had impregnated "more than one" of the girls. "This kid is 21, he's a hard-partyer, he doesn't want to be in college, he's running around involved in all this stuff so he doesn't have to go to school. He was tired of doing what Daddy wants."

A former girlfriend says she'd be "surprised but not shocked" if Pat had gotten other girls pregnant. The senior McNeill firmly denies that his son was responsible for any pregnancies—"I would have known about it"—and says there was never a hint of any alcohol or personal troubles in the days leading up to Pat McNeill's disappearance. "Maybe someone slipped a mickey into Pat's drink," he says.

In late January, McNeill admits, he was angry when Pat's seriousness in school seemed to slip. But he says that argument faded quickly, and hours before Pat disappeared, father and son talked happily on the phone about Pat's latest grades: an A and an A-minus.

"There was a lot of love and respect in our house," McNeill says. "We inject that into our children. We've always kept an open-door policy. If there's anything that's on your mind, no matter how small, how big, come to us; nobody's gonna yell at you. And when this thing happened, it's so out of character for my son. I know it was foul play. Whether he got mugged, hit his head on the way back when he wanted to leave, he's probably walking around not knowing his own identity. He probably could look at a flyer right now and not realize it's him."

The detective shrugs. "I hope the kid wakes up twenty minutes from now and walks in—but reality dictates otherwise."

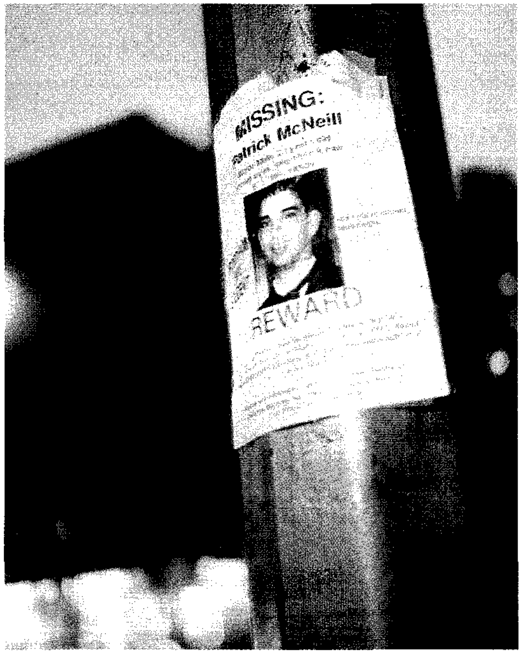
LAST OCTOBER, AS PART OF THE STUDENT Life Action Players, Pat McNeill starred in a skit dramatizing the peer pressure that can push students into alcohol abuse. He played the straight-arrow, beer-resistant character. "There weren't that many scripted lines," says Erin Schmitt, another SLAP performer. "You have a dialogue, and then you take questions and answer in character. He was a good actor."

Six months later, Schmitt was with him in a meeting of a future-leaders club when McNeill's beeper went off. He was needed by the campus EMS service. McNeill spent much of the afternoon trying to find someone to cover his shift so he could go to a bar on Second Avenue near 92nd Street. Around 9 P.M., he left for Manhattan.

The Dapper Dog is a crummy, subway-car-narrow joint with a dance floor the size of a cocktail napkin. Like many other bars on the Upper East Side, it specializes in college crowds, providing a frat-party mood for schools without frat houses. And it occasionally lures crowds with an effective marketing tool: By hiring a popular student as "guest bartender" for the night, the Dapper Dog can pull in several dozen of his or her pals.

On February 16, it was college night at the bar and the guest bartender was Walt Timby, a Fordham sophomore and one of Pat McNeill's suitemates. McNeill, always trying to be friendly, even with people he knew didn't like him, took the No. 4 train and arrived around 8:30 P.M. He entered with a doctored I.D. His suitemates weren't thrilled to see him.

His roommate, Kochiss, bought him a shot anyway, to salute McNeill's upcoming 21st birthday. "The weird thing was, I'd been talking to him, saying, 'Are you buzzed yet?' " Kochiss says. "And he was saying no, and telling the bartender to pour more vodka in his screwdriver. The next thing I knew, Pat was sitting down, slumped over. That's why I wasn't paying any attention to him, 'cause he didn't look like he was going anywhere. His eyes were closed. He was at a table in the corner, with his head down. I said, 'He's fine. We'll take him home later.' And that's the last I saw of him."



Photograph by Jean Laughton.

Near midnight, McNeill got ready to head back to campus. He couldn't miss his emergency-medical-technician class the next day, and he wanted to get some sleep. Erin Schmitt says she told him to wait and she'd travel with him, after she used the bathroom. Schmitt says that five minutes later, when she returned to where she'd left McNeill, he was gone. He had about $100 in a pocket of his blue jeans.

Police now discount reports that a cabdriver refused a request to drive McNeill to Port Chester. But a Missing Persons detective asserted to *New York* Magazine that McNeill wandered the Upper East Side for up to two days. Cadaver dogs have scoured the area; police divers swam a nearby section of the East River. "Pat came out of the bar and was falling down," says the detective. "People saw him on the streets, but he just wandered away."

Since then, vapors. On February 25, says a real-estate agent in Middle Village, Queens, a young white man wandered into his office. The stranger was jabbering, weeping, and one of his front teeth was busted. The Realtor didn't fit the incoherent man with Pat McNeill's description until arriving home that night.

The same day, a Queens bus driver recalls dropping off a passenger who looked like McNeill and seemed to be in some kind of trouble. When the driver returned to the bus depot, he called the police, but the cops' canvass hit a dead end.

On March 13, a security guard says, he spotted Pat at the Queens Mall in Rego Park. The dazed young man with one chipped front tooth asked to use the bathroom. The security guard says he called the police, then followed the young man—who was clean-shaven and wearing a dark baseball cap, dark three-quarter-length jacket, blue jeans, and dirty white sneakers—as the person he believes was Pat McNeill walked out of the mall. But he lost the boy in the crowd.

A senior Missing Persons detective says the description is solid and claims the cops are days away from grabbing Pat. Hopes have risen and crashed before, though. "With these sightings, what you have to check out is who is looking to get their name up for the $10,000 reward," says a Missing Persons detective also involved with the search. "All the trails are cold right now."

"The kid screwed up, and the father got pissed," theorizes a policeman. "The kid is probably hiding out in Queens."

So what's his theory? "The kid screwed up and the father got pissed. The old man feels bad about it now. But the kid is probably hiding out with some friend in Queens. And this thing has gotten too big for him to turn himself in. Every time you guys print another picture, he goes deeper into hiding."

A Missing Persons detective with equally intimate knowledge of the case grows more, not less, puzzled with each day. "Every time we think we have this glued together, it comes undone," he says, exhaling a deep sigh. With a month elapsed and McNeill still in the wind, the cast of characters grows: Port Chester donors recently hired hot-shot private investigators Bo Dietl and Mike Ciravolo. Rumors turn surreal: John Gotti Jr. is said to have been asked for assistance. "I don't know of any substance to that," Patrick McNeill says. "But anyone who wants to volunteer, I don't care what line of work they're in."

One ugly story filling the void is being spread by a bouncer at the Dapper Dog. "That kid McNeill? He's been found," says the bouncer, who refuses to identify himself or his source. "He's shooting heroin on the West Side, but because he's turned 21, the cops can't bring him in."

When the elder Patrick McNeill hears this tale, he's quietly incensed. He's forced himself to stay away from the Dapper Dog, afraid of what his temper might lead him to do. "I hear from psychics—some wanting $800 a day—and get bullshit phone calls from reporters in the middle of the night, saying my son's been found," McNeill says. "He hasn't been found. But I have this gut feeling that one day he's going to walk in the door. That's what I told my bride last night at three in the morning when she couldn't stop crying."

Until his son returns, Patrick McNeill searches. He's tracked deer and bear in dense Adirondack woods, but nothing prepared him for this excruciatingly painful hunt. It's icy-cold along Seventh Avenue as he presses flyers into the hands of expensively coiffed men, liquor-breathed vagrants, and a couple of confused Japanese tourists. When a woman brushes him off, fatigue and frustration get the better of McNeill, and he snaps at the back of her head, "Thanks for your sensitivity!"

The neon light from a Dunkin' Donuts sign casts an orange glow across his face. "We're going to find him, I know it," the father says, managing a brave smile. "The New York cops, they really are the finest. And when Pat gets home, I'm going to hug him, kiss him, tell him I love him, and then I'm going to sit down and drink about a half-gallon of martinis." The joke is that he hasn't had a drink in years.

Two helpers, friends of his son's from Port Chester, say they'll walk to the corner of Seventh Avenue and West 18th Street and intercept other pedestrians. "Thanks," Patrick McNeill calls after them. "Just don't get out of my sight." ■

WITHOUT A TRACE

They leave for school, or for a pack of cigarettes, or to take a walk—and never come back. Five who disappeared.

By Ruth G. Davis

THE STORY OF PATRICK MCNEILL HAS spread quickly through a small group of families who have faced the same experience. "I saw Patrick's picture in the bank and it gave me a chill," says Josephine Basile of Brooklyn, whose son Sal vanished in 1988. "I know what the parents are going through, and I don't wish it on anybody."

Frustration with law enforcement runs high; there's no mandated reporting system for anyone over the age of 18, and police usually assume that a missing adult *wants* to be missing and will eventually resurface. "We used to say it's easier to register a stolen car than a missing person," says a Manhattan woman whose son disappeared more than a decade ago. Finding them, of course, is even harder. Of the 946 adult cases being investigated by the NYPD in February, only 64 were located, dead or alive. Some who have yet to be found:

MICHELLE BENNETT

Michelle Bennett disappeared only three weeks after Patrick McNeill; she was last seen on the morning of March 8 when she left her apartment in White Plains to go into the city to make a presentation at Parsons School of Design. She never showed up for a bowling date with her aunt that night. Police have retraced her route, interviewing people and posting flyers along the way. "There's been very few responses," says Lieutenant Anne Fitzsimmons of the White Plains Police Department. "It's a possibility that she was apprehensive about this project that was due, and maybe decided at this time she needed to get away. But it's not usual to go this long and not hear anything—that causes us to be concerned."

VERNON KENT "CAMERON" JONES

On New Year's Eve 1992, Jones walked out of a party on East 7th Street and hasn't been seen since. His father and brother came up to the city and hired a private detective, who brought in "cadaver dogs" from Connecticut to try to trace Jones's body. The police told his family that Cameron was most likely on the bottom of the East River near Alphabet City and they would find him once the weather got warmer. "Well, that spring, every time a body came up they called us," says his mother Sarah C. Lineberger, who lives in Charlotte, North Carolina. But no match was made. An NYPD detective is still looking for one of Cameron's roommates, and Lineberger recently called the McNeills, "just to compare what the police are telling them with what they told us." One mysterious twist: When the family came to New York for the first time to look for their son, they saw the name VERN spray-painted across the East Village.

SALVATORE BASILE JR.

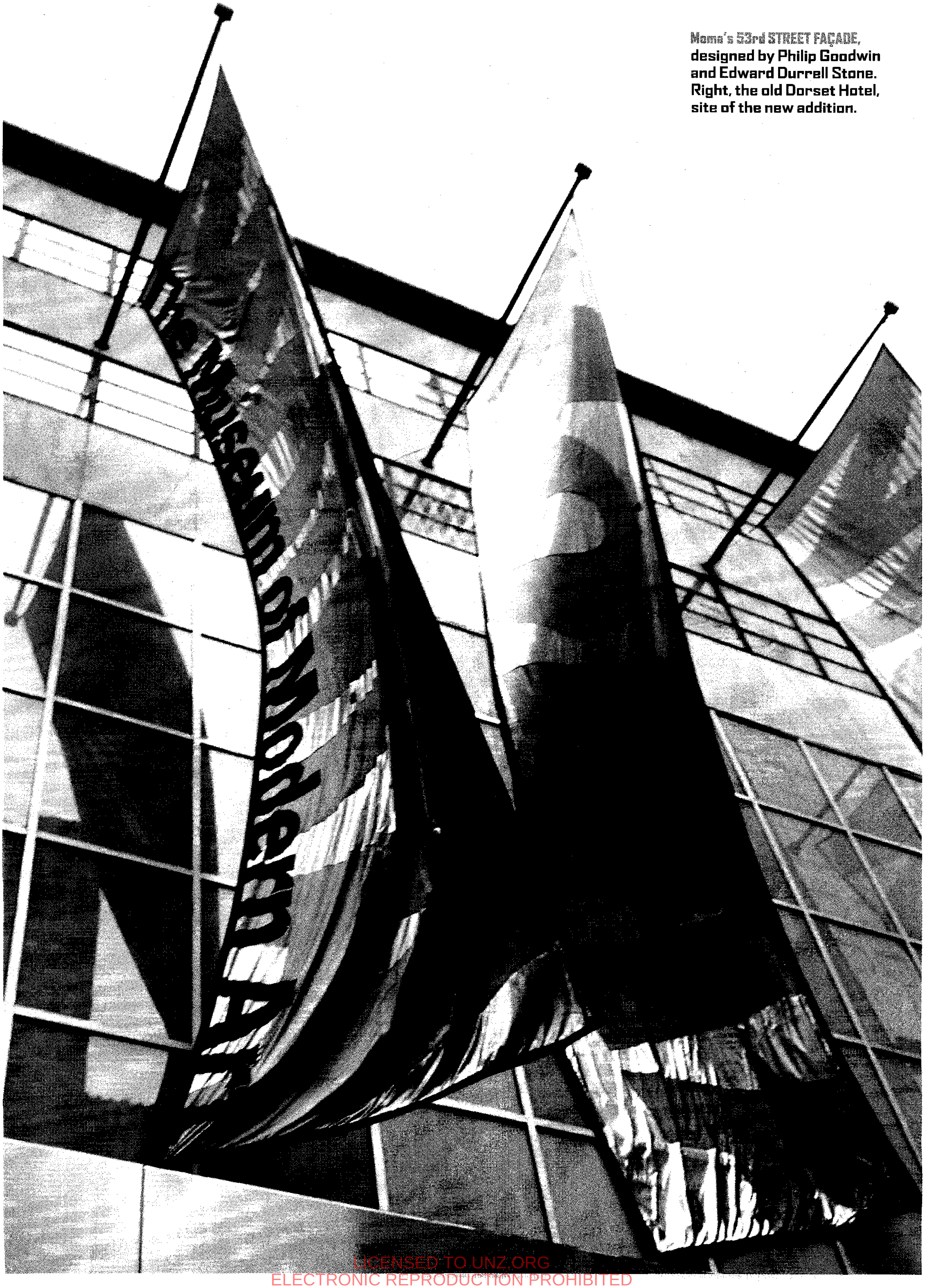
Basile was a 21-year-old student at St. John's when he disappeared one night from his parents' Brooklyn home in 1988. He had told his father he didn't feel well and was going downstairs to get a Tylenol. His car was later found on the lower level of the Verrazano bridge. "The woman at the police station said, 'Hey, he jumped off the bridge,' " says his mother, Josephine Basile. The family spent more than $100,000 to hire a diver, but no body was found. "He had gone shopping the day before for a ski trip, so this was not a suicidal person," says his sister, Pat Galina. "My mother always believed someone hurt him and put the car there." The Basiles hired a detective, took out ads in the *Daily News* and *USA Today*, and have chased several false leads. "In the past few years, it's gotten very quiet," says Galina, who as recently as a month ago did another check on Sal's Social Security number to see if it had been used. "But there's no closure. We don't even know how to refer to him. We say, 'When Sally was home.' "

MARK DAVID ZEICHNER

Mark Zeichner had a history of mental illness before he walked out of his apartment in Queens in 1984 at the age of 35, leaving his wallet and identification behind. "I do believe that his behavior became quite erratic, and one thing led to another, and he dropped everything and disappeared," says his mother, an artist who lives in New Jersey. She thinks Mark, who graduated from City College with an art major, is still alive, because his name hasn't been matched up through a national database with any unidentified bodies "and there's enough information on him to match something up," she says. A few months ago, she got a call from a prison inmate who falsely claimed to know Mark. "I said once, wouldn't it be wonderful if he ended up in jail, because at least there would be a connection."

DAVID THIES

At four o'clock on the afternoon of December 13, 1982, 19-year-old David Thies went out into the hallway of his apartment to smoke a cigarette. "It was very strange because it was my husband's birthday. David had gone out to buy a gift and was going to make a salad or something for the dinner," says his mother, Karin DiGia. (Before his disappearance, David would flip the channels of news reports obsessively; his mother believes that he might have felt threatened by something he saw.) The DiGias put up a $25,000 reward and have had more than 40 people contact them claiming to have seen David in a cult group or selling junk on the street in California. "I've even had incidents where I thought I saw David. One young man resembled him so much, I was sure he was my son." For several years DiGia wouldn't leave the city in case David happened to walk through the door—she still makes sure someone's home when she goes abroad. A few months ago, she called her precinct to ask about David. "This guy insisted he wasn't listed and wasn't a missing person. He said, 'When did he disappear?' and I told him, and he said, 'Well, after five years, we put those cases in the basement.' "



MoMA's 53rd STREET FAÇADE, designed by Philip Goodwin and Edward Durrell Stone. Right, the old Dorset Hotel, site of the new addition.

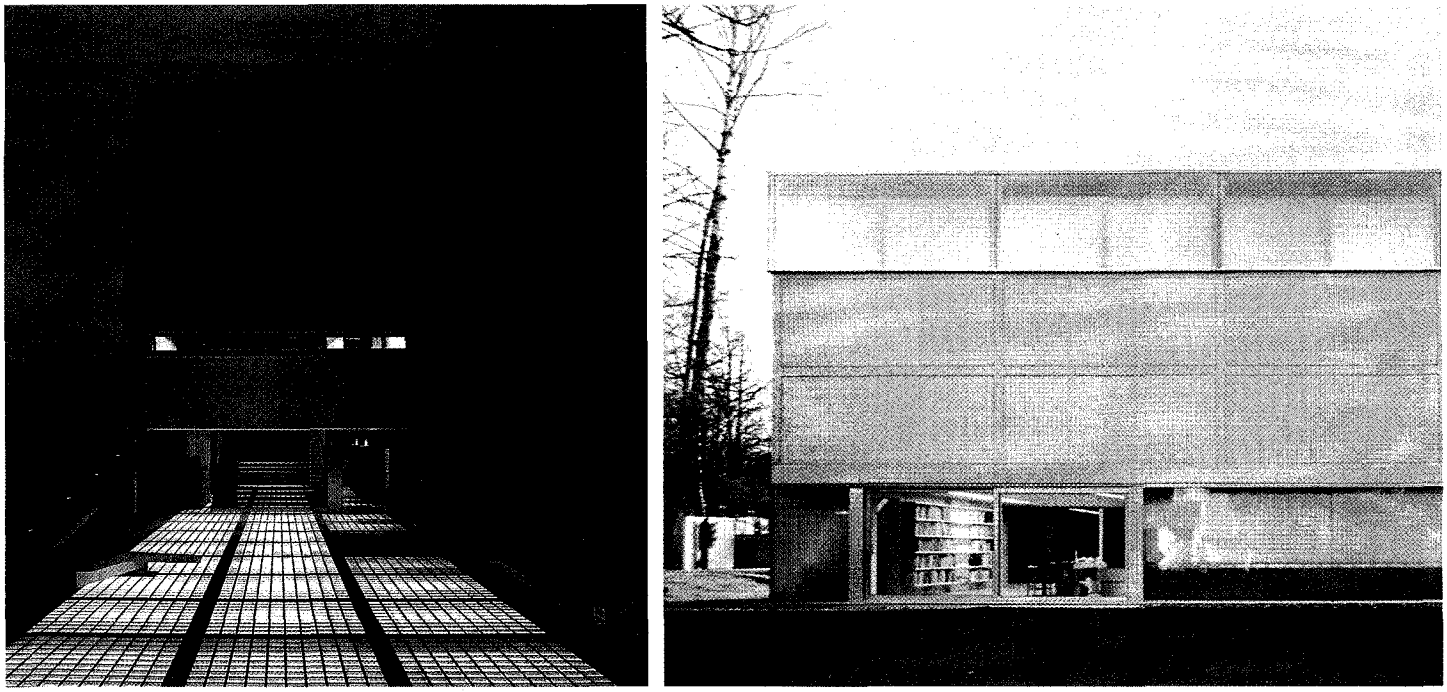
MoMA's BOYS

We'll be honest: There's one woman on the list of ten firms handpicked for the hottest architectural competition of *fin-de-siècle* Manhattan. The winner gets to design a new midtown icon: a huge addition to the Museum of Modern Art. A guide to the favorites, the long-shots, and the lucky-just-to-be-mentioned.

By Alexandra Lange

THERE'S A STORY, PERHAPS APOCRYPHAL, ENTIRELY believable, going around town. Peter Eisenman is lying in bed the morning the list of competitors for the expansion of the Museum of Modern Art is announced. Despite a three-decade New York career and a starring role at a conference last fall discussing MOMA's future, he's not on it. The phone rings. It's Richard Meier, currently build-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEFFEN THALEMANN
FOR *NEW YORK*



WIEL ARETS's headquarters for the AZL Pension Fund in Heerlen, The Netherlands, at left. Above, HERZOG AND DE MEURON's gallery for the private Goetz Collection in Munich.

ing the new Getty Center in Los Angeles. "Are you on the list?" he asks. "No." "Oh, I'm so relieved." An hour later, the phone rings again. It's Frank Gehry, currently building the Guggenheim branch in Bilbao, Spain. "Are you on the list?" "No." "Oh, I'm so relieved."

With one decisive move, on January 23, the Museum of Modern Art turned American architecture's leading lights into a bunch of grumpy old men. Eisenman, Meier, Gehry, and their contemporaries Charles Gwathmey (Guggenheim addition) and Renzo Piano (Centre Pompidou, the De Menil Foundation in Houston)—all now in their sixties—found themselves out of the running for the most important commission in Manhattan in at least a decade. The architects MOMA's trustees did pick range in age from early forties to mid-fifties, with one slightly older exception, and are largely unknown outside the architectural profession. The only acknowledged star is Rem Koolhaas, the magnetic Dutch architect better known for his books *Delirious New York* and *S, M, L, XL,* the 1,345-page, de rigueur doorstop for design types, than for his fifties-modern-influenced buildings.

The other nine are Wiel Arets, also from the Netherlands; Jacques Herzog and Pierre de Meuron, from Switzerland; Toyo Ito, from Japan; Dominique Perrault, from France; Yoshio Taniguchi, from Japan; and, from the U.S., Steven Holl, Bernard Tschumi, Rafael Viñoly, and Tod Williams and Billie Tsien—all New Yorkers. Being unknown doesn't mean they are avant-garde, however. General opinion in the architectural world seems to be that they are all good and competent, but fairly middle-of-the-road. "The [trustees] want everyone to go, 'Oh, that's a fascinating, quirky, brilliant choice rather than just the usual suspects,' " says one critic. "But this is just the next generation of usual suspects."

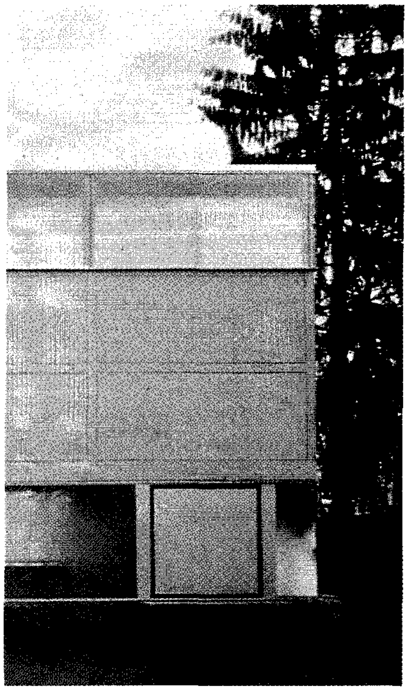
By ignoring the big names, MOMA is clearly aiming to bestow the commission that makes a career—"that debut factor," as *Architectural Record* senior editor Karen Stein puts it. The unorthodox selection process is the brainchild of architecture curator Terence Riley. Six of the architects had work in his first international show, "Light Construction," last year, and Koolhaas, Viñoly, and Tschumi have all had solo shows during his tenure. Steven Holl had one in 1989, just before Riley arrived. They are united in a style called, with a straight face, neo-modernism: lots of glass, lots of transparent walls, lots of new construction technology. Basically, modernism made sleek and stripped of its change-the-world politics.

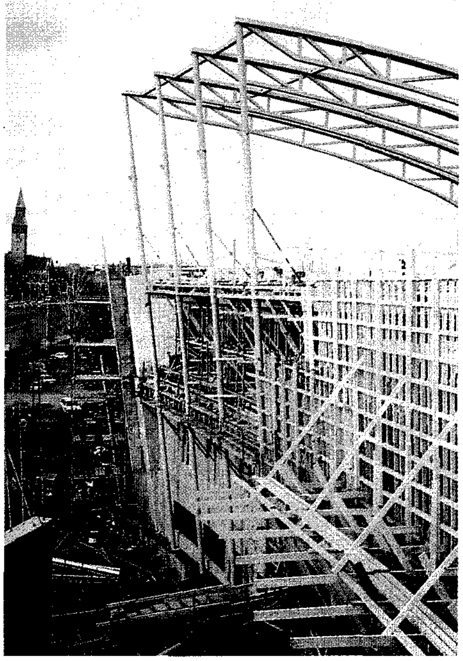
Riley, 42, took over as curator five years ago and was viewed as a safe choice, one who wouldn't threaten Philip Johnson's presence at the Modern. In fact, Riley had just endeared himself to the octogenarian Johnson by curating a show at Columbia commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of Johnson's breakthrough 1939 "International Style" exhibit at MOMA. The original exhibit not only established the architecture department at the museum but launched Johnson's career as the dean of American architecture.

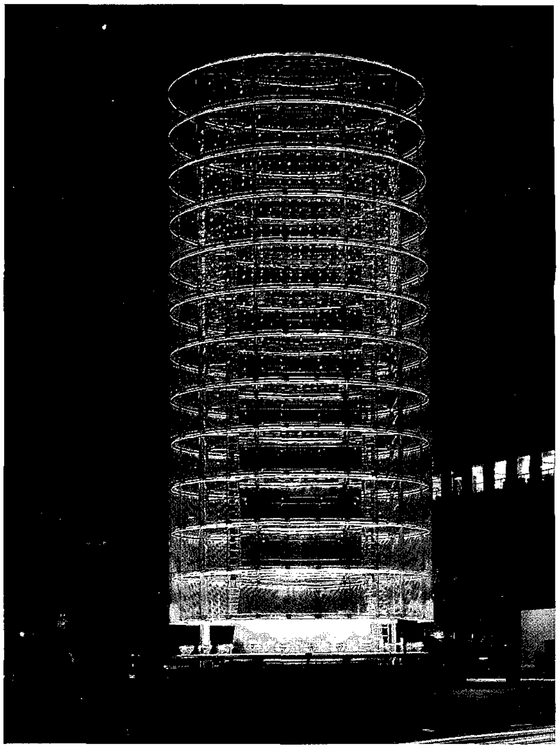
With a single decisive move, MoMA turned the leading lights of American architecture into a bunch of grumpy old men.

While at Columbia, Riley worked under Tschumi, the head of the architecture school, who just happened to make the list. Riley is also known to be close to *Times* architecture critic Herbert Muschamp—but not so close that Muschamp pulled his punches about "Light Construction." His mixed review of the show enraged Riley at the time, though they've apparently patched things up. "There can be no critique of the competition [in the *Times*], because Riley's making the choices," one architect says.

The whole idea of a competition is a radical departure from MOMA custom. In the old days, the museum simply settled such matters behind closed doors—which didn't always work out. Johnson designed the first addition (ho hum), and the sculpture garden, which everybody loves. But he got passed over in favor of César Pelli for the Museum Tower and the escalator atrium, neither of which is considered a success—the former's a standard-issue high-rise, the







Near left, a photo of STEVEN HOLL's Helsinki Museum of Contemporary Art under construction. Above, TOYO ITO's Tower of the Winds, a 70-foot light-and-glass sculpture.

latter more suited to the Mall of America than to an art institution. Pelli's subpar additions are hardly noticeable, however, because the Philip Goodwin and Edward Durrell Stone original isn't much better—not so much bad as just blah.

With the purchase of the Dorset Hotel and two brownstones on 54th Street, the museum has a chance to make its physical presence match its collection—the high-culture boom of the last decade has left cities like San Francisco with fancier art museums than New York, even if they don't have much to hang on their walls. MOMA director Glenn Lowry is known to dislike the current lobby configuration; depending on the winner's proposal, the museum could create a grander entrance on the back side of the site.

Riley decided to do a competition because "what we want doesn't exist right now," he says. "We couldn't shop for a building the same way we shop for a painting." The winner will be forced to integrate the Dorset site—the old hotel will be razed; the museum just hasn't announced it yet—with the three parts of the existing museum. The tricky air rights around the Museum Tower are another sticking point. "It's a lousy commission," says one New York architect. "It's solving other people's bad mistakes."

The format of the competition has surprised a lot of architects, even ones who wouldn't be up for the job. First, it's not, technically, a competition. In Europe, most major institutions hold contests open to any architect with the admission fee, and pick a jury of their peers to sift through their portfolios. MOMA, instead, is holding the equivalent of a runoff. It asked the ten firms not to design whole schemes but to consider a series of conceptual questions in sketchbook form.

The Getty Center used a similar process when it was looking for someone to create a hilltop museum complex, but it had longtime *Times* critic Ada Louise Huxtable and Cooper Union president Bill Lacy on the jury that reviewed the résumés of 100 architects. For MOMA, there will be no outsiders, just a committee made up of board president Agnes Gund, trustees Sid Bass and Ronald Lauder, and Lowry. Riley, who also gets a vote, shepherded them all on a worldwide tour of new cultural institutions that allowed them to select the list of ten firms.

Riley speaks fondly of the committee as a group of "dedicated amateurs" and says they have been able to overcome an early desire for a name-brand architect. "They began to rely on their own judgment after the visits," Riley says, "instead of who won what award, who had been on the cover of what magazine."

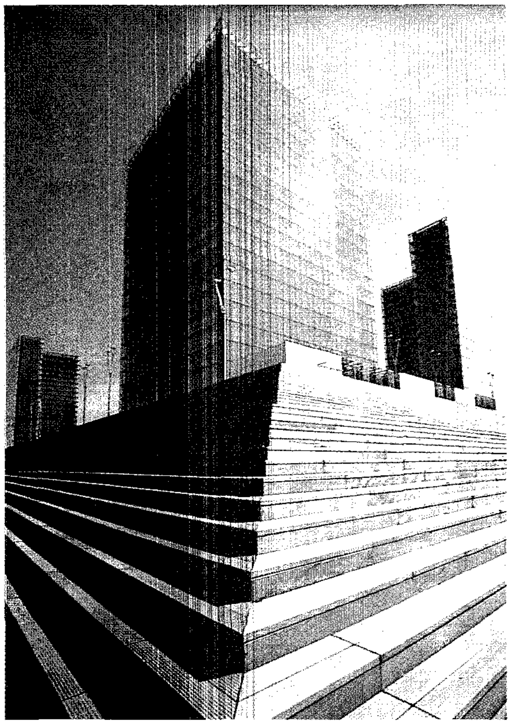
Rem Koolhaas would have been a perfect choice for the old regime: a big name, friends with the curator. But Rem backlash is setting in.

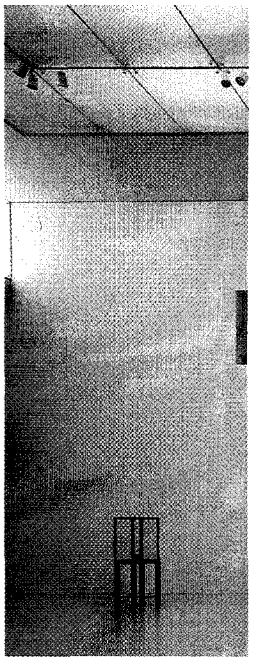
Three weeks after their names were announced, the architects met en masse on February 17 for an intensive two-day tour of the museum. Then they were assigned the sketchbook problem and sent home. "The initial stage is just a kind of higher schmoozing," says one architect who is not on the list but knows Riley. Entries are due about now, though MOMA won't publicize the date, and there will be an exhibit of all the work submitted in April. By June, three (or two, or four—the museum doesn't want to commit itself) finalists will emerge and be given the summer to come up with a complete scheme. The final decision is due in late fall.

The early line had Koolhaas as a shoo-in, but had MOMA wanted to, it could have given Koolhaas the commission and no one would have thought it strange. Riley and other MOMA spokespeople reiterate that they want to keep the process open and apolitical. "The director [Lowry] took an unusually liberal attitude in terms of allowing and encouraging public debate," Riley says. But in fact, the process to date has been closed. The architects have been told repeatedly not to talk to the press, and all requests for information have to go through Liz Addison, a MOMA deputy director. Museum employees have been similarly advised not to tell anyone anything. Addison was willing to divulge the architects' phone numbers, but with a warning not to ask them any questions.

So we didn't. But we asked a jury of

Photographs: left to right, Kim Zwarts; courtesy of Peter Blum, NY; Timo Kiukkola; Tomio Ohashi.





Left, REM KOOLHAAS's fifties-modernist Rotterdam Kunsthal. Above, looking up the steps towards DOMINIQUE PERRAULT's massive Bibliothèque Nationale: Four glass towers suggestive of open books.

their peers to handicap the contenders for this career-making prize.

WIEL ARETS

Born: 1955
Nationality: Dutch
Signature building: Academy for Art and Architecture, Maastricht

The selection of Wiel Arets is a bit of a head-scratcher. Largely unknown in this country, he taught at Columbia's architecture school a few years ago, when Riley was head of exhibitions, but all of his work to date has been in his native Netherlands. The building the trustees probably looked at most closely, the Academy of Art and Architecture in Maastricht, is striking: Large concrete panels gridded with glass block are used for both floor and ceiling, glinting slightly during the day and turning the whole thing into a punched-out lantern at night. And Arets is rumored to have wowed them at the February presentations. Choosing Arets would be a stretch, because he's never taken on anything of this scale. He is also extremely young by architect standards. Just being on the list is probably the highlight of his professional life.

BOTTOM LINE: Contender, but just barely one. If MOMA really wanted to make somebody's career, he'd be perfect.

JACQUES HERZOG AND PIERRE DE MEURON

Born: 1950 (both)
Nationality: Swiss
Signature building: Goetz Collection, Munich

Jacques Herzog and Pierre de Meuron emerged as the stars of the "Light Construction" show, so Riley is clearly a fan. Their Goetz Collection, a two-story, luminous gallery with a façade composition strongly reminiscent of Louis Kahn's British Arts Center in New Haven, showed beautiful modern detailing, careful handling of light for artworks, and a warm, woody version of neo-modernism. They would be front-runners, and a fashionable choice, but for one unfortunate fact: They beat Rem Koolhaas for the Bankside addition to the Tate Gallery in London. "You can't do Tate and the MOMA; it makes the museum too generic," one critic bluntly put it. Nicholas Serota, the director of the Tate, is reportedly worried they might win and neglect his building. None of the other contestants has built a major museum, unless you consider Helsinki major, so Herzog and De Meuron don't figure to make the cut.

BOTTOM LINE: Out, because of the Tate.

STEVEN HOLL

Born: 1947
Nationality: American
Signature building: Helsinki Museum of Contemporary Art

Steven Holl has strong buzz in the architecture community. He had a solo show at MOMA in 1989, before Riley started, and was considered the next big thing to come from the Columbia faculty. But it's taken him a while to live up to the billing—his office almost went bankrupt in 1992. His Helsinki Museum, down the road from famous works by Saarinen and Aalto, is just about finished, despite rumors of construction difficulties, and his municipal housing complex in Japan got a loving treatment in January's *Architectural Record.* His work is quirky compared with that of the rest of the field, often incorporating bright colors and elaborate lighting. "He's the most thoughtful and interesting of the New York people," one contemporary says. "Steve is a little idiosyncratic," says another. "I think he's not going to be straight enough for them." But, as one architect cattily pointed out, "He already keeps nice sketchbooks."

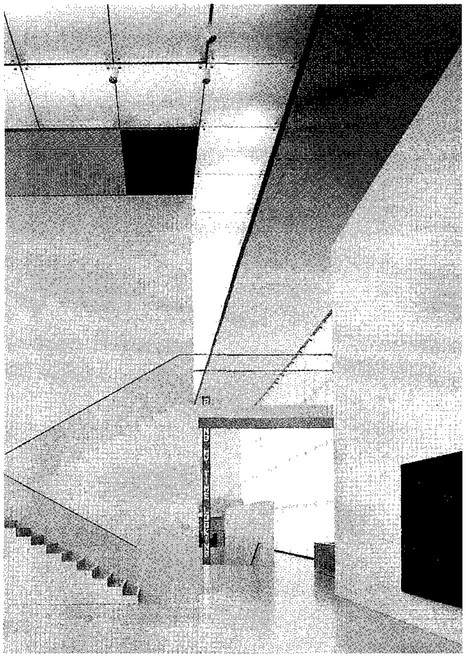
BOTTOM LINE: Contender. He's local, on his way up, and well liked in both academic and professional circles.

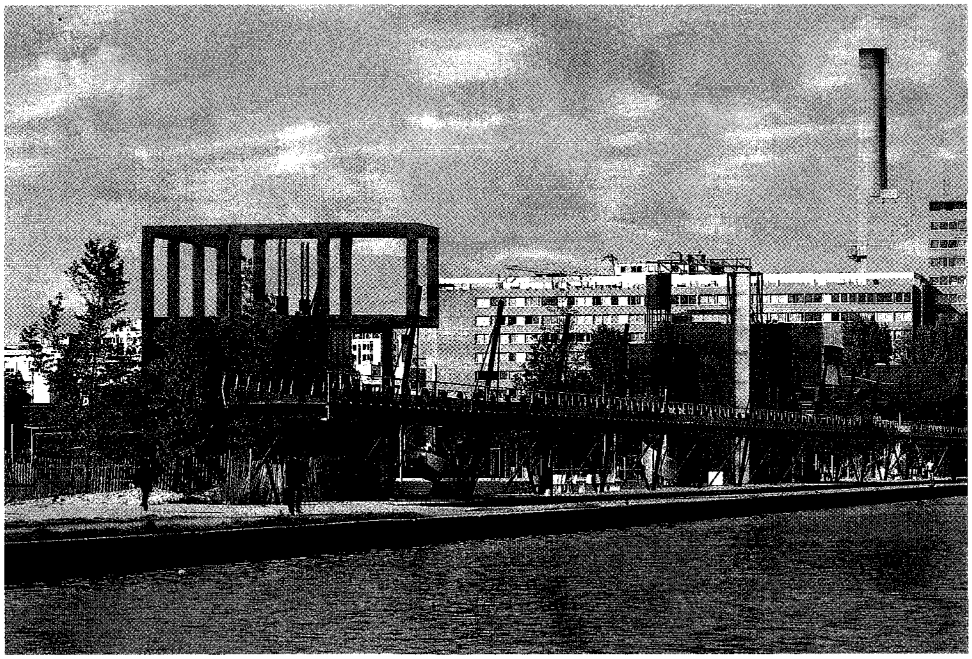
TOYO ITO

Born: 1941
Nationality: Japanese
Signature buildings: Shimosuwa Municipal Museum; ITM Building

Toyo Ito had three projects in the "Light Construction" show, including the 70-foot light-and-glass sculpture Tower of the Winds and the sinuous Shimosuwa Municipal Museum, which curves along the banks of the river like an enameled slug. Architects and critics seem blown away by the sheer "exotic" beauty of his work but have questions about whether it can be adapted to a dense urban context like midtown Manhattan. There are also cultural barriers to overcome. Ito, who has built only in Japan, is probably less familiar with MOMA, and with American construction,

Photographs: top, left to right, Scott Frances/Esto; B. Annebicque/Sygma; bottom center, Dorothy Alexander.





Left, a gallery at YOSHIO TANIGUCHI's Toyota City Museum. Above, one of Columbia architecture dean BERNARD TSCHUMI's adult play structures at the Parc de la Villette in Paris.

than his Western competitors. "He's so finicky about details and materials," says one architect, "that I'm not sure his work could be built in this country."

BOTTOM LINE: Contender. If the trustees pick a geographically spread shortlist, Ito will be on it.

REM KOOLHAAS

Born: 1944
Nationality: Dutch
Signature building: Kunsthal, Rotterdam

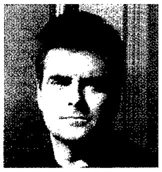
Rem Koolhaas is the universally acknowledged star of the list, "the most-watched figure in the world," according to *Oculus* editor Jane Merkel. Koolhaas's tribute to Manhattan's unruly architectural development, *Delirious New York,* makes him almost more of a local hero than the Americans. He had a well-received solo show at MOMA in 1994, organized by Riley, which showcased his master plan for Lille, France, and a gemlike glass house in the "Light Construction" show. Everything looked good until he finally got around to building. His Rotterdam Kunsthal, a small museum for modern art that opened in 1996, has become a lightning rod for criticism of his work. You either love or hate the modified-porte-cochere entrance and the liberal use of so-called cheap materials for dramatic effect. The trustees are rumored to hate it. Koolhaas would have been the perfect choice for the old regime: a big name, friends with the curator, charming, on the rise. But Rem backlash is setting in. Riley complained to a prominent critic that Koolhaas was being "victimized" by his front-runner status. "Sometimes the dynamics of the selection process work against the top choice," Karen Stein of *Architectural Record* says. "It gets extremely convoluted in not wanting to do the obvious."

BOTTOM LINE: The prohibitive favorite. It would be a serious blow if he doesn't make the shortlist, but it's not inconceivable. The trustees may be out to get him.

DOMINIQUE PERRAULT

Born: 1953
Nationality: French
Signature building: Bibliothèque Nationale de France, Paris

Hard to figure this choice. If MOMA wanted a Frenchman, why not Jean Nouvel, a more mature talent and architect of both the shimmering Cartier Foundation (which essentially inspired Riley's "Light Construction" show) and the grand renovation of the Lyons Opera House? Dominique Perrault's major work is the recently completed Bibliothèque Nationale de France, four glass towers shaped like opened books that flank a Corbusian windswept plaza. It effectively transformed the French into a nation of angry architecture critics. I. M. Pei's glass pyramid at the Louvre may have had its share of detractors, but the Bibliothèque unleashed a fury. Book lovers were particularly aghast, as Perrault had failed to consider that printed matter needs to be protected from sunlight. The solution? Clunky wooden shutters. Why did the trustees pick such an antihero? One probable explanation is Muschamp's against-the-grain rave review of the towers. Also in Perrault's favor are his smooth, corporate style and his commendable work habits. He built the $1.5 billion library on time and adapted the plans to meet the criticism, which shows he can work with a committee and might soothe the trustees' budgetary fears.



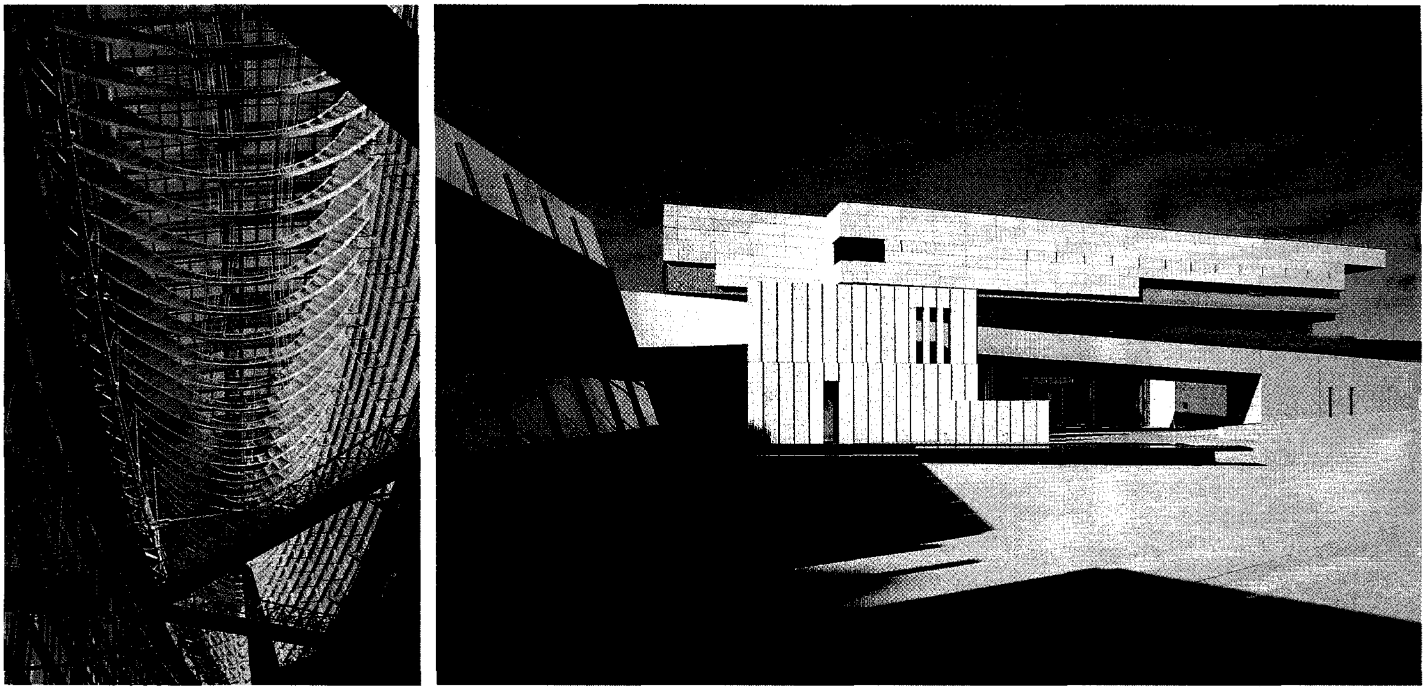
BOTTOM LINE: Contender. The French are notoriously picky. Maybe he'll prosper here.

YOSHIO TANIGUCHI

Born: 1937
Nationality: Japanese
Signature building: Toyota City Museum

Yoshio Taniguchi is the darkest of dark horses, an almost inexplicable choice. Basically, no one in the U.S. has heard of him—not even the MOMA bookstore has a monograph of his work—despite the fact that he's built a dozen buildings in Japan, four of them museums. Several observers, questioning the lack of women on the list, were hoping Yoshio was a woman's name. It's not, but even if it were, Taniguchi seems unlikely to be a finalist. His glass-cupola-covered Tokyo Sea Life Park fits with Riley's weakness for the transparent, but the Marugame Genichiro-Inokuma Museum of Contemporary Art, like the Toyota City Museum, is undistinguished, coldly reminiscent of I. M. Pei's corporate-looking National Gallery in Washington. He's no

Photographs: top, left to right, Toshiharu Kitajima; Peter Mauss/Esto; center left, Dorothy Alexander; bottom center, Michel Denance.



Left, the $1.5 billion Tokyo International Forum by RAFAEL VIÑOLY. Above, TOD WILLIAMS AND BILLIE TSIEN's Neurosciences Institute in San Diego, named by *Time* as one of the best buildings of 1996.

young up-and-comer; at 60, he's a contemporary of better-known and much more fabulous Japanese designers Fumihiko Maki and Tadao Ando.
BOTTOM LINE: Out. Simple as that.

BERNARD TSCHUMI

Born: 1944
Nationality: French-American
Signature building: Parc de la Villette, Paris

Tschumi's inclusion is widely regarded as a personal favor by Riley. Tschumi is dean at Columbia's architecture school and as such was Riley's boss before he got hired by MOMA. No one thinks Tschumi has a prayer of getting the commission. For a long time, he was known exclusively for his design theories—impenetrable to all but the most devoted disciples—and he isn't considered much of a designer. His best-known work is the Parc de la Villette in Paris, an eye-catching but useless playground for adults along the Seine. Still, he's always been treated well by MOMA. Riley included him in "Light Construction," he's had a solo exhibit, and he's the only architect on this list to have been in the 1988 "Deconstruction" show, Philip Johnson's last tastemaking salvo. Deconstructivists are so unfashionable these days that picking Tschumi would invite derision from critics around the world. Even Muschamp has trashed Tschumi's work in the *Times*. One advantage: Tschumi has reportedly assigned the MOMA project to his studio at Columbia, giving himself the advantage of all his students' bright ideas for his "sketchbook."
BOTTOM LINE: Out. The only thing harder to understand than his writing is his architecture.

RAFAEL VIÑOLY

Born: 1943
Nationality: American
Signature building: Tokyo International Forum

Rafael Viñoly could profit from a well-timed review. Muschamp's weak-kneed paean to his $1.5 billion Tokyo International Forum appeared just weeks before the list of ten was announced, and Riley has been all but flacking the project from the early stages. A show of working drawings for the Forum appeared at MOMA in 1993. Viñoly is known for highly competent, sometimes beautiful work that never strays far from the corporate. That means a lot of smooth glass sides and bold, one-shot shapes. Consider him the American counterpart of Dominique Perrault. If the MOMA is worried about entrusting a large project to a small firm, they might go with Viñoly, on a roll since Tokyo. But that was probably the thinking behind the selection of César Pelli the last time around, and no one likes the results.

BOTTOM LINE: Contender. If the committee is split, he could emerge as a compromise candidate.

TOD WILLIAMS AND BILLIE TSIEN

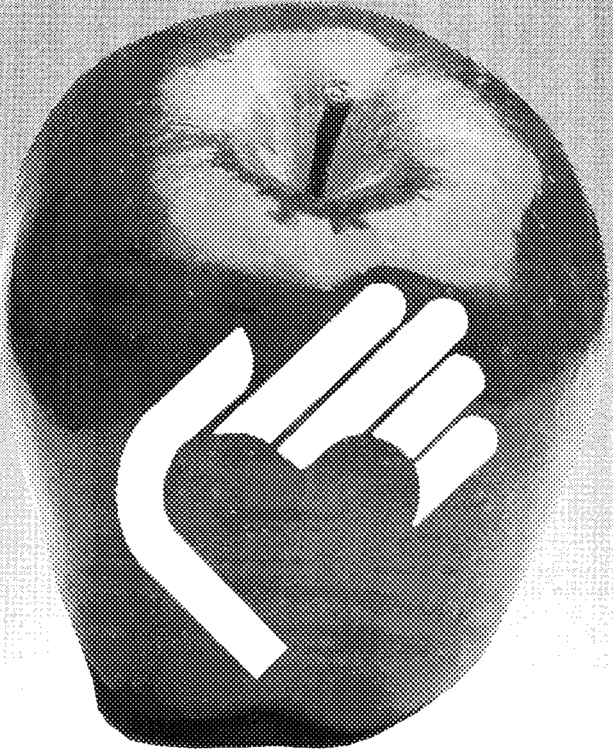
Born: 1943 and 1949
Nationality: American
Signature building: Neurosciences Institute, San Diego, California

Too "warm and fuzzy" for MOMA? Tod Williams and Billie Tsien run a small shop, purposely so, and shun the limelight. But this husband-and-wife team designed MOMA trustee Jerry Speyer's most-expensive-per-square-foot-ever-built townhouse on 72nd Street, and Speyer just made a big contribution to the museum. Their expansion of the Phoenix Art Museum has been well reviewed (the thermodynamic sculpture pavilion was included in "Light Construction"), and their episodic, shades-of-gray Neurosciences Institute in San Diego was named one of *Time* magazine's best buildings of 1996. Their work is very refined, using a mixture of materials and a series of views and passages, rather than a single monumental statement, to make its point. This subtlety may help them, as may their strong ties to the art community, but they could just seem too small-time for this project. Their inclusion has generally been met with the following reaction: "They are very good, careful architects," then, after a switch of gears, "Is Billie the only woman? That's got to count for something." One entirely irrelevant note: Former supermodel (and current architecture student) Rachel Williams is Tod's daughter.

BOTTOM LINE: Out. Probably can't make the splash the trustees will want. That means no women among the finalists. ▬

Photographs: top, left to right, courtesy of Rafael Viñoly Architects; Michael Moran; center, Lucas Michael; bottom right, Michael Moran.

AT ITS CORE, THE BIG APPLE HAS A BIG HEART



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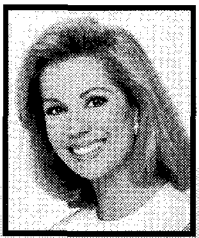
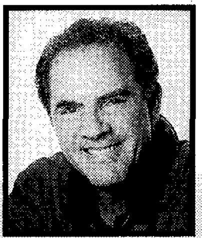

- Hosted by "Cousin" Bruce Morrow, Kathie Lee and Frank Gifford and Bob McGrath.

Sunday, April 6,1997 from 10:00 a.m. - 3:00 p.m.

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Horowi List

As a Yeshiva student living in the Bronx, Michael Horowitz contemplated becoming a Rabbi. Now he's leading a movement to protect the world's persecuted Christians, and Washington is paying attention. Exploring the conscience of a crusader.

By Samuel G. Freedman

Horowitz with Getaneh Getaneh, who inspired the crusade.

COMING HOME FROM YESHIVA ONE AFternoon in the late forties, Michael Horowitz hopped off his bus outside the candy store on Pugsley Avenue in the West Bronx. Walking toward his apartment a few minutes later, two cents' worth of halvah in hand, he noticed a few kids from St. Helena's School blocking his path. As Michael tried to edge his way around them, they set upon him, punching and kicking. A 10-year-old so slight that donors to the yeshiva often mistook him for the concentration-camp survivor in its student body, Michael heard his attackers shouting, by way of explanation, "You killed our Christ."

Then the flurry ended and the other boys fled. Michael inspected his bruises, straightened his clothes, and wordlessly plodded home. There was nothing so unusual in the beating. If anything, such a confrontation formed a standard part of a New York Jewish childhood for much of this century.

Once the cuts healed and the bruises vanished, the lesson remained. Even in the greatest Jewish city in the world, even in the country that had provided refuge from Cossacks and czars, you couldn't trust the goyim. ■ One Wednesday night last month, on the eve of the National Prayer Breakfast, Michael Horowitz moved largely unrecognized to his chair in the Monroe Room of the Washington Hilton. He appeared to be merely a graying man of 57, well tailored but otherwise outshone by the company. At the tables nearby sat the chaplain of the United States Senate and the chairman of the Campus Crusade for Christ and the president of Billy Graham's alma mater. Else-

PHOTOGRAPH BY CLAUDIO VAZQUEZ
FOR *NEW YORK*

where were several congressmen, one senator, and Jack Kemp's wife, Joanne, each a proven ally of the religious right. They and the rest in an audience of 200 had come to see Charles Colson, the Watergate felon born again as the leader of a prison ministry, bestow the Wilberforce Award for Christian social activism.

A series of Christian singers, one torchy, one folkie, and one soulful, entertained between courses. One of the criminals salvaged by Colson's program offered his testimony to God's grace. The politicians spoke of how faith could solve the social problems that government had only worsened. The pageant was impressive, at times moving, and, for anyone accustomed to the usual Sunday at an evangelical megachurch, familiar to the point of predictability.

It was, at least, until Colson strode to the podium to introduce the evening's honoree. "God sent a Jew into the world for the Gentiles to know God and be at peace with God," he intoned. "He sent a Jew into our midst in 1996 to awaken us, a sleeping church."

Michael Horowitz with his cousin Leonard Lefkowitz at Michael's 1951 Bar Mitzvah.

The Jew whom Colson had in mind was Michael Horowitz, Michael Horowitz with his hooked nose and nasal voice, his diplomas from Yeshiva Ahavas Torah and City College, his legal career in labor and civil rights. Nothing in his current incarnation, as a senior fellow specializing in tort reform for the Hudson Institute think tank, explained his presence, either. Leaning into the microphone, he launched into a sermon on the persecution of Christians.

"How do I come to be here?" Horowitz asked at the outset. "Why me? Why a Jew?" he added. "Because as a Jew, it was easy for me to see those haunting, eerie parallels between what had happened to my people over much of the course of European history, particularly in this century, and what was happening to the Christians. I looked and I saw that Christians were becoming the scapegoats of choice for the thugs of the world."

> "I saw," he says, "that Christians were becoming the scapegoats of choice for the thugs of the world."

Voice rising, hands hovering in midair, he spoke of slave markets in the Sudan, where Muslim captors sell Christian children for a half-dozen cows. He spoke of China's burning the sanctuaries and arresting the pastors of the unofficial "house Christian" movement, of Saudi Arabia's torturing Filipino guest workers who have been caught holding Bible-study sessions. And he spoke of the man who lived with the Horowitz family, an Ethiopian refugee named Getaneh Getaneh who had been hanged upside down, scalded with oil, and beaten with steel rods, all for his refusal to stop preaching the Gospel.

Having finished with Communists and fundamentalist Muslims, Horowitz turned to another foe, one more proximate to his audience. He held aloft a copy of the 1997 world report by Human Rights Watch and started in on the "blind and the bigoted" in that organization. He marched through the volume, lavishing particular attention on the special projects—children's rights, women's rights, gay rights, corporate abuses, drugs, academic freedom, and more.

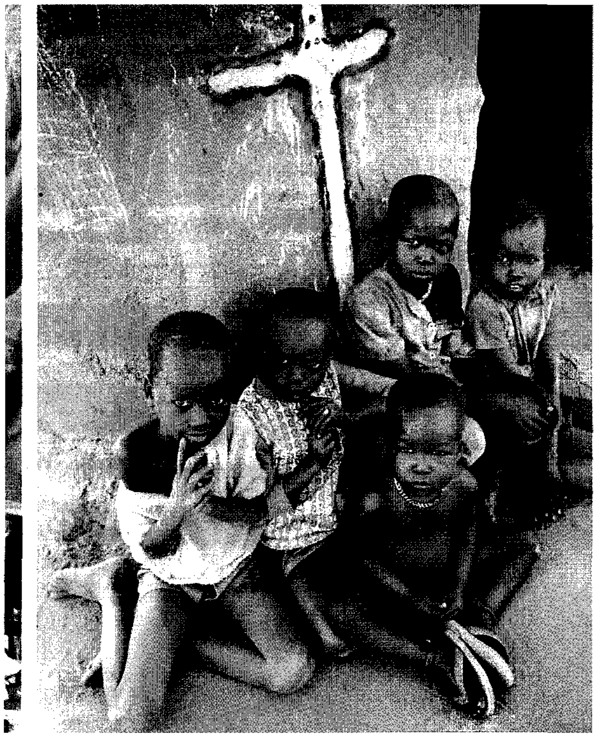
"What is missing?" Horowitz cried. "Not an initiative, barely a word in the 385 pages for well-meaning people about the fate of religionists who are targets. The thugs have no doubt about who threatens them. Our human-rights Establishment doesn't think it's really important, because they are the people who sort of think [of Evangelical Christians]: *Aren't they bothersome? Don't they really bring it on themselves? They are not our crowd. They don't stand for very much. They are the people who burn people at the stake, don't they? They are not the victims.*"

He was harking back, of course, to the witch trials and the Inquisition and even that afternoon of his boyhood outside the candy store. But then, in his final moments, he turned from the past to the future, and the signal image of his mission. "Christians," as he often puts it, "are the Jews of the twenty-first century."

FIVE MINUTES AND A STANDING OVATION later, Horowitz descended from the podium, clutched Getaneh Getaneh, and whispered, "Was that okay?" Privately, he gave himself a C, and that withering judgment reflected more than Horowitz's insistence on overachievement. He saw the award and the acceptance speech less as a culmination than as yet another beginning in his Christian crusade.

In less than eighteen months of public agitation, Horowitz has transformed the persecution of Christians abroad from a topic confined to the back-channel diplomacy of a small corps of specialists to an issue commanding the attention of Congress, the media, the Evangelical community, and a significant number of Jewish leaders. Horowitz has modeled the effort on the campaign to rescue Soviet Jewry, which combined grassroots organizing, high-level advocacy, and trade legislation.

This spring, a congressional coalition stretching from such Christian conservatives as Virginia representative Frank Wolf to such Jewish moderates as Connecticut



In the Sudan, Christians are sometimes sold into slavery. These orphans escaped into Eritrea.

senator Joseph Lieberman is expected to introduce legislation modeled on the Jackson-Vanik amendment of the Soviet Jewry campaign. The measure calls for penalties for nations that violate the human rights of three religious groups—Christians in Communist and Islamic nations, Baha'is in Iran, and Buddhists in Tibet.

Already, Speaker Peter Vallone has introduced a resolution in the City Council that calls upon President Clinton and Congress to give priority to the Christian-persecution issue. Vallone also wants the council to consider divestment strategies akin to those the city used to pressure American companies doing business in South Africa during the apartheid era.

Vallone acted after reading two columns about Christian persecution by A. M. Rosenthal in the New York *Times*. And Rosenthal wrote those columns, as he put it in the first of them, because Horowitz "screamed me awake." Many politicians and religious leaders shared the sensation.

"Mike Horowitz is a tummler," said Senator Lieberman, using a Yiddish word normally reserved for the hyperkinetic social directors of the Borscht Belt. "He has been relentless in forcing people to face the facts of worldwide persecution of Christians. It's not that he was the first, and it's not that Christian groups weren't involved. But when you talk to Mike, it is clear that this is not just another issue for him. It's inside his guts—or, should I say, his kishkes."

"Mike's vision of 'Never again' extends to all the persecuted," says Peggy Noonan, who worked with Horowitz in the Reagan administration. "He was always a Republican of the heart, worried about welfare policy because it hurt children. So it's not a shock for anyone who knows Mike that he's worried about religious persecution, because persecuted Christians are undefended by the big people."

Such praise, however, is less than unanimous. Horowitz has incensed Human Rights Watch with his public attacks. By fax and phone, he has tried to discredit the advisory committee that the Clinton administration formed to study the issue. Even among veteran activists of the Christian-human-rights movement, Horowitz has brought a confrontational style at odds with much New Testament theology. "Hey," he says, with the judgment and wrath of Jehovah in mind, "I'm under no obligation to love my enemy."

EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT OF Michael Horowitz's boyhood, after services at Young Israel and *Shabbas* dinner at home, he strolled with his family several blocks to his maternal grandparents' apartment. There his grandmother, Jenny Weiss, would serve tea and ice water. Coaxed by the elders, Michael and his brother Bernard might perform cantorial songs. But mostly, the household sat transfixed as Louis Weiss, "Grampa Louie," held forth.

He had left Galicia at 12 and started working in the garment sweatshops of the Lower East Side. These days, he served as the foreman of a factory in Brooklyn and led a mutual-aid society. He stopped many mornings at Bickford's coffee shop, fetched some paper towels from the bathroom, and wrote down his observations on the factory, the union, and the family.

On Friday nights, he read them aloud in the broken English that always reminded his grandchildren of Leo Rosten's Hyman Kaplan. So often, it seemed to Michael, these parables led to the same refrain: "Never forget, America is a blessed land."

The blessings could also be measured in some excruciating ways. Before World War II, the Horowitzes had had aunts, uncles, and cousins across Europe, relatives to whom they sent letters, clothes, and, once, curtains for a wedding present. By war's end, only a cousin or two remained alive.

Every time the rabbi at yeshiva mentioned Hitler, he spat out afterward, "*Yemach shemo v'zichro*": "May his memory be erased." Often the rabbi sent Michael and the classmate who had survived the Holocaust to solicit donations on the street, calling over a megaphone, "Make sure Hitler never triumphs—keep the doors of the yeshiva open."

Against the blessed America painted by Grampa Louie, against the valorous America that vanquished Hitler, the bigotry of a few street-corner bullies stood no chance. Early on in life, Michael decided that as deeply as his Jewish identity ran, he understood himself equally to be a child of his country.

One day, he heard a phrase on the "Oogie Pringle" radio show. "I'm a plain old American girl," it went, "just a plain old burger-and-shake girl." Never was Ulysses so beguiled by a siren. Instead of becoming a rabbi, as his rabbi expected, Michael left yeshiva for the exotic ordinariness of Monroe High, with its co-ed classes, gentile students, and Friday-night prom. In later years, Michael would follow his wanderlust from the East Bronx shtetl to Alaska for a summer job on the railroad, to the Marine Corps for basic training as "Private Asshole."

"All you Jews are rich, gutless weaklings," the drill sergeant shouted more than once. " 'Cept for them Palestinian Jews. They're tough."

Far from being rattled by taunting, Michael felt oddly confirmed as an American. He could slog through ten miles of Parris Island swamps; he could reel off 100 push-ups on command; he could show by his example there were some Jews west of the Levant who were tough. Hadn't service in the Army, after all, earned Grampa Louie his own citizenship?

Michael launched his political life in the late fifties, then, as a patriot. While president of the student body at City College, he took pride in being attacked by radical classmates for being a "Cold War liberal." He considered his "godhead" to be Eleanor Roosevelt, the very embodiment of the anti-Communist left, and learned from Allard Lowenstein about "politics with moral content and a total lack of utopianism."

All of which still left plenty of potential for controversy. The Horowitz family lived in Parkchester, a middle-income apartment complex that rented only to whites. One Friday night during college, Michael was assigned to lead a discussion about "the community" at its Young Israel synagogue. "He said, 'The world is our community,' " recalled Horowitz's mother, Irene. "Fine, the world. 'And we have to face the fact that blacks are part of it.' You

Photograph by Christian Solidarity International.

never saw such squirming, shuffling of feet. Even the rabbi—they were all shook up. And Michael said, 'I don't care what you say—you have to face it.' "

From Parkchester, Horowitz followed many liberal Jews of his generation into the civil-rights battleground of the South. Armed with a law degree from Yale and bored after a year on Wall Street, he joined the faculty of the University of Mississippi's law school. There he taught some of the first integrated classes in its history and took charge of recruiting students from historically black colleges. Byron de la Beckwith, the man ultimately convicted of murdering civil-rights leader Medgar Evers, ran for lieutenant governor on a platform that included firing "that Jew professor."

Yet Horowitz discovered a surprising affinity with Mississippi's whites, particularly its Evangelicals. For every annoying inquiry as to the status of his salvation, there was a moment like the one during the 1967 Arab-Israeli War. Seeing Horowitz's worry, his secretary assured him, "You know the Lord won't let anything happen to the Jews. He was one of them Himself."

"Southern Protestants reminded me of Jews," Horowitz said. "They were part of the mainstream and yet separate from it. And while some were being suffocated by the hand of the past, they were anchored in faith, in family, in tradition. If America was the blessed land, then these Christian traditions must be blessed."

BACK IN NEW YORK FROM his years in Mississippi, Horowitz built a specialty in labor law, primarily representing municipal employees—garbagemen, cops, firefighters. In a liberal city in a liberal age, he fought for the sanctity of civil service against not only its traditional enemy, machine patronage, but also against affirmative action. One afternoon in particular, Horowitz found himself in the chambers of a federal judge who was trying to revise the system of police examinations to ensure the success of more blacks. And Horowitz realized that as a good Jewish liberal, he was supposed to agree.

"Coming from Yale Law School, I'd been trained, almost conditioned, to feel myself an elite and reach across the backs of the reprobate middle class to help the poor in the ghetto," he recalled. "But what I felt was simply a sense of the moral virtue—and moral power—of this middle class that was so disparaged. They were committed to the process and played by the rules and worked their butts off, and were getting trashed."

Horowitz (with the Reagans, and wife Devra) was part of the tide of Democratic apostates, the neoconservatives. He became general counsel of Reagan's OMB.

With New York's fiscal crisis of the mid-seventies, Horowitz believed liberalism itself had essentially gone bankrupt. He moved to Washington in 1976 and on the day Jimmy Carter was elected president registered as a Republican. "I was the only Republican I knew," he said, "and I didn't feel Jewish for six months."

Four years later, he explained his apostasy in the pages of *Common Sense,* a magazine published by the Republican National Committee. The article captured the attention of Ronald Reagan's advisers, and after Reagan's election in 1980, Horowitz was appointed general counsel in the Office of Management and Budget. He proceeded to fill the vacuum that was his job description with a ferocious energy that both his friends and foes in the current human-rights debate would surely recognize.

"More ideas a minute than anyone I know," said James Pinkerton, the columnist who was a policy analyst in the Reagan administration.

"Roiling waters," Peggy Noonan said of his intellect.

In all Michael Horowitz's time in the White House, however, he never met anyone more unexpectedly influential than a young OMB attorney named Mike McConnell. An Evangelical Christian, McConnell introduced his boss to a congregation of several dozen Ethiopians who held their Amharic-language services in the church to which McConnell belonged.

One day in the early eighties, McConnell mentioned to Horowitz that the State Department was proposing to remove Ethiopian refugees from blanket protection against deportation to their Marxist homeland. Horowitz helped fight the change. Just as important, he and his wife, Devra Marcus, an internist, served as legal sponsors for a number of Ethiopian immigrants being brought over by the congregation. "One signature, and three months later the people would show up to lead lives of freedom," Horowitz recalled. "Holy mackerel. What leverage."

Then, in the fall of 1994, the Horowitzes decided to hire a live-in housekeeper, and they asked the Ethiopian congregation whether any recent arrivals needed help. An evangelist named Getaneh Getaneh, who knew a bit of English and had some domestic skills from having managed a guest house abroad, was recommended. By Thanksgiving, he was living with the Horowitzes in suburban Washington.

There was nothing unusual in the Horowitzes' hosting a foreigner. Partly for the benefit of their children—Adam and Rachel from Devra Marcus's first marriage, Naomi from her union with Michael—they had housed a Czech, a Bulgarian, and several Japanese in the past. But Getaneh offered something deeper and more controversial than mere worldliness. Over the years, the Horowitzes had tried and failed to persuade friends to sponsor Ethiopian refugees. Now several tradesmen who encountered Getaneh in the household never returned. Marcus, the moderate Democrat in the marriage, laid their departure to racism.

Horowitz reacted to Getaneh more as a Christian than as a black. They argued theology for hours, damnation versus redemption. "You mean if Mengistu became a Christian before he died, he'd go to Heaven?" Horowitz asked. And Getaneh, one of the former dictator's victims, said yes. He believed in a divinity of forgiveness and

A "House Church" service in China, one of the countries on Horowitz's mind.

grace. When he spoke of the Horowitzes, his unlikely friends, he explained, "God prepared these people for me."

Getaneh's compassion, like his cherubic face and lilting voice, obscured horrors. He had been arrested and jailed several times for preaching; he had fled into exile in Djibouti. Surely, Horowitz believed, the Immigration and Naturalization Service would grant Getaneh asylum as a persecuted Christian. But an immigration lawyer retained by Horowitz simply asked, "Can he pass through the eye of a needle?"

No longer, Horowitz realized, could he settle for Getaneh's painfully vague explanations—"It was hard," "I was arrested," "Then I escaped." Questioning Getaneh until the refugee's feet began shuffling with anxiety and his eyes glazed with an impending migraine, Horowitz probed: "What was hard? What did they do to you? What did they do?" He offered to travel to Ethiopia to gather evidence himself until Getaneh had a friend smuggle out his arrest warrant. And when the memories had Getaneh pleading, "Leave me alone—don't bother me," Horowitz replied, "That's an impossible demand. We're locked together forever. We can't walk away from you."

Finally, Horowitz assembled Getaneh's saga of four imprisonments over twenty years into an affidavit all the more devastating for its dispassion:

I was interrogated at length many times and tortured by suspending me by my feet from a ceiling, pouring boiling oil on the soles of my feet and whipping the soles of my feet with metal cables . . .

We were used as slave laborers by prison officials. . . . Other methods of torture in addition to the wire cable torture included beatings; deprivation of food and water for days; and prohibiting us from sleeping . . .

I felt as if I were near death on many occasions.

"He can shame everyone: 'I'm a Jew and I'm interested. Why aren't you interested? You're the body of Christ,'" Shea says.

THE INS DENIED GETANEH'S APPLICATION FOR asylum. Horowitz dressed for battle. An old friend from the Reagan years, Linda Chavez, told him that if he was interested in the persecution of Christians abroad, then the person to see was Nina Shea.

An international lawyer by training, Nina Shea in 1986 founded the Puebla Institute, a human-rights organization of lay Catholics with a conservative bent. She started by attacking the liberation theology used by the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua, and in succeeding years produced reports on the suppression of religious groups "from Hare Krishnas to Roman Catholics" in various nations. By the time Horowitz met Shea in 1995, her work centered on the persecution of Christians in three types of countries—those like China, Laos, and Vietnam, still controlled by Communist regimes; those like Iran and Algeria, led by radical Muslims; and those like Egypt, Pakistan, and Ethiopia, with central governments too weak to contain Islamic extremists.

As Horowitz soon discovered, Shea formed just one part of a network of activists on the Christian-persecution issue, most of whom were rarely noticed even by American Christians themselves. Several members of Congress—Indiana senator Richard Lugar and representatives Frank Wolf of Virginia and Chris Smith of New Jersey—had pressed the cause and even made fact-finding trips abroad. There was the occasional rally on the Mall, the periodic resolution in Congress or speech at the U.N. But realistically, the campaign on behalf of Christians largely took the form of identifying a few specific victims and trying through quiet diplomacy to protect them.

Any more-overt advocacy faced substantial obstacles. At the geopolitical level, such Islamic countries as Pakistan, Saudi Arabia, and Egypt were seen as the United States's allies, while China dangled its vast market before American big business. Domestically, Evangelical Christians were turning as isolationist as the rest of their countrymen with the fall of the Soviet empire, spending their political clout on social issues. Even certain of the oppressed Christians themselves believed, as a congressional staff member with expertise in the field put it, "Persecution is how God purifies the church."

None of this suited Horowitz. "I went through the Reagan revolution," he said. "I went through the civil-rights revolution. Peaceful social revolutions are the great achievements of democratic societies. And there are many ways to bring them about. But silence is not one."

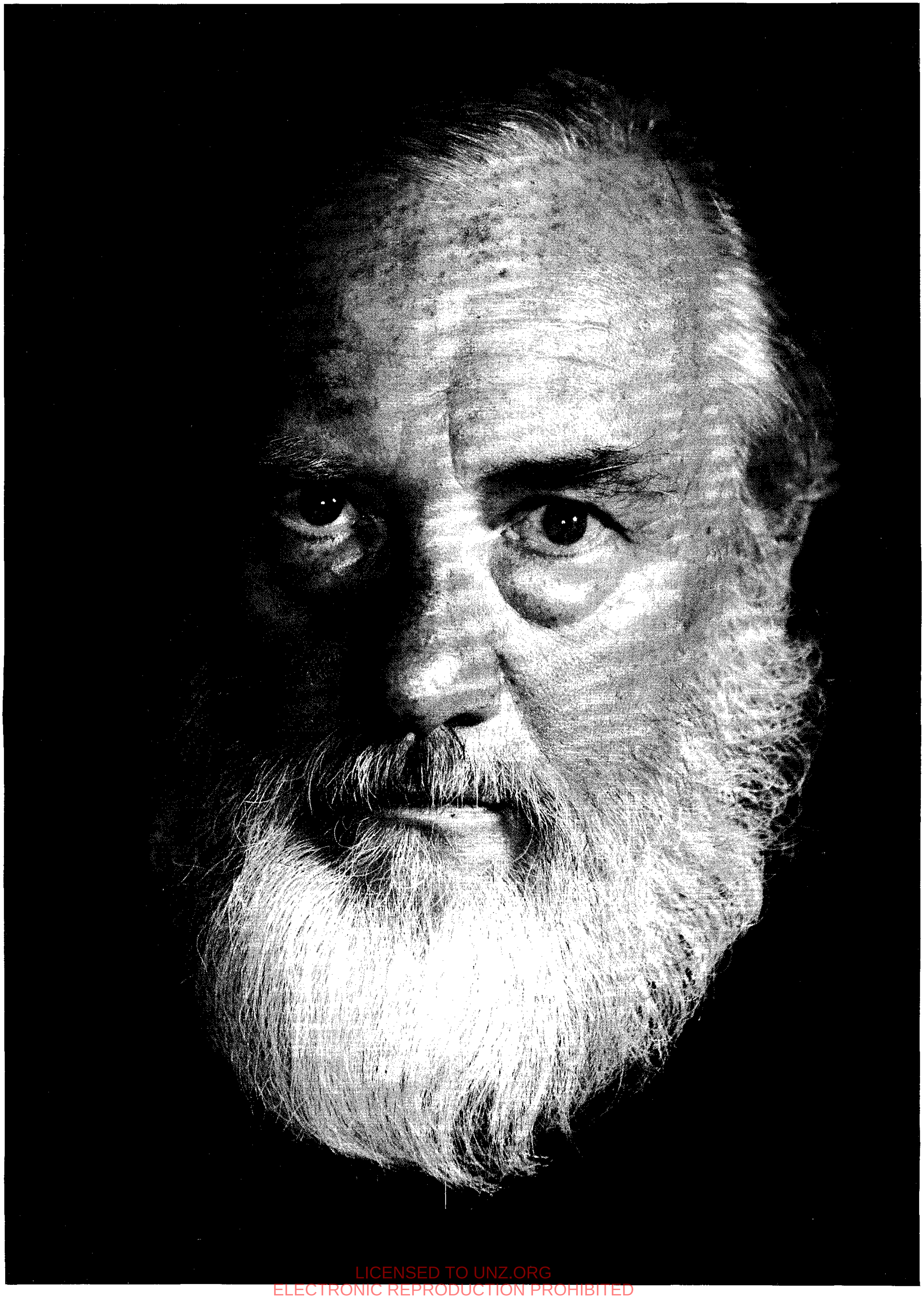
ON JULY 5, 1995, THE *WALL STREET JOURNAL* published the op-ed piece that was Horowitz's opening salvo. It began with a detailed description of a raid by Ethiopian Muslims on a Christian church, during which the minister's eyes were plucked out. And it ended with a blunt challenge to the American Christian community. "Its moral authority," Horowitz wrote, "will be gravely tarnished if it fails to exercise its growing political influence on behalf of people now risking everything to engage in the 'simple' act of Christian worship and witness."

Shocked by the lack of response—except from such staples of the religious right as the Christian Coalition and the Family Research Council—Horowitz shot off a letter in late July to 143 mission boards. By definition, these were among the most internationalist elements of American Christianity, as Horowitz bluntly reminded them. "It does seem to me," he wrote, "that America's missions may have a special role in breaking the silence now surrounding these persecutions."

The Judaism that seemed the central paradox of Horowitz's sudden prominence quickly proved to be his central advantage. On the one hand, he could praise the Christian community for its ardent support of Soviet Jewry and say he was just returning the favor. On the other, he could offer the Holocaust as evidence of the consequences of appeasement. And nobody could accuse a Jew of having a self-interest in saving Christians.

"He legitimized the issue as a human-rights issue by virtue of being Jewish," Shea said. *(continued on page 101)*

Photograph by Christian Solidarity International.



ROMANCING ROBERT STONE

For 30 years, Robert Stone has written Great American Novels suffused with drugs and disaffection. An amiable chat with the man Ken Kesey called "a professional paranoid." By Linda Hall

"I REMEMBER ONCE IN THE SEVENTIES WHEN I WAS OUT IN HOLLYWOOD doing a movie with Karel Reisz, and the Michael Ovitz of the era was standing there with us, and he—the Ovitz of the era—turned to Karel and said of me, *Have I heard of him?* And he turned to me: *Have I heard of you?* 'I don't know,' I said. 'My name is Robert Stone.' " Stone reenacts the agent's response, an obtuse and untroubled shrug of ignorance. Then Stone laughs. ▪ It has been Stone's peculiar fate to have great success without wide recognition. The movie Karel Reisz was making was *Who'll Stop the Rain,* an adaptation of Stone's novel *Dog Soldiers;* Stone had written the screenplay.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN SMITH
FOR *NEW YORK*

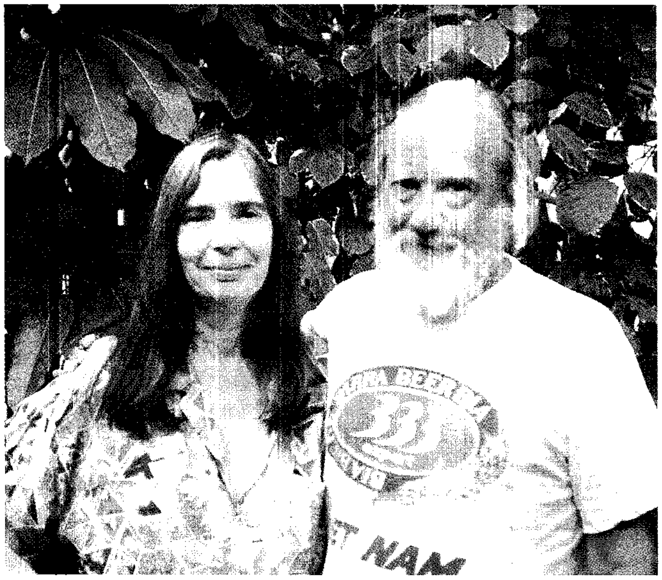
He suspects that not much has changed since that day in the seventies. Stone has published five novels—all of which portray an America gone haywire—and he has another in progress. He has a collection of short stories, *Bear and His Daughter,* just out from Houghton Mifflin. His reviews (A. Alvarez: "[Stone] writes like an angel") match his blurbs (Wallace Stegner: "Stone writes like a bird, like an angel, like a circus barker, like a con man, like someone so high on pot that he is scraping his shoes on stars"). He has a National Book Award and a Pulitzer Prize nomination. And yet very little of this seems to have registered in the popular imagination. Don DeLillo may be known by people who have not read him, while people who read and remember, say, Stone's essays and stories draw a blank at Stone's name.

This relative anonymity is not altogether perplexing. Stone has never been visible enough, or flamboyant enough, to qualify as a full-blown literary celebrity: He has been married to the same woman since he was 22, and his drug abuse was confined mostly to his time with Ken Kesey's Merry Pranksters. Although he has logged several book tours (he published his first novel in 1967, when he was 30), Stone has never behaved as if life itself were one. He does not question his decision to conserve his energy for his work. "The best of me goes into my books," says Stone, who is always happy to be interviewed but loath to ("unable to") read the results. "I'm not vain except in my work; there, I'm proud and touchy. Writing is the only part of my life that is transcendent."

THE PRESENCE OF ONE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST WRITERS goes largely unnoticed even in his own town. "I socialize with almost no one, and Main Street is Rodeo Drive, but the herons are still here in the summer, the ducks are still here in the fall," Stone says of Westport, Connecticut. In humbler days an artists' colony, the town relishes the fantasy that its Rodeo Drive runs through what is still Yaddo-on-the-Sound. As proof of its "commitment to the arts," Westport has taken to bestowing annual awards on famous locals such as F. Scott Fitzgerald and Hilton Kramer, but Stone has yet to be honored. Stone's house is near Old Mill Beach, in a neighborhood of winterized cottages that a friend of his affectionately refers to as Shantytown. He has no backyard, only a splendid expanse of deck fronting the water. Very few people either swim or sunbathe at defiant little Old Mill, which is rocky and desolate and perfect for a novelist at liberty.

If Stone is an anomaly in Westport, he is an easy fit in Key West. Writers Annie Dillard, Ann Beattie, Alison Lurie, and Richard Wilbur are here, and during my visit I am struck by Stone's resemblance to every third member of the Key West homeless: handsome, tanned, bearded, barefoot. Stone spends a few months a year on the island. The man who once waxed to an interviewer about the changed nature of the big American payoff—"no more white picket fences"—has in front of his condominium a white picket fence. It is a peaceful existence. "I work well down here," Stone says. "I go for a walk in the morning, and usually go to the beach in the late afternoon." Said to be subject to depression, he emphasizes that it's "temperamental, not something inflicted on me by my tough life—which is in fact a pretty good life."

Even his childhood, the facts of which are remarkably tough, Stone describes as a pretty good life. ("At some point he realized self-pity was not a strategy for survival or consummate artistry," says his friend Tobias Wolff.) His mother was a schizophrenic (he never knew his father), but this gave him "an acute sensitivity to language and the relationship between language and reality." From ages 5 to 8, when his mother was unable to care for him, he was in a New York orphanage. This, he says, "taught me to be a watcher and a listener."



Stone and Janice, the "patron saint of writers' wives."

After dropping out of school to join the Navy, then trying and abandoning some courses at NYU, Stone landed in New Orleans, where he found a job taking the 1960 census. He visited "the brothels, skid row, the B-girl dorms, the transvestites who scared the last census taker away." Stone regarded this experience as "an aspiring young novelist's dream."

"He sees sinister forces behind every Oreo cookie," says Ken Kesey. But Paul Newman says he's "mellowed marvelously."

But the mark of such prolonged exposure to what Edith Wharton called the underside of the tapestry is everywhere in Stone's fiction. He describes his characters, especially the men, as "lost," victims of everything from alcohol to their own idealism. A detail in Stone's only autobiographical work of fiction, the short story "Absence of Mercy," is telling. A Navy drill instructor is startled by the Stone character's natural expression, a cringe.

"Bob Stone is a professional paranoid," his friend Ken Kesey once said. "He sees sinister forces behind every Oreo cookie." To spend time with Stone these days is to imagine that Kesey was confusing Robert with Oliver. As his friend Paul Newman says, Stone has "mellowed marvelously" over the years. There is a residual shyness about him—he wears sunglasses indoors and even then appears to be most comfortable looking at the floor—but he is otherwise relaxed, his conversation fluid and effortlessly artful.

The steadying influence in his life has been his wife, Janice, whose devotion is almost legendary. "Man, she's the patron saint of writer's wives," Michael Herr told the New York *Times.* Janice Stone is, by her own admission, her husband's cook, chauffeur, secretary, proofreader. In the early years of their marriage, before Stone's self-proclaimed "embourgeoisement" as a writer-in-residence at various universities from the University of Hawaii to Johns Hopkins, she often took odd jobs so that her husband could write. In person, though, Janice, who holds a master's degree in counseling and has had a

Photograph by G. Dunck.

career in social work, seems uncompromised—wifely, but never little-womanly.

"Her way of being had some quality of the forest, a sense of great strength and vitality underneath a covering of tranquillity," Robert Stone has written about his wife, a dark-haired Finn by way of the Bronx. "It was in her walk and in everything about her. She seemed to have great wisdom and great intuition . . . . Now it is 30 years, and we know everything about each other." Now it is 37 years, and Stone attributes their longevity to "neither of us expecting life to be easy or relationships to be without their difficulties. In a way we were both reluctant to make the commitment, but once we did, it was plain we were in it for the long haul."

STONE'S FICTION IS RELENTLESSLY CURRENT. *A HALL OF Mirrors* captured racial tensions in sixties New Orleans, *Dog Soldiers* (1974) was set partly in Saigon and explored the world of the drug trade, *A Flag for Sunrise* (1981) took place in an imaginary Central American country beset by revolution, and *Children of Light* (1986) chronicled dissolute Hollywood lives. His novel-in-progress addresses the Middle East. Cyberpunk writer William Gibson considers him an influence, but Stone's own influences are thoroughly traditional. He found Kerouac "pretty unreadable" and preferred Dickens and Dos Passos. It was a rereading of *The Great Gatsby*, while he was living on St. Marks Place in his early twenties, that persuaded him to try writing novels. Nearly everything about Stone's approach is similarly old-fashioned. At the time of that *Gatsby* epiphany, he told *The Paris Review,* he felt he knew a few things about life: "I figured, I can't sell this understanding, or smoke it, so I will write a novel." There was no better repository than the novel, he decided, for the secrets of the human heart. And although he himself has not reached mass-market acceptance, he holds the outdated opinion that literature, including his own, is for everyone. "[Writer] Ted Solotaroff was telling me about getting a shoeshine in an airport, and the man asked him his name. 'Ah, I'm reading a book by a Theodore,' the man said. 'Its name is *Sister Carrie.*' There is *no reason whatsoever* why a guy shining shoes can't read Dreiser. There isn't any reason why any of the great writers can't be popular."

"One must know the world so well before one can know the parish," another old-fashioned writer, Willa Cather, was once advised by a mentor. Stone appears to have understood this early on. "I made a point," he agrees, "to be where things were happening." Which meant reading his poetry alongside people like Gregory Corso in New York in the fifties, hanging out with Neal Cassady in California in the sixties, visiting Saigon in 1971 on a journalist's visa, and seeing the insides of some Louisiana and Mississippi jails, having been taken for a "Yankee agitator" while selling encyclopedias in towns like Bogalusa and Picayune. He also went to notably quieter places: Antarctica (a brief Navy expedition) and England (where he lived for a few years). "To fill the wide canvas that he does," Tobias Wolff says, "you have to really know a lot. It's heresy to say this now, but you have to be out there rubbing up against the world."

Rubbing up against the world has kept Stone from being an ideologue, although many critics have accused him of uninspired leftism. "I find the extremes of left and right repugnant," he says. "I don't believe in the vanguard of the proletariat. I really don't believe in the perfectibility of man. I believe in the necessity of law and convention, though I always rejoiced in flouting both when I was young." He does not hesitate to write of a government "passing from the control of a corrupt white political machine to that of a corrupt black one," and a short story in *Bear and His Daughter,* originally published in *The New Yorker,* is likely to disquiet people on either side of the abortion debate (the story's anguished protagonist seeks out a priest who will bless aborted fetuses). "Just when you're sure he's going to go right, he goes left or down the middle," says Paul Newman, speaking not of politics but of plots.

In one respect, however, Stone's books are eminently predictable: The characters' intake of dope and booze is, as Stone himself puts it, "ridiculous" (this is not true of *Outerbridge Reach,* the story of a man's solitary sea voyage, which Stone jokes was "my contribution to the war on drugs"). Stone has unequivocally and repeatedly identified his subject as "America and Americans." In his fiction, though, he seems committed to depicting not so much all manner of Americans but all manner of American addicts.

"Not a hint of a whiff of a shred of a trace of a clue about what is best about America has ever showed up in a Robert Stone novel," one reviewer has written, to which Stone responds with a gentle laugh. "I guess I just don't accentuate the positive. I'm critical, sometimes bitterly critical, but I love America. I'm a patriot." He also recognizes that his country, far from oppressing him as a writer, allowed him great mobility. "I was lucky; I realize that. I came up during the great prosperity. All of us old hippies take everything for granted, including the fact that America was able to put up with us." A more complex Stone and a more complex America do surface in his essays (as yet uncollected). And they display his literary gifts every bit as richly as his fiction does. In a 1988 *Harper's* essay that was at once a penetrating study of New Orleans and a powerful memoir, he recalls walking through a New Orleans slum on the way to the Republican National Convention: "I hurried . . . feeling whiter than Moby Dick and equally pursued."

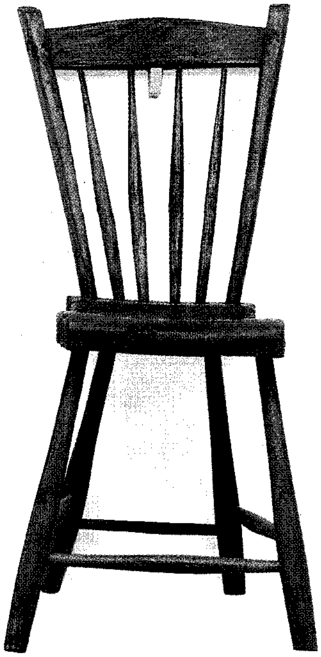
Bear and His Daughter, bringing together stories written as long ago as the sixties and as recently as last year, may or may not change the rap on Stone's work—"heavy, lugubrious, life is dreadful, nothing's funny, *just one long plaintive wail unrelieved by brio*" (the summary is his). What could correct the public's impression of Stone is his autobiographical writing. Long disinclined to mine his own background for material, he is having a change of heart. The essay "A New York Childhood," an account of living with his mother in the Upper West Side's dilapidated Hotel Endicott, suggests that he is one of the few contemporary novelists who should actually be encouraged to write more about himself. The most rounded portrait of America, after all, may lie not in Robert Stone's stories but in Robert Stone's life. ■

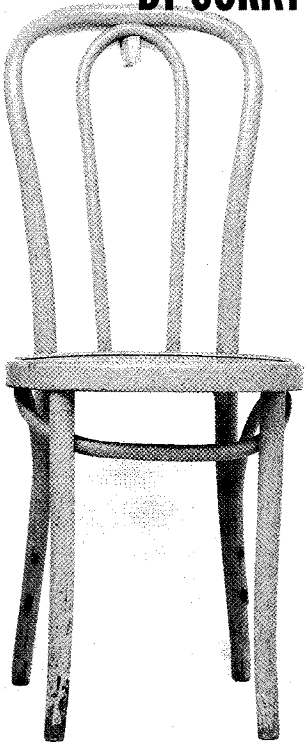
Summer of '69: Stone and his muse.

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

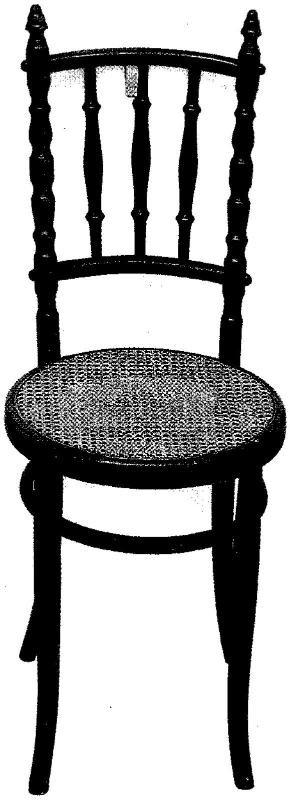
BY CORKY POLLAN

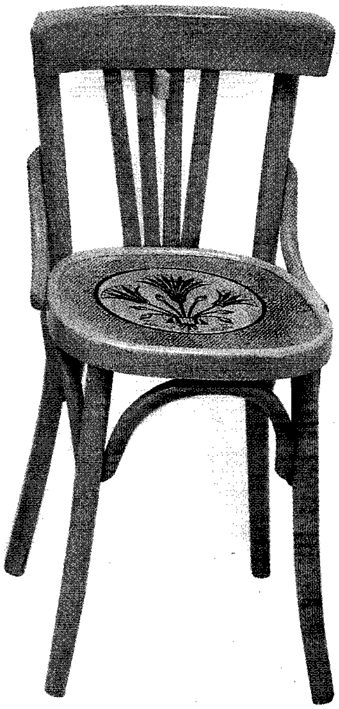




Seats on the Foreign Exchange

Catherine Holt of Cobweb (a store known for great antiques at tiny prices) has assembled a kind of United Nations of kitchen and dining-room chairs. She has turn-of-the-century café bentwoods from Spain, Austria, and Czechoslovakia; vintage teak sidechairs from Java; provincial rush-seated chairs from France; and painted bentwoods from Buenos Aires, along with contemporary lattice-backs from Morocco and chairs with stamped seats from Egypt. Holt has multiples of each, which means you can buy a single chair or a full set (from $95 for a painted café chair to $275 for a Moroccan lattice-back sidechair). COBWEB ANTIQUE IMPORTS/*116 West Houston Street/505-1558*





Toys for Tea

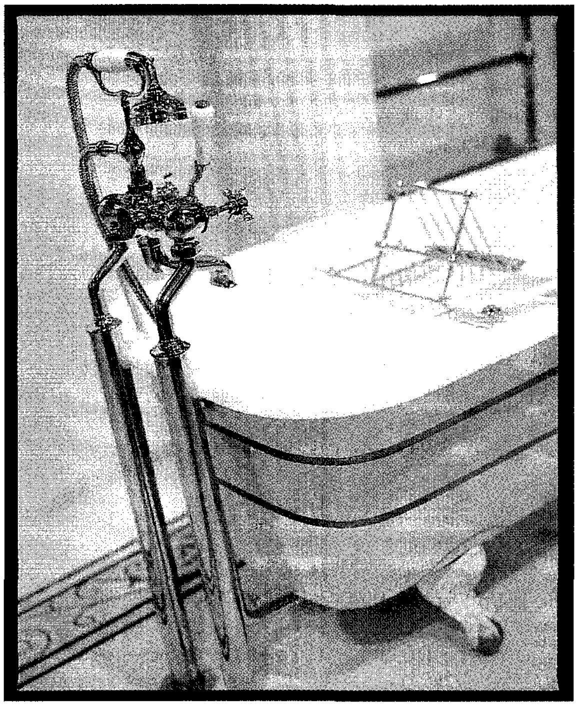
We think of ourselves as pretty accomplished packers when we're able to stuff a week's worth of clothing into a carry-on duffel bag. But in the nineteenth century, the nomadic Inuits of Canada and Labrador could pack *all* their household possessions into a dog sled. Since space on the sled was at a premium, these clever Eskimos made every item serve a multiple purpose: Dolls were both playthings and containers for carrying their much-loved tea. When the Inuits arrived at their destination, they would simply open a seam in the doll's clothing and make tea. Jack Bryan (gallery owner and Eskimo-lore meister) has put together a collection of contemporary tea dolls in traditional dress. They're handmade in Labrador by Inuit women, and like those of old, they're packed with tea leaves ($260).

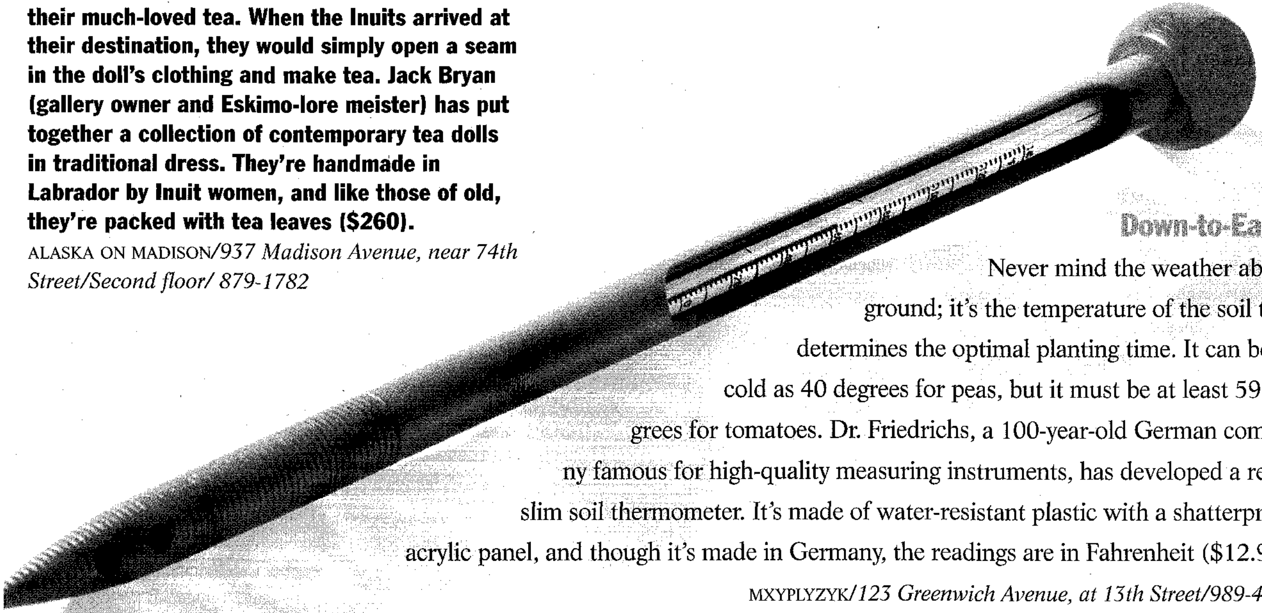
ALASKA ON MADISON/*937 Madison Avenue, near 74th Street/Second floor/ 879-1782*

Shower the People

Here's good news for those SoHo loft dwellers who hate to travel above 14th Street. Waterworks, the high-end bath-and-kitchen-fixtures company, has opened an outpost on Broome Street. Though there are claw-footed tubs, pedestal sinks, and some nifty mirrors, it's the bath fittings that are particularly winning. The designs are classic—Victorian, Edwardian, French Belle Epoque, and Art Deco—and include porcelain knobs, elegant gooseneck spouts, and grandly scaled shower roses. The company's obsessive attention to detail is also apparent in the selection of ceramic and stone tiles (from $13 for a tile to $295 for a lamp to $3,210 for a classic whirlpool bath).

WATERWORKS/*469 Broome Street/966-0605*





Down-to-Earth

Never mind the weather above ground; it's the temperature of the soil that determines the optimal planting time. It can be as cold as 40 degrees for peas, but it must be at least 59 degrees for tomatoes. Dr. Friedrichs, a 100-year-old German company famous for high-quality measuring instruments, has developed a reed-slim soil thermometer. It's made of water-resistant plastic with a shatterproof acrylic panel, and though it's made in Germany, the readings are in Fahrenheit ($12.95).

MXYPLYZYK/*123 Greenwich Avenue, at 13th Street/989-4300*

SALES & BARGAINS **DANY LEVY**

What's Cooking

For those who work the stove, **Le Creuset and Calphalon** *at House of Wares; for those who don't, Cobb salad and quesadillas at* **Mike's American.**

CLEAR YOUR CALENDARS FOR Posh on Park, the best resale event of the year. Celebrities like Lauren Bacall and retailers like Saks donate scads of their clothing for the sale, which benefits the Lighthouse. For three days, the Park Avenue Armory is racked with clothing and accessories, such as: Prada bag, $250; Vera Wang bridal gown, $350; Chanel high-top sneakers, $50. *Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. and 67th St. (821-9300); A.E., M.C., V.; Fri. and Sat. 11–7, Sun. 12–5; benefit preview Thurs. 6–9; admission to sale is $10, admission to benefit $100; 4/3–4/6.*

Basket Case

IF THE EASTER BUNNY HAD GONE TO the Cordon Bleu, he couldn't have come up with an Easter box as pretty as the one made by Aureole. It's filled with foodstuffs from the blue-chip restaurant's fledgling Aureole Good Taste product line, like cheeses, handmade chocolates and fudge, dessert sauces, and lemon-shortcake cookies. At $175, it's still something of an investment, but better than the original $349. *Call 1-888-AUREOLE; 3/24–3/28; shipping orders must be taken before 3/27.*

The Wares House

EVERY NOW AND AGAIN, HOUSE OF WARES piques our interest by seriously discounting selected items. This time it's cookware: Calphalon eleven-inch-square grill pan, was $85, now $49.99; DeLonghi electric grill, was $140, now $99.99; Le Creuset two-quart round French oven, was $115, now $59.99; Le Creuset ten-inch pan, was $110, now $59.99. *House of Wares, 1071 Madison Ave., at 81st St. (249-4300); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 9–6, Sat. till 5, Sun. noon–5; 3/24–4/21.*

Must-have: **Orli Auslander's Israeli mother and Egyptian father just missed on the spelling when they named their daughter for the Paris airport. Orli passed the typo down to her cozy hat shop of the same name, which is hosting a sale: Winter hats are $35–$70 (were $75–$250); spring hats and custom orders are 15 percent off (prices were $20–$200); selected bridal samples are 20 percent off, and mother-of-the-bride hats are 15 percent off. *Orli Millinery, 155 East 84th Street (734-6730); 3/24–4/4.***

The Mod Squad

"NOTHING MUCH TRADITIONAL" IS HOW CO-owner Richard Smith describes the tchotchkes and furniture at this East Village shop, which is having a moving sale: circus snow globe, was $28, now $22.40; lamp, was $90, now $72; hats, were $20, now $16. Prices range from $2 to $150. *It's a Mod, Mod World, 436 E. 9th St. (460-8004); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 1–8, Sun. 1–7; 3/24–3/29.*

Getting Used

WE SPOTTED A PRADA PANTSUIT DANGLING a $250 tag while scoping out the merch at Repeat Performance, a resale shop that benefits the New York City Opera. And there are plenty more designer labels and vintage trappings where that came from. For example: Armani silk blouse, $50; Chanel suit, $350; and a stash of Gucci compacts for $25–$35. *Repeat Performance, 220 E. 23rd St. (684-5344); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 10–6, Thurs. till 7; 3/24–4/12.*

Staying Inn

POSITIONED PLUMB CENTER IN THE West Village, the Larchmont Hotel is a quaint Beaux-Arts brownstone with rooms that are clean and modestly priced at $60–$99. Each is TV-equipped, some have excellent views, and downstairs there's a cute café serving Continental breakfast (free with room). The bathrooms are "down the hall," but think of that as part of the hotel's European charm. *Larchmont Hotel, 27 W. 11th St. (989-9333); A.E., M.C., V.*

Retro Pricing

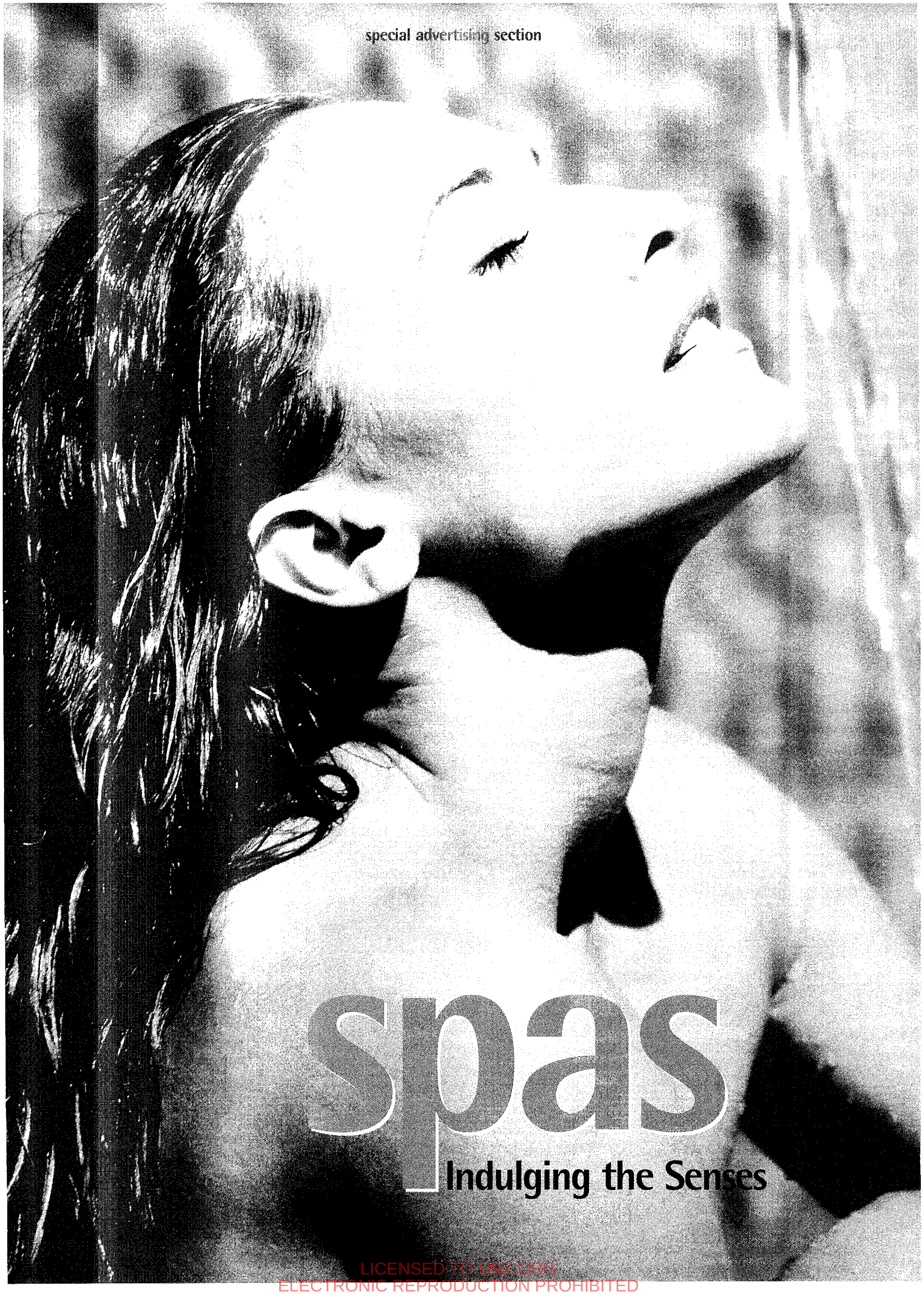
TICKING EVER SO GENTLY AMID THE bustle of midtown, the largest collection of mechanical vintage timepieces in the country is stashed away at Aaron Faber, a shop that's also home to an impressive spread of contemporary and estate jewelry. The annual storewide sale has discounts such as these: sixties Rolex watch, was $1,250, now $875; George Jensen forties lapel clips, were $275, now $138; fifties Tiffany 18K-gold earrings with rubies, were $1,750, now $875. The store also carries a wide selection of watches from Patek Philippe, Cartier, and others. *Aaron Faber Gallery, 666 Fifth Ave. (enter on 53rd St.; 586-8411); A.E., M.C., V., and checks with I.D.; Mon.–Fri. 10–6, Thurs. till 7, Sat. 11–6; 3/27–4/16.*

Open Mike

MIKE'S AMERICAN BAR AND GRILL—known for its ever-changing but always kitschy décor—is introducing its lunch menu by discounting all takeout orders and deliveries by 20 percent. Selections include everything from a Cobb salad to pork chops to scrambled eggs. *Mike's American Bar and Grill, 650 Tenth Ave., near 46th St. (246-4115); A.E., M.C., V.; 3/24–4/30.* ■

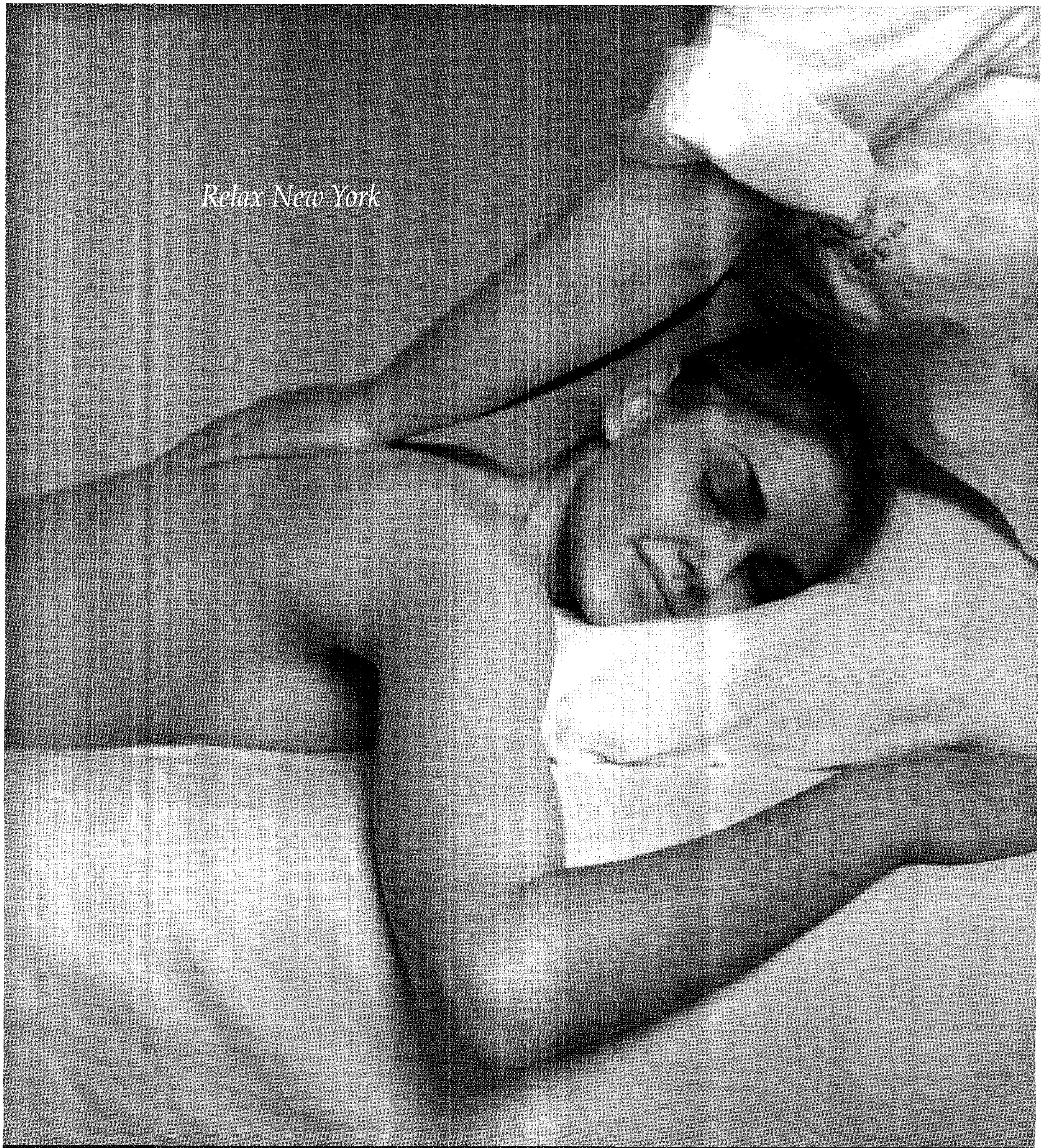
DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.



spas

Indulging the Senses



Learn to relax with a soothing massage, body treatment, or facial at HRC Spa, New York Health & Racquet Club's new luxury Day Spa and Health Club at 57th & Park. HRC Spa Gift Certificates are also available for the perfect gift. Call **212-826-9640** for more information and appointments.

NEW YORK HEALTH & RACQUET CLUB
HRC
Spa

ahh spring.

After spending months with shoulders hunched against the cold, brows furrowed with tension, and skin chapped with central heating, New Yorkers initially greet spring with a sigh of relief. Then, after assessing their pale and pitiful post-winter pallor, they panic.

Fortunately, Manhattan's premier spas and salons offer innumerable choices for springtime rejuvenation—from full days of pampering to pick-me-up lunch-hour massages, to in-office surgical enhancements. The idea is to restore vitality, revitalize tired skin, enhance beauty, and assuage the stress that is a natural component of big city living.

We asked an overworked reporter to test the city's best spa quick-fixes, beauty boosters, and relaxing getaways. In the name of research, she was poked and massaged, slathered with oils, seaweed, and glycolic acid, and was enticed with a variety of new looks. What she learned is that it doesn't necessarily have to cost a fortune or take more than an afternoon to fully unwind, luxuriate, and revive.

by Lillian Africano

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editor

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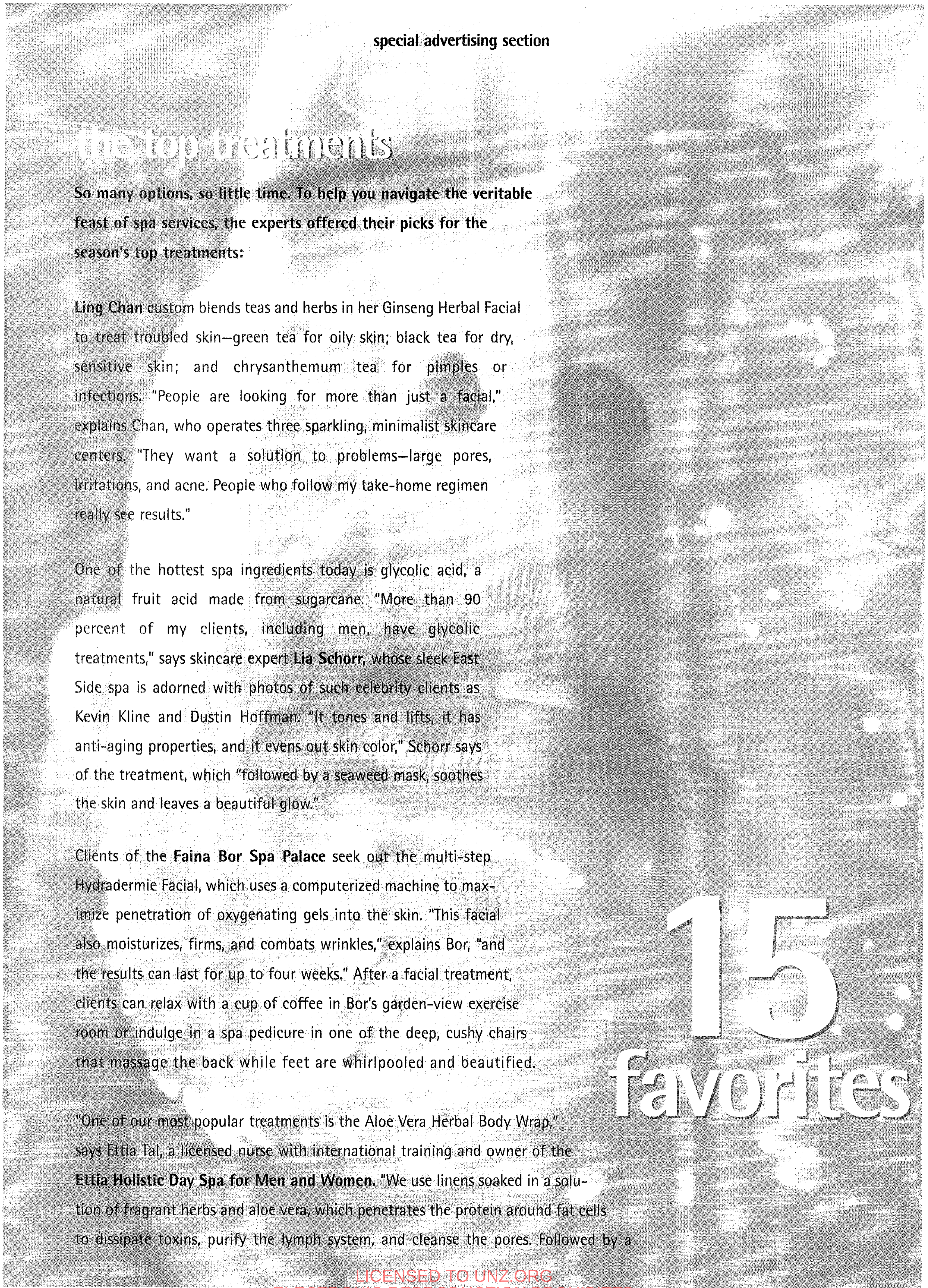
Lory Conklin
research



15 favorites

the top treatments

So many options, so little time. To help you navigate the veritable feast of spa services, the experts offered their picks for the season's top treatments:

Ling Chan custom blends teas and herbs in her Ginseng Herbal Facial to treat troubled skin—green tea for oily skin; black tea for dry, sensitive skin; and chrysanthemum tea for pimples or infections. "People are looking for more than just a facial," explains Chan, who operates three sparkling, minimalist skincare centers. "They want a solution to problems—large pores, irritations, and acne. People who follow my take-home regimen really see results."

One of the hottest spa ingredients today is glycolic acid, a natural fruit acid made from sugarcane. "More than 90 percent of my clients, including men, have glycolic treatments," says skincare expert **Lia Schorr,** whose sleek East Side spa is adorned with photos of such celebrity clients as Kevin Kline and Dustin Hoffman. "It tones and lifts, it has anti-aging properties, and it evens out skin color," Schorr says of the treatment, which "followed by a seaweed mask, soothes the skin and leaves a beautiful glow."

Clients of the **Faina Bor Spa Palace** seek out the multi-step Hydradermie Facial, which uses a computerized machine to maximize penetration of oxygenating gels into the skin. "This facial also moisturizes, firms, and combats wrinkles," explains Bor, "and the results can last for up to four weeks." After a facial treatment, clients can relax with a cup of coffee in Bor's garden-view exercise room or indulge in a spa pedicure in one of the deep, cushy chairs that massage the back while feet are whirlpooled and beautified.

"One of our most popular treatments is the Aloe Vera Herbal Body Wrap," says Ettia Tal, a licensed nurse with international training and owner of the **Ettia Holistic Day Spa for Men and Women.** "We use linens soaked in a solution of fragrant herbs and aloe vera, which penetrates the protein around fat cells to dissipate toxins, purify the lymph system, and cleanse the pores. Followed by a special cellulite massage, this treatment reduces the appearance of cellulite, tightens skin, and promotes inch loss." At Tal's simple but welcoming West Side haven, clients are greeted with calming New Age music and roasted barley tea, and are invited to shed their shoes along with their cares.

"We use a regimen of seaweed wraps for detoxifying, slimming, and firming," says Mina Bowker of **Azure Skin Care.** In the private treatment rooms of an airy loft, Bowker slathers clients with phytomer seaweed, wraps them in plastic, then induces perspiration with an electric blanket and a heat lamp. After two or three detoxifying wraps, clients move on to the slimming and firming phase—accomplished with an ultratone machine that stimulates the muscles.

Forever Young's Sonic Wave Facial uses medicinal Chinese herbs (custom blended according to a client's needs) and computerized ultrasonic technology to attack a host of problems, including aging skin and acne. The facilities in this Chinese therapeutic salon are simple; the staff, unfailingly solicitous. Chief esthetician Ningna Zhou's facials are deft and expert, her massages, sublime.

In the heart of the **Equinox** on East 85th Street is a luxurious green and gold spa oasis where clients can sip cucumber ice water and enjoy expert massages by candlelight. Warm cherry wood envelops the treatment rooms (each with private shower), while soft light filters through the delicate overhead canopies of stretched nylon. The spa menu, which features CLARINS and Visage body treatments, is truly dazzling and includes a number of offerings for women. For men, there is an Executive Shave and a Sports Manicure. The spa fixtures are designed for comfort: the heated treatment beds allow personal climate control during treatments and the dual manicure-pedicure chairs allow simultaneous service.

'Oxygenation' is one of the new buzzwords in skincare; it pops up as a prescription for a host of skin problems. "Our Oxygen Therapy Facial improves the skin's elasticity and reduces acne-causing bacteria," says Kozue, whose elegant **Kozue Aesthetic Spa** is set amid the chic boutiques of Madison Avenue. In the

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YOUR PERSONAL ESCAPE.

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When clients at her handsome Fifth Avenue salon ask **Gloria Cabrera** if she offers reflexology, she tells this story: "A few years ago, the stress of running two salons left me with abdominal pain. I was about to get an X-ray when a former employee came by and said I didn't need an X-ray, then treated me with a reflexology massage, manipulating points on my hands and feet. Soon, the symptoms were gone—and I added reflexology to our spa menu."

Carapan is a Pueblo Indian word that means "a beautiful place of tranquility where one comes to restore one's spirit." Dimly lit and subtly scented with juniper, pine, and sage, the New Mexico-style retreat features a varied menu of massages, including Swedish, shiatsu, reiki, and cranio sacral. Says manager Ron Dwenger, "It's all about creating an experience to help people escape from the streets of New York."

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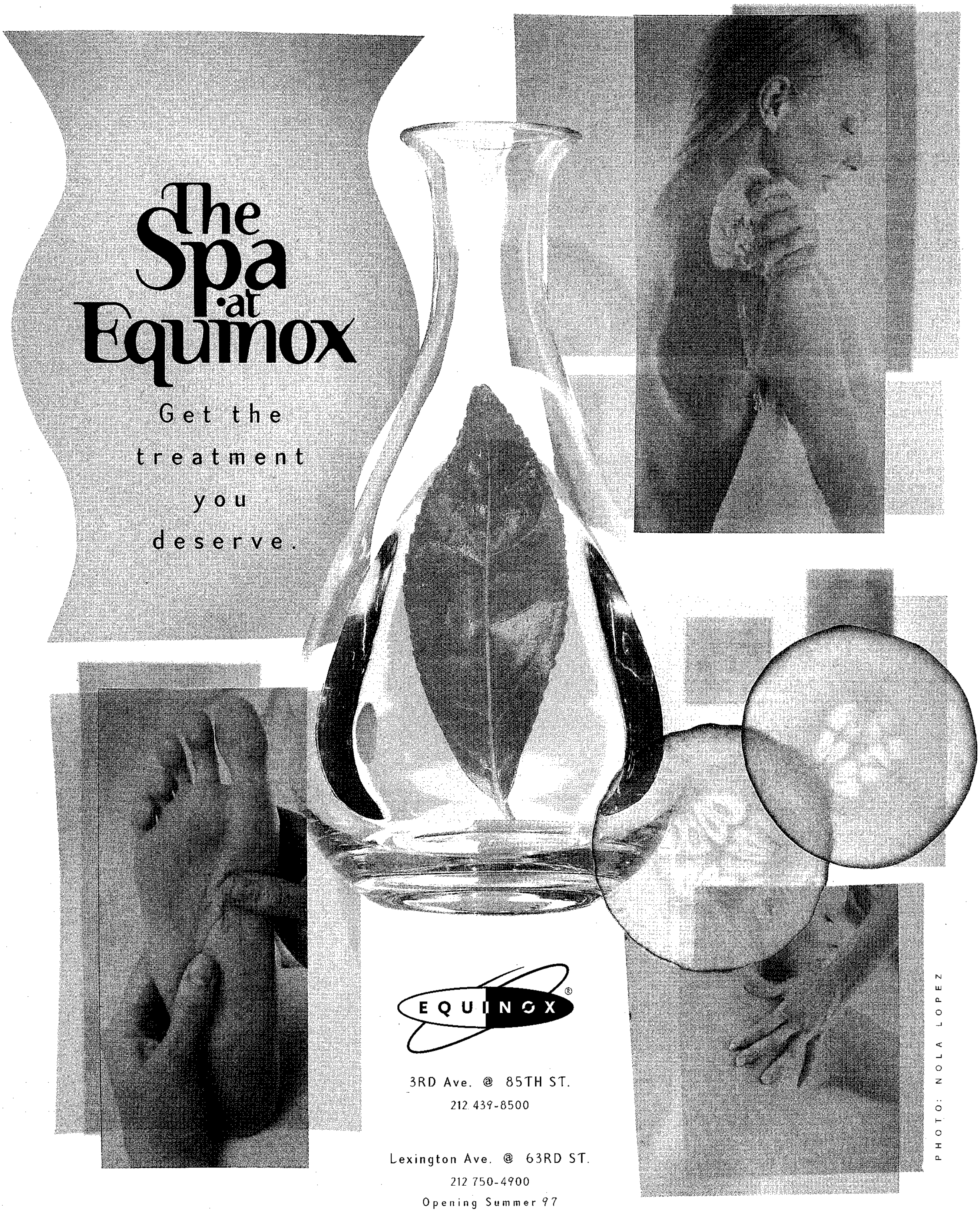

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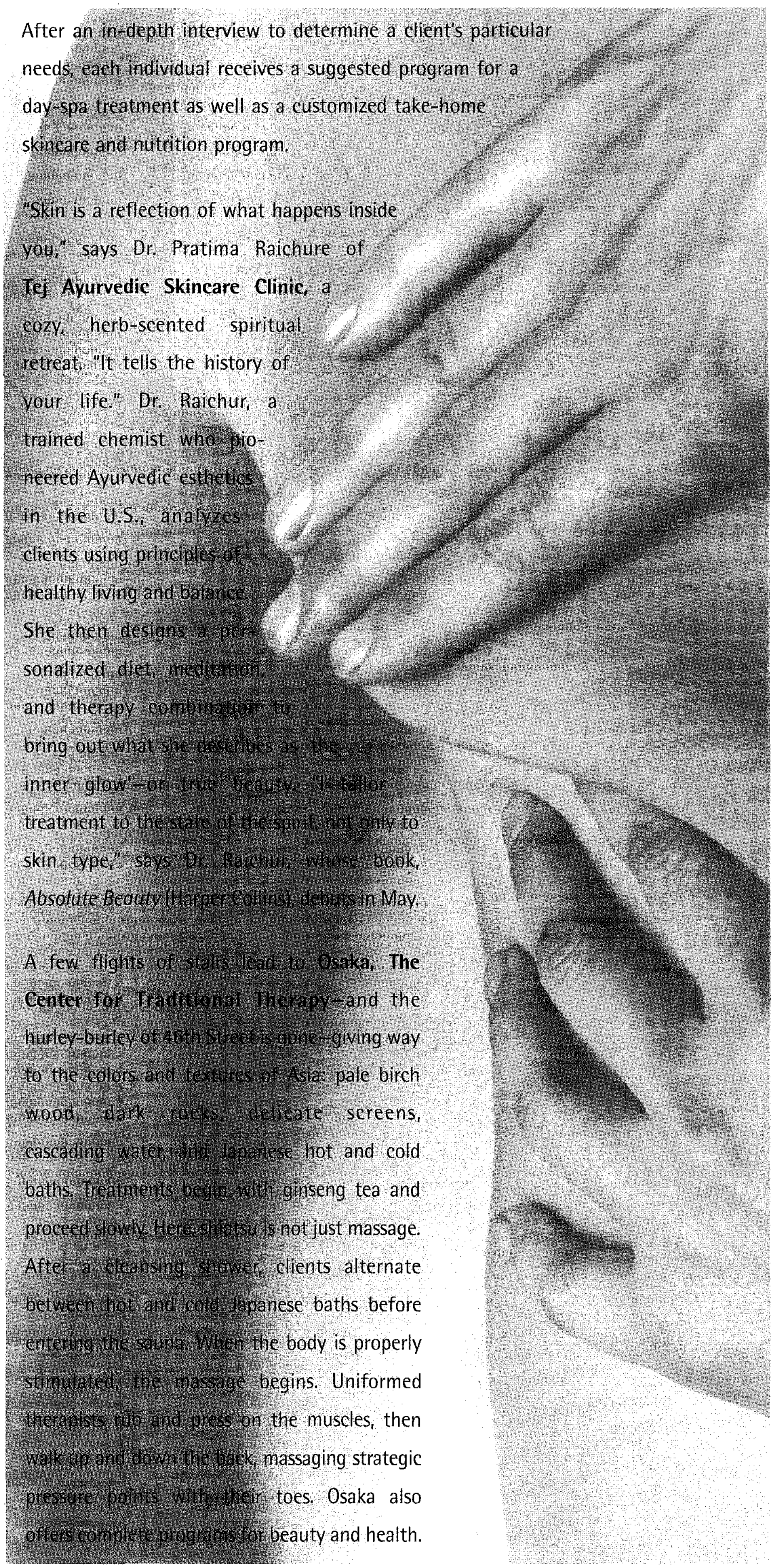
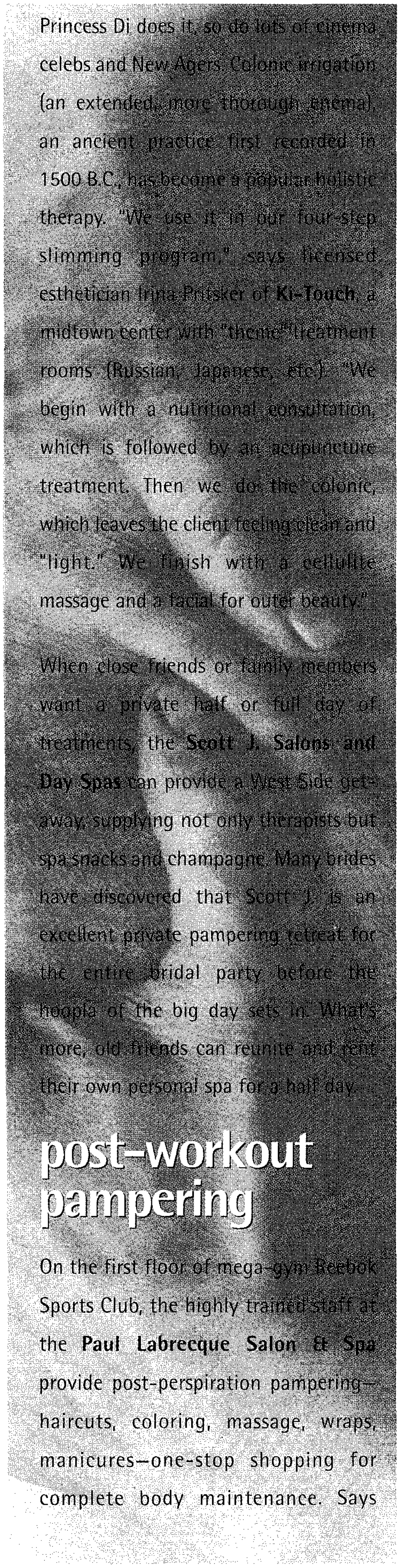


After an in-depth interview to determine a client's particular needs, each individual receives a suggested program for a day-spa treatment as well as a customized take-home skincare and nutrition program.

"Skin is a reflection of what happens inside you," says Dr. Pratima Raichure of **Tej Ayurvedic Skincare Clinic,** a cozy, herb-scented spiritual retreat. "It tells the history of your life." Dr. Raichur, a trained chemist who pioneered Ayurvedic esthetics in the U.S., analyzes clients using principles of healthy living and balance. She then designs a personalized diet, meditation, and therapy combination to bring out what she describes as 'the inner glow'—or true' beauty. "I tailor treatment to the state of the spirit, not only to skin type," says Dr. Raichur, whose book, *Absolute Beauty* (Harper Collins), debuts in May.

A few flights of stairs lead to **Osaka, The Center for Traditional Therapy**—and the hurley-burley of 46th Street is gone—giving way to the colors and textures of Asia: pale birch wood, dark rocks, delicate screens, cascading water, and Japanese hot and cold baths. Treatments begin with ginseng tea and proceed slowly. Here, shiatsu is not just massage. After a cleansing shower, clients alternate between hot and cold Japanese baths before entering the sauna. When the body is properly stimulated, the massage begins. Uniformed therapists rub and press on the muscles, then walk up and down the back, massaging strategic pressure points with their toes. Osaka also offers complete programs for beauty and health.



Princess Di does it, so do lots of cinema celebs and New Agers. Colonic irrigation (an extended, more thorough enema), an ancient practice first recorded in 1500 B.C., has become a popular holistic therapy. "We use it in our four-step slimming program," says licensed esthetician Irina Pritsker of **Ki-Touch**, a midtown center with "theme" treatment rooms (Russian, Japanese, etc.). "We begin with a nutritional consultation, which is followed by an acupuncture treatment. Then we do the colonic, which leaves the client feeling clean and "light." We finish with a cellulite massage and a facial for outer beauty."

When close friends or family members want a private half or full day of treatments, the **Scott J. Salons and Day Spas** can provide a West Side getaway, supplying not only therapists but spa snacks and champagne. Many brides have discovered that Scott J. is an excellent private pampering retreat for the entire bridal party before the hoopla of the big day sets in. What's more, old friends can reunite and rent their own personal spa for a half day.

post-workout pampering

On the first floor of mega-gym Reebok Sports Club, the highly trained staff at the **Paul Labrecque Salon & Spa** provide post-perspiration pampering—haircuts, coloring, massage, wraps, manicures—one-stop shopping for complete body maintenance. Says

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Labrecque: "After a hard workout, many of our male clients have the deep-cleaning, deep-hydrating Men's Sport Facial. It's a great antidote to pollution, shaving, and other environmental aggressions." The decor is inviting. The wet area—jacuzzi, sauna, and steam—is done in mosaic tile and granite; clients are welcomed with comfortable chairs, a bowl of fruit, magazines, and coffee.

At the **New York Health & Racquet Club Spa**, an elegant but relaxed facility done in soft pinks and greens, pale city dwellers can get a California glow—without exposure to harmful UV rays. The tanning treatment begins with body exfoliation, followed by a wrap of warm towels. An application of Sothys self-tanning cream gives a smooth, seamless finish. Also available is a satisfying menu that includes eight different facials, a variety of massages and body treatments, manicures, pedicures, and waxing. While clients wait, they can sip the complimentary iced tea or munch on cut-up veggies. In addition, the club's sauna and steam rooms are also complimentary for spa clients.

the inner body

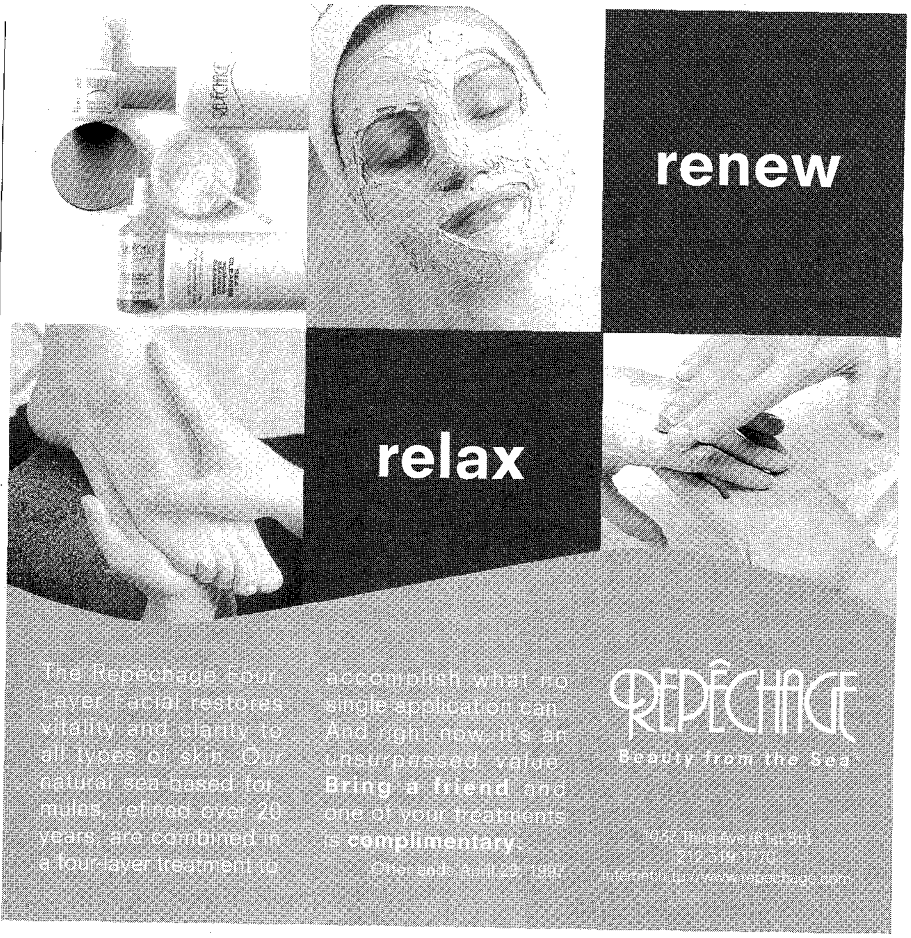
"The yogis say you're only as young as your spine," explains Ruth Jeffries, owner of **Callanetics Studio** at Carnegie Hall. "We combine deep toning work—to avoid bulking—with a lot of stretching and an emphasis on maintaining balance to help clients achieve a youthful, athletic body." You can feel the results after the first few sessions.

"We believe in beauty from the inside out," says Leslie Nelson, director of the **SoHo Sanctuary**. "That's why we offer movement classes to balance the whole being—which the client can then follow with a spa treatment." Located in a spacious loft on an historic cobblestone SoHo block, the Sanctuary houses an octagonal-tiled steam room, a circular meditation room, a spacious movement studio, and a 'Cloud Room' with a painted blue-sky ceiling for small classes.

"Yoga is for people of all abilities," says Yogiraj Alan Finger of **Yoga Zone**. "It is not a religion, nor is it just a form of exercise. "It blends philosophy and physical practices in an integrated system of wellness and helps bring about total health." In the light and airy studios, students learn breathing techniques, posture, and meditation. "But yoga is not passive," Finger explains. "It is a real workout with real physical benefits."

getting away from it all

When time permits, escape to New England—to the **Norwich Inn & Spa**—for 24-hour-a-day pampering and award-winning spa cuisine. Begin your spa retreat with a morning stretch and fitness walk, appreciating the grounds on this lush 40-acre property. Spend the day being wrapped, massaged, steamed, and coddled, then retire to a private villa overlooking the Norwich Golf Course. Take advantage of the full range of fitness and spa services or kick back and take a well-deserved break from everyday pressures.



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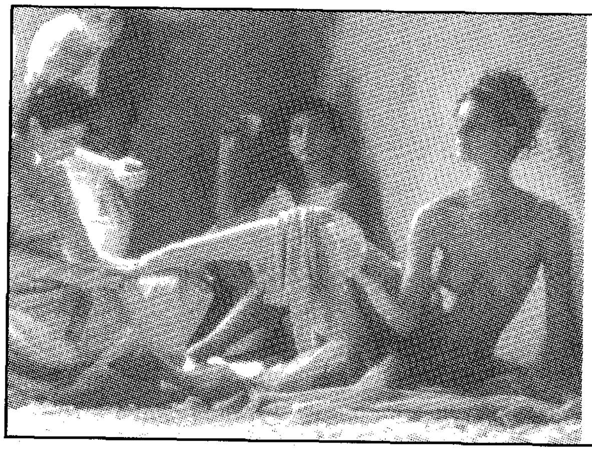
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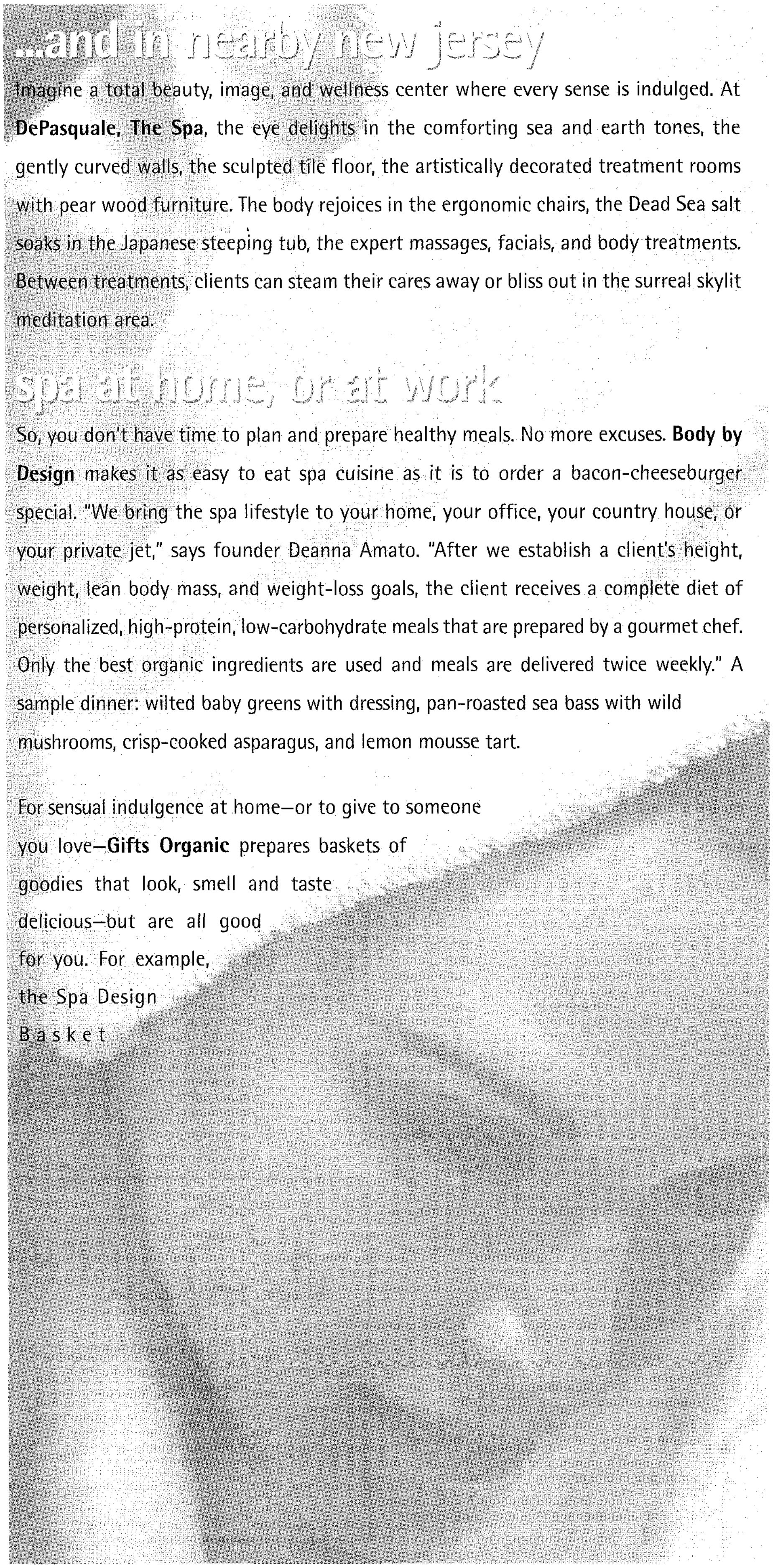

...and in nearby new jersey

Imagine a total beauty, image, and wellness center where every sense is indulged. At **DePasquale, The Spa**, the eye delights in the comforting sea and earth tones, the gently curved walls, the sculpted tile floor, the artistically decorated treatment rooms with pear wood furniture. The body rejoices in the ergonomic chairs, the Dead Sea salt soaks in the Japanese steeping tub, the expert massages, facials, and body treatments. Between treatments, clients can steam their cares away or bliss out in the surreal skylit meditation area.

spa at home, or at work

So, you don't have time to plan and prepare healthy meals. No more excuses. **Body by Design** makes it as easy to eat spa cuisine as it is to order a bacon-cheeseburger special. "We bring the spa lifestyle to your home, your office, your country house, or your private jet," says founder Deanna Amato. "After we establish a client's height, weight, lean body mass, and weight-loss goals, the client receives a complete diet of personalized, high-protein, low-carbohydrate meals that are prepared by a gourmet chef. Only the best organic ingredients are used and meals are delivered twice weekly." A sample dinner: wilted baby greens with dressing, pan-roasted sea bass with wild mushrooms, crisp-cooked asparagus, and lemon mousse tart.

For sensual indulgence at home—or to give to someone you love—**Gifts Organic** prepares baskets of goodies that look, smell and taste delicious—but are all good for you. For example, the Spa Design Basket holds aromatic personal care items (bath salts, body bars, creams), soothing and rejuvenating teas, a calming handmade eye pillow, sumptuous snacks, and a book on meditation and enlightenment. Among the other possibilities include the Yin/Yang basket and the Energizer, designed for different moods.

heads up

Nothing provides an instant boost like a great haircut. For a spring lift, top stylists recommend a completely new cut to fit the shape of the face, the structure of the skin, and the individual's lifestyle. "A touch of color wakes up the face for spring," says master colorist Joel Warren of **Warren Tricomi**. "Not only does it add brightness to the face and eyes, it also improves the condition of the hair—because the cuticle is open and receptive to deep conditioning during the coloring process." His partner, stylist Edward Tricomi, says, "Custom-contoured individuality is the key, and variety is the spice this spring." The duo practice hair wizardry in a fairy-tale setting: a Moroccan fantasy, decorated with blown-glass light fixtures, oriental carpets, jewel-like mosaics, elaborately carved doors, and bathroom sinks too beautiful to use. Clients are pedicured in a private casbah-like alcove. To complete the illusion, a fortune teller visits on Wednesdays.

To keep hair color fresh, the **Scott J. Salons and Day Spas** custom-blend shampoos and conditioners to match its new spring shades. This temporary color, which lasts three to four weeks, can also be used to try out a new color without major commitment.

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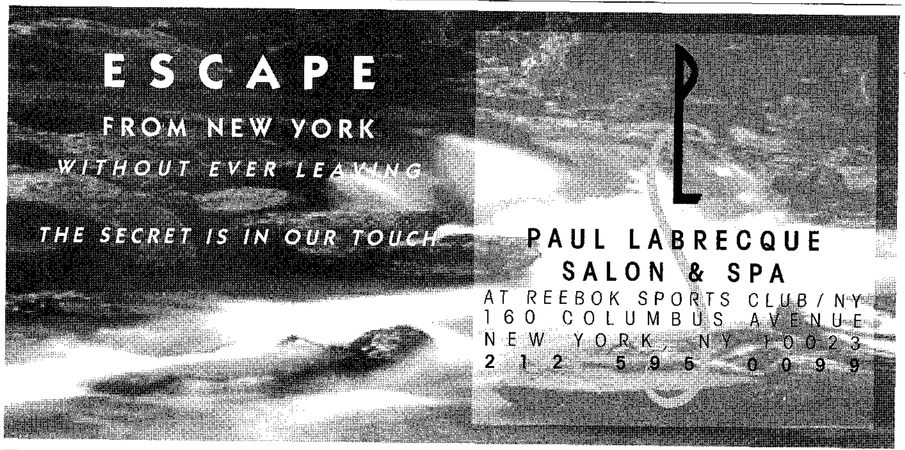
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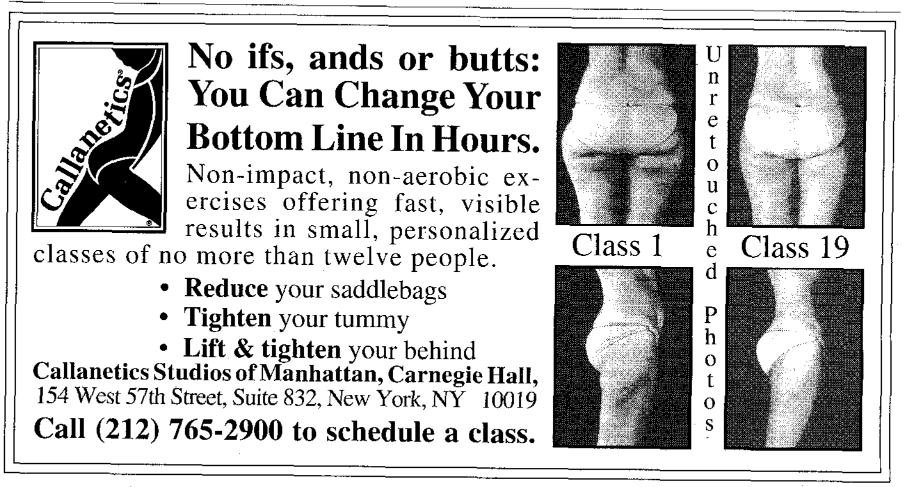
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If you have a closet full of clothes that do nothing for you, a drawer full of garish lipsticks that looked fine in the store, makeover artist **David Kibbe** is the answer to your prayers. "I do a combination of education and transformation," he says. "It's not just about leaving my workshop with a new face. Beauty comes from individuality, not from being a slave to fads. My clients are not blank slates. Nature has already made each woman a work of art. I simply work with that: I'll design make-up and teach the client how to do it. I'll teach her how to shop, how to tell the hairdresser what she needs—how to find her own potential and enhance it."

hair today...

When hair loss seems inevitable, the prospect of hair replacement may seem enticing and off-putting at the same time. "That's because the only examples people notice are the bad ones," explains Dino Dondiego of **Sequence.** "What they see is too much hair and color that doesn't match. But when hair is evenly distributed, one strand at a time, there will be more natural flow and movement."

For 25 years, **Alfieri** has provided men with hair replacement that is custom designed to fit each client's individual lifestyle. An avid athlete, for instance, can continue to enjoy sports without worry after treatment. Owner Andy Alfieri says, "This systematic relief process can help boost self-confidence in business as well."

A number of hair-replacement salons have also opened for women embarrassed by thinning hair. Elline Surianello, of **LeMetric** recalls, "I felt that way when I started losing my hair. That's why I started my own 'for women only' business."

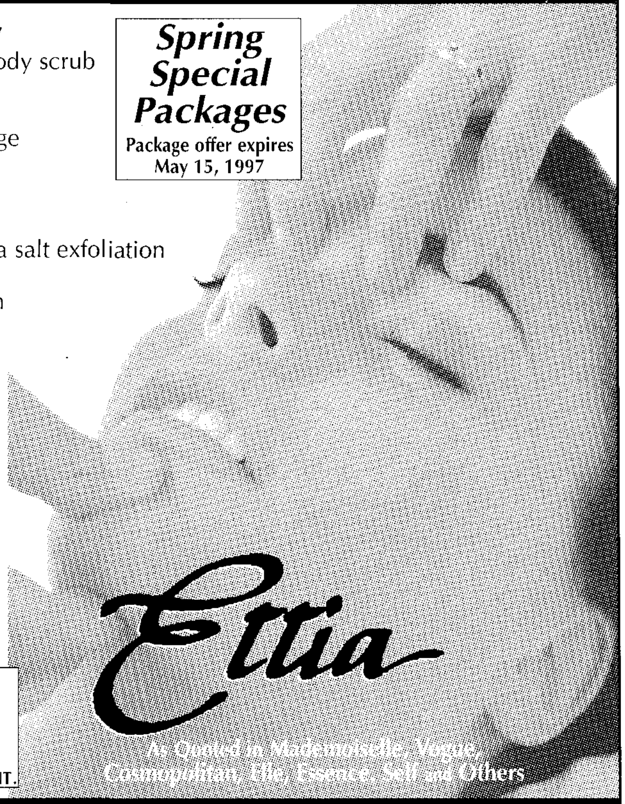
"Women also worry that replacement hair is difficult to maintain," says James Costa of **DonCosa Images**, a specialty hair replacement salon in Teaneck, NJ. "But in terms of cost and time, it's not much different from going to the hairdresser."

...gone tomorrow

Ever wonder why you rarely see a hairy back or chest on those artificially tanned Tarzans in the World Wide Wrestling Federation? That's because they take it off—as women have done for generations. Hair removal today is an equal-opportunity activity. But it doesn't have to be a royal pain. Gentle waxes, smaller electrolysis probes, and now laser beams make hair removal much more pleasant.

"For men, privacy is key," says **Azure's** Mina Bowker, explaining why most spas provide private treatment rooms. For women, sensitive skin may be a problem. "Be sure to tell your esthetician about your skin," advises **Faina Bor**, "so that a milder, gentler wax will be used."

If you're looking for a permanent solution, electrolysis may be the answer. "Make sure the electrologist is certified and uses sterile, disposable probes," says Ada Ballen of **Tipaz Electrolysis**. "With a skilled electrologist, you'll get faster results with much less discomfort."



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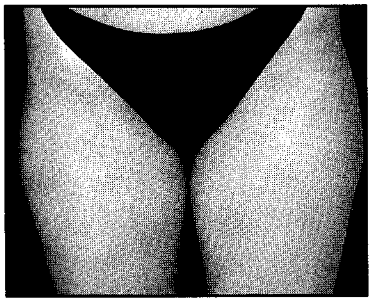

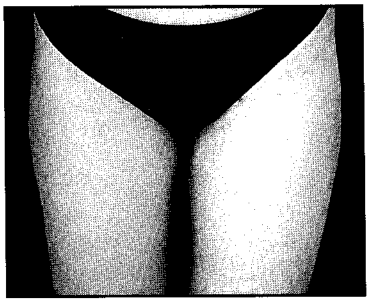

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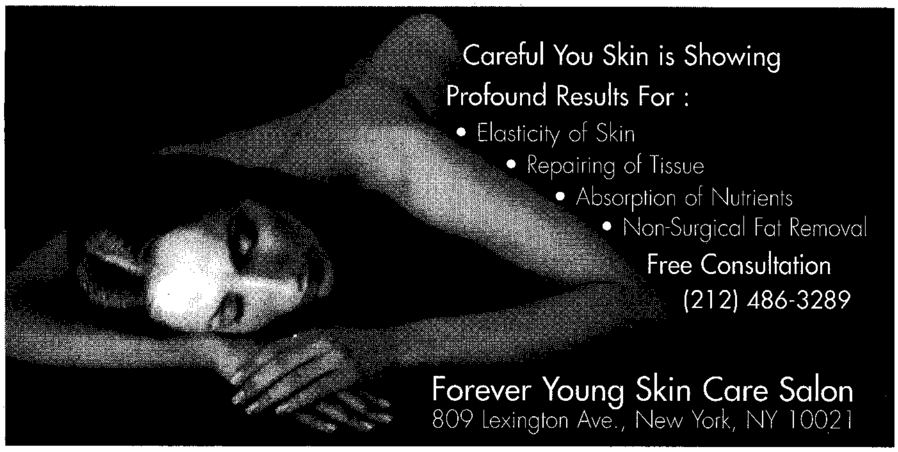

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hands down

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Another nail tip: "Coddle your nails and cuticles at home, massaging with olive oil," advises Roxanna Pintile, the nail guru at **Warren Tricomi**. "And give them a rest from nail polish for about a week or so."

Sometimes problem nails need more than quick fixes, says **Ruzica de Falica**, of the spa bearing her name. "Women who use acrylic tips occasionally develop a fungus condition, which should definitely not be ignored. I treat it with natural oils. The process is a long one, but the problem can be cleared up."

directory of New York Spas

■ **Angel Touch Health & Beauty Spa**, 115-10 Queens Blvd., Suite LL3, Forest Hills, 718-997-7772. A total health and beauty spa, offering body and skincare, including weight-reduction programs, diet counseling, colonic hydrotherapy, regular and hydromassage, body scrubs and wraps, cellulite reduction, aromatherapy, steam baths, saunas, and jacuzzis. Hair and nail services, and day-spa packages are available.

■ **Azure Skin Care**, 227 W. 29th St. Suite 9E, 563-5365. In this serene, relaxing environment, experience aromatherapy, massage, ultratone, tanning, sauna, and a variety of facials and body treatments. Permanent makeup as well as makeup application and lessons are offered.

■ **Body by Design**, 327-2242. White-glove service and personalized attention are the major ingredients of this new weight-management concept. Convenient counseling sessions in clients' homes or offices, coupled with the luxury of specially prepared gourmet meals enable busy urbanites to painlessly incorporate safe and effective weight loss into their lives. All meals are prepared by a gourmet chef and delivered to clients twice weekly.

■ **Callanetics Studios of Manhattan**, Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St., Studio 832, 765-2900. Callanetics, named for founder Callan Pinckney, can tone, trim, and reshape the neglected butt, thighs, abdomen, and arms. Subtle moves aim for deep muscle contractions. Non-impact, concentrated exercise is designed for body reshaping. The results are astounding.

■ **Carapan**, 5 W. 16th St., 633-6220. This New Mexico-style retreat specializes in Swedish massage and other healing therapies, such as herbal facials, aromatherapy, reflexology, shiatsu, reiki, and sports and medical massage.

■ **David Kibbe**, 459-9210. David Kibbe, author of *Metamorphosis*, offers Beauty/Image Workshops which teach women how to use makeup, clothing, colors, and hair to create their own individual style. *Ladies' Home Journal* called Kibbe's technique "the best makeover system ever!" Kibbe analyzes each client's coloring, body type, face, and hair and then instructs the client how to put her took together—head to toe.

■ **DePasquale, The Spa**, Rte. 10 East, Powder Mill Plaza, Morris Plains, NJ, 201-538-3811. Experienced massage, hydrotherapy, panthermal purification, mineral earth therapy, and a Japanese steeping tub in an atmosphere of sublime luxury. Hair and cosmetic artists and renowned cosmetic surgeons are on staff.

■ **Equinox Urban Spa**, 205 E. 85th St., 396-9611. The spa is an urban oasis, the perfect place to relax, rejuvenate, and restore balance to your life. The complete selection of facials, massages, body treaments, and healing therapies range from a 30-minute pick-me-up to a complete day of healing. Full use of the fitness facility included.

■ **Ettia Holistic Day Spa for Men and Women**, 239 W. 72nd St., 362-7109, 800-795-7109. Holistic beauty pioneer Ettia Tal and her dedicated staff offer therapeutic body treatments, expert facials, hand, nail, and foot care, organic waxing, and products to heal damaged or sensitive skin.

■ **Faina Bor Spa Palace**, 794 Lexington Ave., 832-0431. Faina Bor offers a full menu of spa treatments and facials, as well as reflexology, waxing, needleless electrolysis, spa manicures, pedicures, and skincare products by Guinot Paris and Dr. Murad.

■ **Forever Young**, 809 Lexington Ave. 2nd fl. 486-3289. This treatment center for women and men offers a variety of facials, therapeutic body massage, seaweed wraps, exfoliating peels, firming and slimming treatments, manicures, and pedicures. Professional makeup artist Deborah Grayson is available by appointment.

■ **Gloria Cabrera Salon and Spa**, 605 Fifth Ave. (between 48th and 49th sts.), 750-0808. Rated one of the best in the country by *Glamour* magazine, this lively salon with sparkling treatment rooms features top-notch haircutting, coloring, massage, aromatherapy, body wraps, skincare, waxing, and pedicures.

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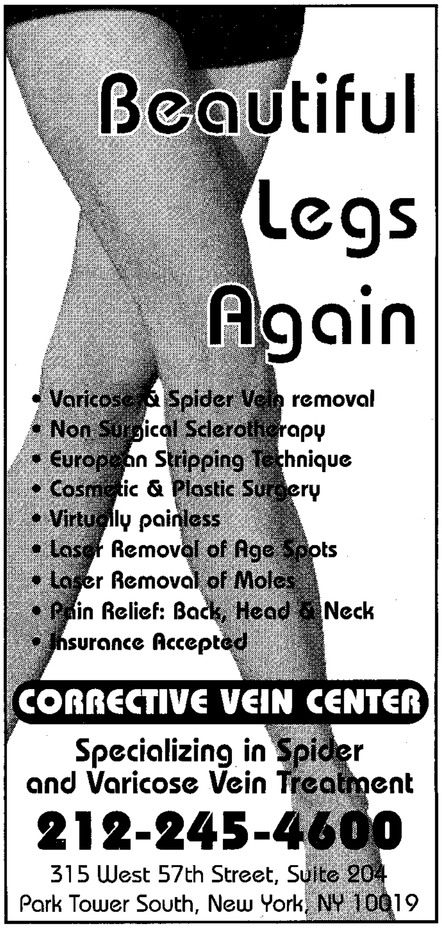

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■ **Ki-Touch Holistic Center and Day Spa**, 9 E. 45th St., 682-1166, 718-236-0060. A holistic approach to beauty and relaxation incorporates total body treatments, cellulite treatments, colonic therapy, Swedish massage, reflexology, shiatsu, reiki, aromatherapy, and acupuncture. Cosmetic treatments include rejuvenation facials, collagen facials, manicures, and day-spa packages.

■ **Kozue Aesthetic Spa**, 795 Madison Ave. (between 67th and 68th sts.), 2nd fl., 734-8600. In addition to personalized face and body treatments that deep clean, detoxify, polish, and refine, Kozue offers massage, waxing, spa manicures and pedicures, and makeup.

■ **Lia Schorr Skin Care**, 686 Lexington Ave., 486-9670. With more than 30 years of skincare experience, Lia Schorr oversees a staff of trained estheticians that perform a full range of face and body treatments, as well as massages, electrolysis, waxing, manicures, and pedicures.

■ **Ling Skin Care**, 105 W. 77th St., 877-2883; 12 E. 16th St., 989-8833; 128 Thompson St., 982-8833. Ling's customized facials may include deep-layer peeling, pigmentation-lightening treatments, bio-lift firming, intensive eye treatments.

■ **New York Health & Racquet Club Spa**, 115 E. 57th St., 826-9640. The New York Health & Racquet Club Spa is a luxurious spa in a naturally comforting atmosphere. It is open to the public, and has a complete menu of spa services. It offers facials, manicures, pedicures, massages, and a variety of exciting body treatments. In addition to a full-service health club, with state-of-the-art equipment, there are over 100 free classes weekly, an indoor atrium-enclosed swimming pool, a spacious roof deck, and a restaurant featuring light spa cuisine.

■ **Norwich Inn & Spa**, 607 W. Thames St., Norwich, CT, 1-800-ASK-4-SPA. Leave the city behind and head for an escape at this historic New England inn and resort. Walk in the woods at dawn, stay in bed until noon, play golf, play tennis, eat light, eat hearty, spa a lot, spa not. Norwich has cozy rooms and spacious villas, spa cuisine, and full spa services, including nutrition counseling, personal training, fitness classes, massages, body treatments, wraps, and facials.

■ **Osaka, The Center for Traditional Rehabilitation Therapy**, 37 W. 46th St., 3rd fl., 575-1303; 50 W. 56th St., 2nd fl., 682-1778. Based on 25 years of experience, Osaka's holistic approach to physical and spiritual well-being incorporates traditional Chinese herbal therapy, acupuncture, shiatsu, and aromatherapy.

■ **Paul Labrecque Salon & Spa**, 160 Columbus Ave., 595-0099. In this stress-free sanctuary, expert therapists, under the direction of Paul Labrecque, perform a full range of therapeutic massage, facial and body treatments, as well as nail, makeup, and waxing services.

■ **Repêchage Treatment Center and Day Spa**, 1037 Third Ave. (bet. 61st and 62nd sts.), 319-1770. Using renowned Repêchage skincare products, which are enriched with nutrients from the sea, skilled estheticians treat and beautify face and body with exfoliating polishes, wraps, and facials.

■ **Ruzica de Falica Nail & Skin Care Center**, 330 E. 76th St., 794-0331. De Falica and her licensed, European-trained staff pamper clients with crème manicures, whirlpool pedicures, electrolysis, holistic aromatic facials, and waxing (for men and women).

■ **Scott J. Salons and Day Spas**, 2929 Broadway, 666-6429; 253 Columbus Ave, 769-0107. This Upper West Side Aveda concept spa and salon offers a full range of services—and is well-known for its specially priced mini-vacation package: a one-hour aromatherapy massage, a one-hour aromatherapy facial, and a manicure.

■ **Susan Ciminelli Day Spa at Bergdorf Goodman**, 754 Fifth Ave., 9th fl., 872-2650; East Hampton, 34 Pantigo Rd., 516-267-6300. Ciminelli and her highly trained staff practices a multi-cultural approach to body care in their full range of spa services. All facials are individually designed.

■ **Tej Ayurvedic Skincare Clinic**, 162 W. 56th (corner of 7th Ave.), Suite 204, 581-8136. Dr. Pratima Raichur uses ancient Ayurvedic principles to create a personalized system of skin, body, and hair care utilizing varying combinations of Ayurvedic herbs, meditation, aromatherapy, lymphatic drainage, and acupressure.

■ **Vein Care Center**, 315 W. 57th St., 245-4600. A world leader in the elimination and repair of spider and varicose veins using a non-surgical technique. When this problem causes discomfort or pain, it may be covered by insurance. Located in the LaFontaine Rish Medical Group Facility where a group of cosmetic and plastic surgeons specialize in body, facial, and breast surgery, as well as rhinoplasty, lip enlargement, skincare, and large-volume tumescent liposuction.

exercise options

- **Callanetics Studios of Manhattan,** Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St., Studio 832, 765-2900. Callanetics works the deep postural muscles of the body that support the skeleton—and reshapes the body through stretching and improved muscle tone.

- **SoHo Sanctuary,** 119 Mercer St., 334-5550. An original new concept combining movement classes and spa treatments in one setting. Private or group classes in yoga, T'ai chi Ch'uan, mediation, facial fitness, Align & Define, Stretch and Steam, and more. The Sanctuary's full-body spa treatments include massage, reflexology, holistic skin care treatments, and Moor-Life Body Wraps.

- **Yoga Zone, Midtown,** 160 E. 56th St, 12th fl. (bet. Lexington and 3rd aves.), 935-YOGA; Downtown, 138 Fifth Ave., 647-YOGA. A clean, serene, modern environment to practice yoga, a perfect fitness option for men and women of all ages. Its benefits include stress reduction, increased flexibility, strengthening, and toning. With regular practice, these benefits will last a lifetime.

spa do's and one don't

1. "Do tell your therapist if you're pregnant," advises Lia Schorr. Also try to avoid deep massages, as well as glycolic facials."

2. "Do tell your therapist about any allergies," says Lydia Sarfati of Repechage.

3. "Do advise your therapist of any heart problems," cautions Ningna Zhou of Forever Young, "especially if you are having any treatments that involve machines."

4. "Don't plan on rushing," suggests Carapan manager Ron Dwenger. "Decide to spend a little extra time for yourself to relax completely and enjoy the surroundings."

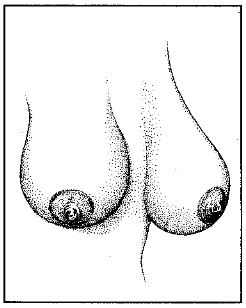
You can be more comfortable with your figure.

If you experience discomfort in your back or shoulders caused by the weight of your breasts, or you feel self-conscious about your breast size, you may want to consider a breast reduction.

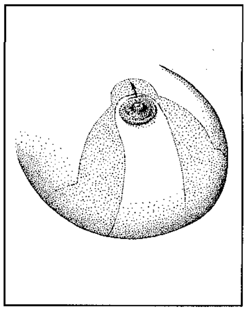
Breast reduction surgery is performed to reduce the size and weight of the breasts, alleviate discomfort associated with large breasts, and may improve a woman's overall appearance. It can make you feel more attractive and slimmer, and may make it easier to fit into clothing.

In some cases, this procedure is covered by your medical insurance plan.

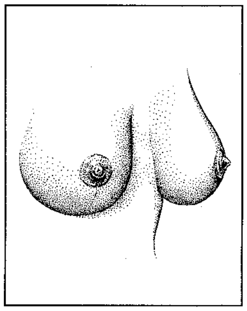
If you have been considering cosmetic surgery, and would like more information, call me at (212) 832-0770 to schedule a complimentary consultation.



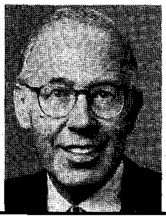
Common appearance of a woman with large, pendulous breasts. The areola, the dark skin surrounding the nipple, is frequently enlarged in overly developed breasts.



Breast reduction surgery involves incisions to enable the removal of excess tissue, fat and skin on the sides of the breasts, shown by the shaded area. The nipple-areolar complex is repositioned to a higher level.



The result is a woman with breasts that are smaller and in proportion with the rest of her body. Her breasts are well-contoured and natural looking.



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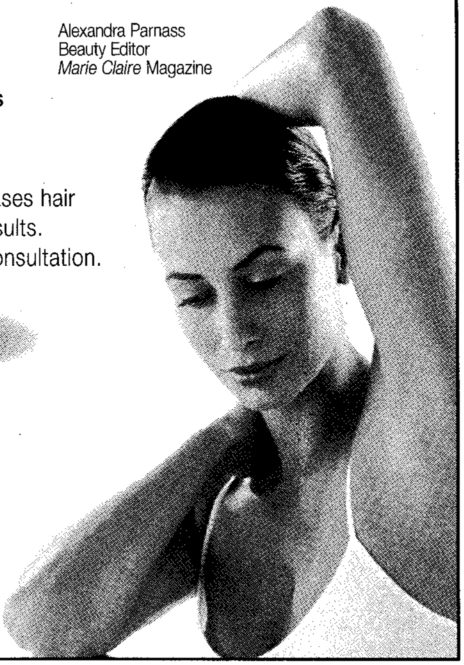

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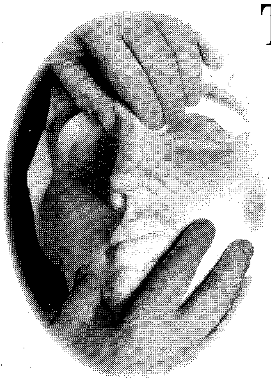

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about face

After trying a slew of miracle products, do you still look in the mirror and see eyelids that droop, wrinkles, or acne scars that won't go away? "A visit to a cosmetic surgeon may be the answer," says cosmetic surgery consultant Denise Thomas. "Some relatively minor procedures can make a very big difference in your appearance," Thomas explains. "Eyelid surgery, fat injections, even facelifts are relatively easy nowadays." The least-invasive facial procedures today include laser-skin resurfacing, collagen injections, and chemical peels. Lasers and chemical peels are now used to smooth over irregularities on the skin's surface and reveal new skin. Collagen injections are used to plump up wrinkles and scars, reducing lines around the lips, eyes, smile lines, and forehead furrows. Although each is relatively quick and effective in the short-term, they are not permanent and, as in all surgeries, involve some risks that you should discuss with a Board Certified cosmetic surgeon.

cosmetic surgery

■ **Dr. Dennis Barek,** 9. E. 93rd St., 289-5281. Dr. Barek, a Board Certified plastic surgeon with over 20 years of experience and a member of the American Society for Aesthetic Plastic Surgery, performs facial rejuvenation, breast reshaping, nasal surgery, and body sculpting.

■ **Dr. Mark Erlich,** 800 A Fifth Ave. at 61st St., Suite 202, 861-4100. Director of The New York Plastic Surgery Center and a clinical professor of facial plastic surgery at the New York Medical College. He specializes in rhinoplasty and surgery of the aging face and performs all aspects of cosmetic and laser surgery.

■ **George Lefkovits,** M.D., FACS, 9 E. 62nd St., 750-9494. A Board-Certified plastic surgeon devoted to the full range of cosmetic surgery, including liposuction, rhinoplasty, eyelid surgery, facelifts, and breast augmentation, lifting and reduction. Also lip enhancement and laser resurfacing for lines, wrinkles, and acne scars. Most procedures are performed in the office operating suite.

■ **Dr. James Reardon,** 737 Park Ave., 832-0770. A Board Certified plastic and reconstructive surgeon with over 25 years of experience. He performs a range of cosmetic and reconstructive procedures for both men and women. His ambulatory facility employs a full-time anesthesiologist and includes two operating rooms with a three-bed recovery area.

■ **Dr. Stanley Taub,** 737 Park Ave., 628-8585. A professional sculptor as well as a Board Certified plastic surgeon with more than 30 years experience, Dr. Taub produces natural, satisfying results. His skilled hands perform face, neck and eyelid lifts, as well as liposuction, body contouring, and breast reshaping in a modern private facility.

■ **Denise Thomas Cosmetic Surgery Consultant for Men and Women,** 734-0233. Acting as a personal shopper for both men and women, Thomas will answer all questions, find the right plastic surgeon—and arrange a speedy appointment.

■ **Dr. Frederick A. Valauri,** 3 E. 76th St., 439-0080. A Board Certified plastic surgeon with 11 years of experience, he performs traditional and newer procedures, including laser resurfacing and laser hair removal, while trained estheticians provide such spa services as fruit acid peels, facials, skincare, massage, and herbal wraps.

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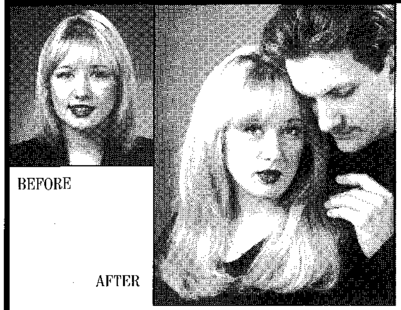

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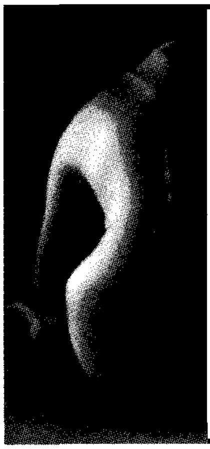

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As the procedures have gotten safer and more effective, the costs have dropped lower and lower. Many popular procedures such as Rhinoplasty (nasal contouring), Liposuction (body contouring) and Blepharoplasty (eyelift) take only about an hour and the result can last a lifetime.

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- Tummy Tuck
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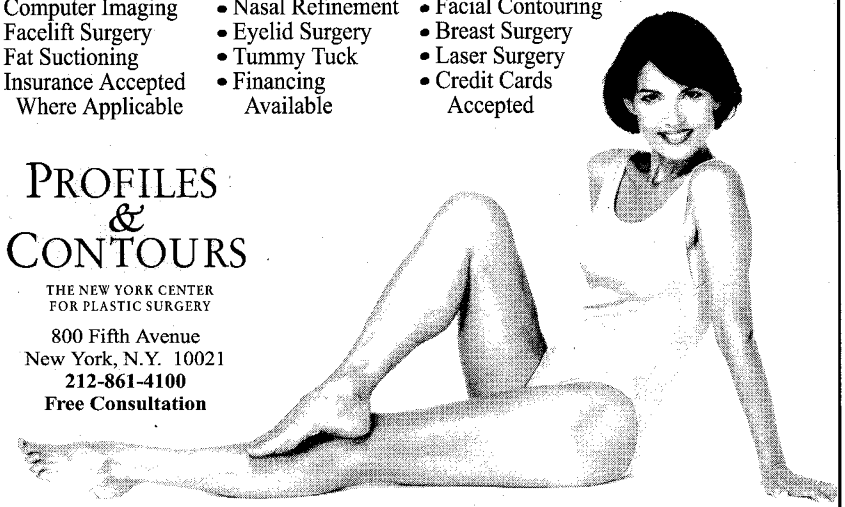

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MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Bump and Grind

Using sex to sell cars is as old as advertising, but the twisted, highbrow porn in Cronenberg's 'Crash' uses cars to sell sex.

'WHY DO THEY HAVE TO BURY THE BODIES so quickly?" whispers Catherine (Deborah Kara Unger), a stunning blonde with flattened cheekbones. Catherine always whispers when a normal speaking voice would get the job done. "They should let them sit around for days," she breathes. The hushed, monotonal characters in **Crash**—a highbrow pornographic movie directed by David Cronenberg—are neither ghouls nor necrophiliacs, though they certainly get off on death. In some nameless gray city, the pleasure-seekers prowl the freeways, banging their cars into one another, exciting themselves with near-death experiences. In order to prolong the ecstasy, they then make love in the wreckage. *Crash,* a rapt erotic-trance movie, is conducted in whispers and shot in the sleekest car-metal colors—silver, gray, and black. The sky never betrays a patch of blue, and there's no red anywhere, except for the sexy blood on the mangled bodies. The movie is based on J. G. Ballard's cult novel from 1973, but the entire picture seems to be taking place in David Cronenberg's head: car crashes as orgasm, the slicing of bodies as ecstasy. I can't be the first to say this, but I'm not strong enough to resist: The movie gives new meaning to the term *autoeroticism.*

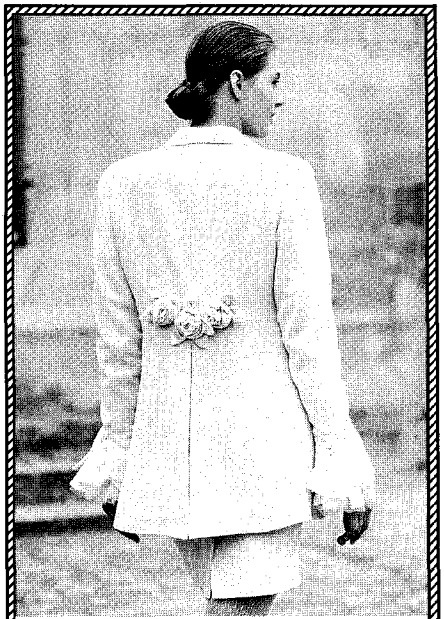
The two Davids, Lynch and Cronenberg, always weird, have turned into out-and-out mannerists. Their latest movies, however, are quite different from each other. David Lynch's *Lost Highway* is dreamy, hallucinatory, and anti-realistic but all within the familiar structure of a fatalistic *noir* movie from the forties. Cronenberg, by contrast, is a literalist from scene to scene but methodically mad (like the Marquis de Sade) in his overall intention. Both directors let erotomania do the work of dramatic construction. We're in the hands of two obsessional directors, and their movies are certainly not boring. But they're not art either. *Lost Highway* holds together visually but makes no discernible sense; *Crash* is an exhaustive exploration of a single nut-brain fetish—car crashes as eros and death combined. It's a great movie for intellectual analysis written in French (what a shame Michel Foucault had to die before he could take it on).

The press notes describe the movie as "a cautionary tale of how we might adapt to the environment that we have ourselves created, sterile and isolated from nature." This is absolute nonsense: The movie is an eager embrace of that environment. *Crash* doesn't look like any work of pornography you've ever seen, but I don't know what else to call it. The characters have no jobs or lives to speak of; erotic reality, erotic time, is the only dimension they inhabit. In the opening scene, Deborah Kara Unger slowly leans forward, stimulating a nipple into erection against a cold, cold surface (an airplane fuselage, I believe) while getting worked on from behind and below by some man we don't yet know. Later, in bed, Catherine narrates the events to her husband, James Ballard (James Spader), a producer of television commercials who entertains her with *his* day spent dallying on the set. The two of them use the narrated sexual acts to stimulate their own lovemaking. (The character name *Ballard,* which also appears in the novel, is intended, I suppose, as an act of candor implicating the author in the goings-on. Sex, you might say, is a form of narrative, and the writer is always a seducer and fantasist, and so on.)

On the road, Ballard inadvertently crashes into a doctor, Helen Remington (Holly Hunter), whose husband

Crash dummies: Spader and Deborah Kara Unger nuzzle, post-wreckage, in *Crash.*

Photograph by M. Gibson/Fine Line Features.



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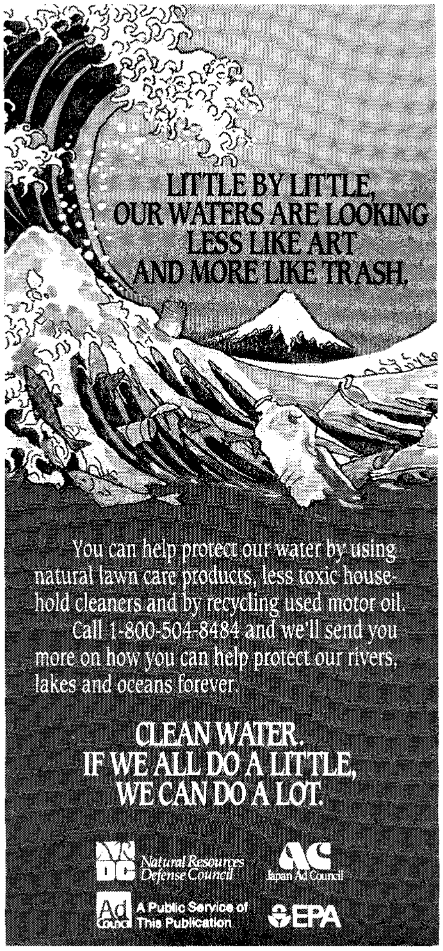
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dies in the crash. Dr. Remington, however, is turned on, and sitting in the wrecked car, defiantly exposes a breast. (Holly Hunter does this with her usual precision and snap, like the bravest girl in acting class.) The two crash victims then meet in the hospital, and thereafter things turn increasingly automotive, what with the couple fornicating awkwardly in the mangled cars and then attending a kind of public performance, a crash derby in which the man who made love to Catherine—Vaughan, his name is—restages the crash death of James Dean, complete with the same kinds of cars and an actual collision.

Everyone politely applauds the demonstration. That gentle patter of applause for an atrocity would seem to suggest a sneaking sense of humor, even a dash of self-satire. Cronenberg, after all, made *The Fly* and *Dead Ringers,* two obsessional yet witty explorations of surgery and violation. In the past, he's been able to combine fixation and humor, freakishness and jokes. But *erotic* fixation and humor do not mix—not if you want to keep an audience aroused, that is—and Cronenberg has made his choice. Solemnity seals the mood: Whisper, whisper, don't break the trance. The movie turns ritualistic. The scarred Vaughan, played by a very creepy Elias Koteas, serves as guru to a circle of crash addicts. Vaughan is purely sexual, purely death-haunted—the ultimate fetishist. At home, his mangled little group, sitting in their braces and leather body sheaths (Rosanna Arquette is barely held together: she has scars like fissures), repeatedly watch slow-motion footage of test-dummy crashes, and they all get hot together.

Vaughan gets Ballard hooked, and since Ballard wants Catherine to be happy—there's some romantic Tristan-and-Isolde-ish feeling in their linked death wish—the two of them take part in the wild rides around town. The sex grows more and more baroque and voyeuristic. There is a sequence in a car wash, with a couple making love while brushes and hoses spray the car—the closest thing in the movie to a cliché. And there are many, many more crashes and much licking of scars. How do you end a dirty novel or movie? For artists as well as junkmeisters, the problem is notorious. In porn, acts are repeated and repeated, and varied and then repeated again, with no end in sight, and the only artistically satisfying way to conclude is with the death of the love object. Cronenberg's movie is just mad for death, and its last line (which will become deservedly famous) sets us up for the extinction of its two main characters. He has taken pornography to its logical conclusion. For some this may amount to a radicalism of spirit; it also marks Cronenberg's departure from life.

Peter Suschitzky is the cinematographer, and I don't know how he did some of the highway collisions (they don't look fake). This is an extremely controlled piece of filmmaking, without an ugly or discordant shot anywhere. Formally, *Crash* is a triumph. But it's too remote and specialized to be of more than passing interest, and its techno-fetishism is familiar to anyone who has sampled avant-garde fiction over the past 30 years. One wants to give Cronenberg credit for his madness, but there's a banal problem standing in the way: The men and women who make TV commercials have sensed the connection between automobiles and eroticism for decades. *Crash* has the conceptual brilliance of a great ad campaign, the silver-gray gleam of high-tech graphics. Whether you're selling automobiles or automobile-death-fetishism, there may not be all that much of a difference. Either way, there's that sexy chill of flesh meeting metal.

Cronenberg's chic eroticism focuses everything on desire and rules out the rest of human experience. Sometimes the women undress slowly, raptly, thoughtfully; sometimes both men and women pull off their clothes and go to it. The movie is certainly arousing. But this is a limited recommendation. The very concentration that makes *Crash* successful as pornography limits it as art. *Crash* may not be funny, but it's almost always ludicrous.

The Godfather HAS BEEN SHOWN ON TELEVISION so often that I find myself with little to say about the large-screen reissue, except to report that while watching it I sank into a completely satisfied state of absorption from which not even an automotive climax could have roused me. In light of the past 25 years of film history, Coppola's narrative technique seems extraordinarily grave and serious. Every scene is weighted, emotionally significant, resplendent with the thick texture of feeling and history, the heavy presence of air around the characters. I was amazed yet again by the complex tableau of the wedding scene, with its adroit juggling of major and minor characters and its introduction of all the film's themes—loyalty, fanaticism, family in both the immediate and gangsterish sense, the exclusion of women, and the rest. The violence, when it comes (after much preparation), is vehement but not excessive, and the coda to some of the most shocking scenes is no more than a mocking smile. When John Marley wakes with the severed head of a Thoroughbred in his bed and screams—*"Ahh! Ahh!"*—we cut to Marlon Brando's Don Corleone raising an eyebrow in acknowledgment of the events as they are related to him by Robert Duvall's Tom Hagen. Underneath the gravity there is an almost impish sense of humor. This is one masterpiece that borders on comedy and tragedy at the same time. ■

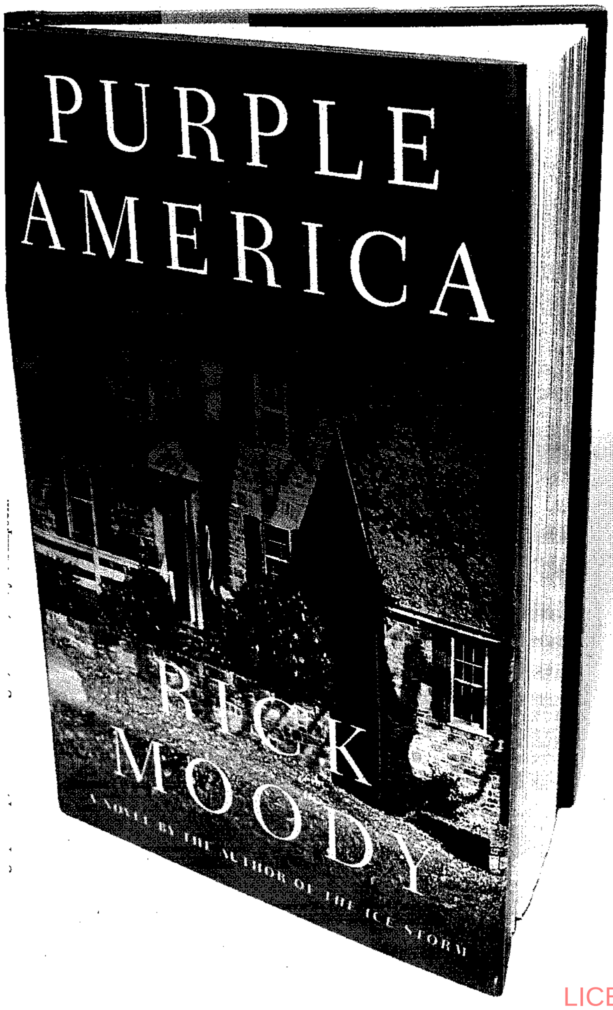
BOOKS LUC SANTE

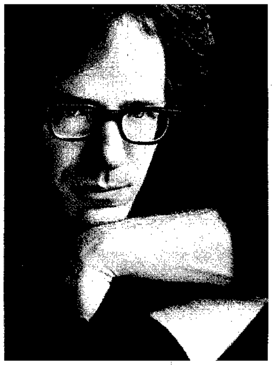
Disconnecticut

In Rick Moody's new novel, the decay of the American suburb is sad, funny, beautiful—and only slightly overladen with apocalyptic imagery.

Purple America
BY RICK MOODY
Little, Brown; 298 pages; $23.95

HEX RAITLIF WEARS A FUZZ OF HAIR ON HIS HEAD and, on his chin, heavy fifties eyeglasses, and a flea-market suit adjusted by a tailor. He is, of course, in his early forties, and has never quite gotten over the Mudd Club. Indeed, he's a party promoter if he's anything at all, which is an odd choice of profession for someone with a bad stutter (his first name is in fact Dexter; he's always had trouble with plosives and dentals), but then he has inherited enough that he doesn't need a job, and the activity perfectly dovetails with his hobby, which consists of drinking himself blind. The money was left him by his father, who collapsed and died as, Hex in tow, he was headed to a conference with the boy's Sunday-school teacher. Now Hex's mother, somewhere into her third decade of being eaten away by a degenerative neurological disease, is helpless and completely immobile in her big house in an eastern-Connecticut shore town. Her second husband, Lou, a chronic loser who is on the point of retiring from the nearby nuclear-power plant, has suddenly run off after twenty years of caring for her, unable to take it anymore.





The events in *Purple America*, Rick Moody's third novel and fourth book, take place over no more than twelve or fourteen hours. Hex has rented a car and rushed to his mother's side, summoned on the telephone by her computer's voice synthesizer. He loves his mother and means well, but he's deeply and permanently messed up, and, naturally, he chain-drinks his way through the crisis. The ingredients of a recipe for chaos are present from the start, but further complications keep occurring. In the course of the night, Hex encounters the girl he had an unrequited crush on in grade school, now at loose ends herself. His car has something badly wrong with it, and it seems to be getting worse. His mother's sole remaining pleasure is taking warm baths, even though baths are highly hazardous in her condition, but then again, she's just about made up her mind to die. Meanwhile, right in the middle of Lou's retirement party, from which he is planning to drive due north to some beauty spot where he doesn't know anybody, the nuclear-power plant goes on alert.

There is a real plot here, with intertwined lines of suspense. You couldn't call *Purple America* a thriller, exactly, but it delivers some of the genre's pleasures: Wherever you are along its course, you are observing people about to get into bad trouble, advancing blithely toward the brink, and you want to yell at them to watch out. You also find yourself worrying about the characters who are not on the scene at the given moment, fearing what they might be getting into while you don't have your eye on them. It goes without saying that you care deeply about the characters, despite their many flaws, perhaps because of them. Each wears his or her particular doom like a nameplate. It's a nail-biter, all right, in the form of a sad but goofy farce with several loaded guns onstage.

How Moody balances his comedy and his pathos is a wonder. Although the story is strong enough that it could probably survive a flat-footed treatment, in most hands it might come off sounding crass. Moody's singular achievement here is his prose. The voice is not the standard omniscient-narrative drone but more like a giant radio that tunes in bursts of dialogue and darts into the characters' heads for a phrase or a protracted outburst, all the while keeping up a continuous running commentary. It is a massive, unstoppable force, emitting paragraphs that can go on for pages, sen-

Updike's suburban characters are filled with yearning or anomie; Moody's are almost lost.

tences sometimes hundreds of words long, picking up brain waves from every passerby who hoves into range. And despite its omnivorousness, it has a pointed, controlling intelligence. The voice teases and insinuates even as it empathizes and understands:

"He's had these spells, in the beer-shellacked interiors of bars, howling, stuttering at strangers, spinning out hypotheses about the *thrust of metaphysics*, your early Christian Church, second to fourth centuries (in which the Valentinians are flayed), or about how *Reagan was the b-b-best g-g-g-goddamned p-p-p-p-president this c-c-country ever had*, green olive speared on the end of a martini saber, flecks of his spittle on the lapels of strangers, misting the faces of gin-blossomed barflies, wiping his mouth on his sleeve, pushing an empty back across the bar, one last important point, It's all about the Mormons. . . ."

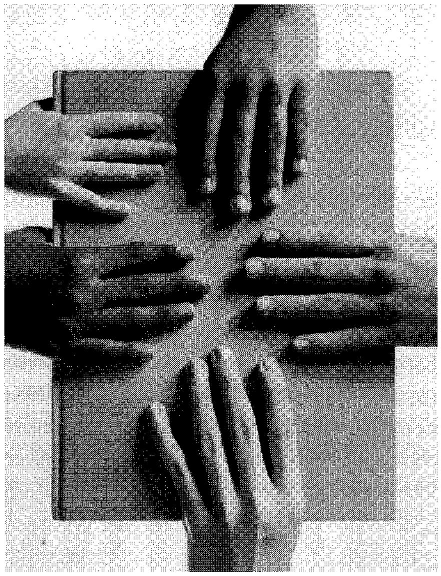
Those italics are extraordinarily versatile, transmitting direct and indirect quotes and highlighting stock verbal formulas with a discreetly cocked eyebrow. Simultaneously, they function as the prose's crash cymbal, setting up a peculiarly off-beat, hook-laden rhythm. You ride the book as much as read it.

Of course, *Purple America* has a theme of much greater compass than its nominal story. In conjunction with the jacket illustration of an anamorphically squeezed brick colonial, the title telegraphs the drift: the psychedelic twilight of the suburbs. Moody has already established squatter's rights to this concept. Despite the mighty accomplishments of Messrs. O'Hara, Cheever, Updike, Ford, et al., the suburbs have always occupied an equivocal position in American arts and letters. They long failed to seem authentic, certainly could not match swamp or slum or prairie for purposes of chiseled backdrop. They didn't even show up much in movies, even after *A Letter to Three Wives* (Joseph Mankiewicz, 1949) put them on the map. The suburbs were too shiny. Everyone was waiting for the cracks to become visible and the first whiffs of smoke to appear. Culture, especially in the USA, is always conducting postmortems, premature and otherwise; that's how you get your glimpse of the future.

Rick Moody may not be the first miner whose canary dropped dead, but he certainly has established himself as the preeminent young literary chronicler of suburbia's decay. As much as he owes a debt to Cheever, Updike, and company, he also shares a wavelength with a slew of punk bands, especially the Southern California variety, who, beginning circa 1977, could see the tract-house suburbs as ruins long before they had crumbled. Moody doffed his cap to them in his first novel, *Garden State* (1992), a minor but charming study of self-willed dead-end punks in a New Jersey of die-cut developments surrounded by charred husks of the industrial past. *The Ice Storm* (1994) made a big noise (and will soon appear as a major motion picture), even though its metaphors threatened to bust their britches. As if Hawthorne's Ambitious Guest had taken refuge in Peyton Place, the tabloid headlines could read: DISASTER BARES BOURGEOIS ANOMIE, RIPS SOULLESS PLEASURE-SEEKING. The book wasn't bad, just overreaching and a bit blatant, and awash in seventies memorabilia of the K-Tel sort, the secondhand pop culture that displaces the real thing in retrospect.

Purple America represents a giant step forward for Moody, both in its formal daring and accomplishment and in its complexity of emotion. The characters make up an expressive range of richly endowed but imprisoned personalities. Hex seems familiar from the downtown bestiary only at first glance: He's a one-man riot of cross purposes. His inamorata, Jane Ingersoll, is a hard-boiled, self-sufficient, seen-it-all young woman with green hair who aggressively guards a soft heart (she is directly descended from *Garden State*'s Alice Smail; Moody has a flair for realistically seductive tough cookies). Stepfather Lou is a failure as a cynic, as a pawn, as a villain, because he can't quite succeed in killing his better instincts. The most imposing creation is Billie, the mother, a grande dame locked inside an 80-pound sack of bones, with intelligence and imagination intact.

So does this compelling story, with its flamboyant style and its affecting characters, function as an effective temperature readout of America's quarter-acre subconscious? Well, kinda. The title is a bit much—it sounds as if it could hang on a greatest-hits package covering the Glyph's middle period. And then there's all that effluvium *ripped from tomorrow's news*, the impending nuclear crisis in particular. We've encountered this trope before, and however it is deployed, it always appears as the literary equivalent of the mushroom cloud that loomed in your junior-high collages. You can argue that nuclear threat is a legitimate and uncontrived feature of the southern-Connecticut landscape, where reactors sit alongside Electric Boat and 10,000 fried-grease franchises. Even so, it's possible for an image to be too apposite, especially if it comes already shopworn. And while it is perfectly understandable that a young novelist of talent and ambition would want it known that his latest is no mere 300-page anecdote but an assault on the world-historical, Moody hardly needs to haul out the purple apocalypse. His small-scale inventions are already big enough to echo after the cover is closed. ▬



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Hit and *Miz*

A refurbished 'Les Misérables,' now in its tenth year, is a triumph of style over substance; 'How I Learned to Drive' is a sympathetic portrait of child molestation.

Primal scream: Fuschia Walker and Nick Wyman in *Les Misérables.*

Les Misérables SHOWS WHAT A FIRST-RATE production can do for a second-rate show. Having incurred a decade's decay, it has now been spiffed up by the producer, Cameron Mackintosh, and the co-directors, Trevor Nunn and John Caird, who fired half the cast and reshuffled most of the others, refurbished the costumes, made some slight revisions, and brought the old bombast back up to snuff.

Of course, the venerable Victor Hugo provided a rousing and heart-clutching tale that can survive even the ministrations of the musical's co-authors, Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schönberg, and translating lyricist, Herbert Kretzmer. The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean, who keeps giving him the slip; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! And then the barricades, and all those fine people rising up against tyranny; and Eponine, sunk low, but noble in her unrequited love for Marius, the youth who meets Cosette and the two instantly fall in love! And little Gavroche, the plucky kid who gets plugged for the Revolution; and the selflessly loving Eponine, who also gets killed; and all those brave students on the barricades, led by the doughty Enjolras, all killed; and . . .

Just dryly synopsizing the plot will bring tears to the iciest eyes. Who but Hugo could have dreamed up the wonderfully mad idea that Valjean, releasing the fanatical Javert delivered into his hands, would by his magnanimity drive the cop to suicide? It is superior hokum, and pretty fair musical comedy that can withstand even such scurvy lyrics as (I quote at random) Javert's farewell: "As I stare into the void / Of a world that cannot hold, / I'll escape now from the world, / From the world of Jean Valjean. / There is nowhere I can go, / There is no way to go on."

And what is Schönberg's music like? Not quite up to *Moses and Aaron,* I fear, but perhaps no worse than *Miss Saigon.* The comic or rousing numbers are good, but the ballads of yearning or love are, well, miserable; still, the show derives cachet from being through-composed. It is the superb designers, though, John Napier (sets) and David Hersey (lights), who came up with the winning ideas.

First, that the background should mostly be bathed in black. Much of the show is played out against a backdrop of night, only rarely spangled with starlight or relieved by sporadically lit windows. Thus individual scenes, ingeniously spotlighted, detach themselves from the Stygian background as shimmering sculptures of light. This marmoreal yet mobile spectacle is further enhanced by the second stroke of genius, the Constructivist set. Two facing structures, made of piled-up wooden and metallic urban detritus, tower into monumental erections à la Tatlin, Pevsner, or the like. As they change into different configurations on a revolve, a jagged, brutal world comes to menacing life. And when, for more intimate scenes, a mere gate and trellis, say, take over, the sense of spatial liberation is equally tremendous.

The main roles are—mainly—well cast. Robert Marien is not the overwhelming Valjean Colm Wilkinson was. Instead, he grows on us: an ordinary fellow whose evolving humanity attains the sublime. Of modest stature but great intensity, Marien acts well, and sings with steadily mounting prowess. By the time he intones his big aria, "Bring Him Home," he brings down the house with mesmerizing head voice and masterly tonal shading. This man's musicianship truly acts. As the lone major holdover, Christopher Innvar is a riveting Javert, making implacable righteousness rightly repellent, but also conveying the pain of Old Testament morality unraveling before the onslaught of Christian charity.

Sarah Uriarte Berry is a delightful, touching, and irresistibly sung Eponine, and Stephen R. Buntrock's Enjolras is vocally, visually, and histrionically command-

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ing. Peter Lockyer's well-sung Marius may be a bit too mousy, and Juliet Lambert's Fantine a trifle too subdued. Evan Jay Newman (Gavroche) and the other children are solid, and Nick Wyman, though incongruously British-accented, is a drolly rascally Thénardier. But there are two hitches. Christeena Michelle Riggs is a brittle-voiced, simpering, prissy Cosette, and the Mme. Thénardier of Fuschia Walker stands out much less because of her anachronistic race than because of her hamminess, humorlessness, lack of period sense, and amateurish self-indulgence.

PAULA VOGEL'S **How I Learned to Drive** benefits from an original slant: child molestation as an act of consenting partners, with the child as a willing participant. Miss Vogel acknowledges her debt to Nabokov's *Lolita*. She has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. When did U.P.'s pursuit begin? Was it the only one of its kind? What were L.B.'s reactions? How did they change over the years? Was the thing even consummated? How did it affect L.B.'s later life? What was the rest of the girl's family—Mom, Grandma, Grandpa—like?

The play takes all this up in circuitous, nonconsecutive, jigsaw-puzzle fashion, no doubt reflecting the nonlinear workings of the freewheeling memory. Or is this time-tripping with much gear-shifting from reverse to forward and back a mere trick to create suspense, where interest should focus on analysis instead? Is it legitimate to treat the rest of the family as caricatures? Is it fair to introduce a casual sequence of U.P. teaching a male nephew (unseen) how to fish just to raise further troubling, unanswered questions? Does an ancillary episode involving the adult L.B. with a high-school student mean that because of all this, she, too . . . ? The head spins.

A play has every right not to answer the questions it raises—most works of art don't. But just how many unknowns is an equation entitled to? At which point does writing become algebra? Thus Miss Vogel uses the topography and chronology of her own life for L.B.'s story; is this done merely to anchor fiction more firmly in reality, or are we nudged into speculating about her self-proclaimed lesbianism, even if we accept her asseveration that this is not autobiography?

In any case, Mark Brokaw has directed inventively in Narelle Sissons's rather too schematic set. The supporting trio—Michael Showalter, Johanna Day, and Kerry O'Malley—does all anyone can, and the two leads excel. David Morse is an utterly disarming U.P.: cunning pedophile and self-deluded good old boy in warmhearted blend; Mary-Louise Parker dons several ages from 11 to 35 with the skill of a quick-change artist and remains physically and emotionally truthful. Whatever its shortcomings, the play sticks more in your gut than in your craw.

DISMISSIBLE IS THE WORD FOR BRUCE GRAham's **Minor Demons.** Though the author can write perky, sometimes even trenchant, dialogue, his plot and characters—a clichéd defense lawyer caught between duty to a criminal and loyalty to a friend, the discrepancy between law and justice—are old-hat enough to bedizen the head of a baggy-pants comic. The cast, especially the leads—Reed Birney, Amelia Marshall, Charlie Hofheimer, and Steve Ryan—is compelling. Richard Harden's staging, unlike Patrick Mann's drab décor, is workmanlike; and the neatly furbished new Century Theatre is most welcome. But the play's the thing for TV only. These demons are so minor that they rate no mention even in the most extensive demonology.

Names IS THE STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED TO the Group Theatre alumni after the House Un-American Activities Committee turned on the heat. Mark Kemble, the author-director, imagines a gathering at the Algonquin where John Garfield, Harold Clurman, Clifford Odets, Luther Adler, Stella Adler, and Elia Kazan come together to plan their defense strategy. I knew Clurman well, and three of the others slightly: Neither inwardly nor outwardly were they much like the characters presented here.

Thus Stella Adler was in real life a regally tall, dignified woman who spoke with exemplary pronunciation, not the short, mindless, histrionic, heavily German-accented pip-squeak the insufferable Tovah Feldshuh turns her into. Lee Strasberg may have been fatuous and pretentious, but he wasn't the little nebbish Lee Wilkof reduces him to. I walked out before Act Two, so I can't tell you how Kemble travesties him, but Elia Kazan was certainly more interesting-looking than the clothing-store dummy (Paul Lieber) that shows up at the end of Act One. As for Harold Clurman, played as a fat vulgarian by Robert Ari, he was a highly cultured person who certainly never would have said "laying in the gutter."

Both as writer and as director, Mark Kemble is a washout. And as if that were not enough, the sight lines at the American Jewish Theatre are appalling, so you have to crane your neck to see the wretched fare usually on offer there. ■

MARK STEVENS

The Ends of Art

What might Willem de Kooning, who helped transform American art, have made of the Whitney Biennial?

NEWS OF WILLEM DE KOONING'S DEATH CAME AS the art world gathered to celebrate, attack, or yawn over the current **Biennial** at the Whitney Museum of American Art. His death hardly troubled the opening; New Yorkers wear black to party, not mourn. For many, however, it was particularly poignant. De Kooning was the last of a generation—which included Jackson Pollock, David Smith, and Mark Rothko—that transformed American art 50 years ago. His life spanned the twentieth century. He created important, ravishing paintings for more than four decades.

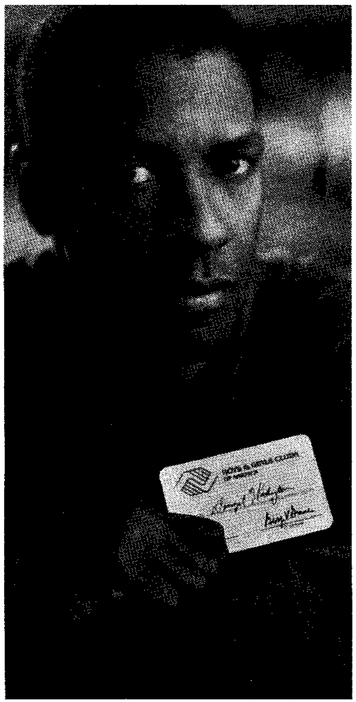
De Kooning also embodied certain values that are in eclipse today, which makes his death during the opening of the Whitney Biennial an unexpected commentary on the contemporary scene. A believer in paradox and ambiguity (he called himself a "slipping glimpser" and said, "You have to change to stay the same"), de Kooning did not like to close any doors. He knew that art must constantly remake itself; he could even admire Marcel Duchamp, a presiding spirit of our time, calling him a "one-man movement." But he would nonetheless, I think, have considered himself a stranger at the Whitney Biennial.

This seems the right moment to suggest why. Not just to honor the memory of the man—de Kooning was never a big fan of the fancy eulogy or the sermon from the pulpit—but because the dead are often prescient critics of the living. De Kooning would have asked of this Biennial, first of all, "Where are the painters?" When he emigrated to America in the twenties, he was steeped in the practice of European painting, having received a rigorous schooling in art. He fought against a reliance on mere facility and training, but he never wanted to escape from the great *tradition* of painting. He gloried in its craft, difficulty, and boundless possibilities.

In this Biennial, which was organized by Lisa Phillips and Louise Neri, there are few painters. And they do not place anything like the stress on the art of painting that de Kooning did. Painting itself does not seem essential to their work. It does not absorb them; it does not become their world. Instead, painting is an incidental means (almost like any other) of message-making about irony and, often, social exploitation. Actually, there is more serious painting going on today than the Whitney realizes, but there is no question that the ideas generated by Duchamp and Andy Warhol are ascendant and have marginalized the practice of painting as great artists in the Western tradition heretofore understood it.

De Kooning would surely recoil, instinctively, from the bland elegance of this Biennial. He grew up poor and did not despise success. But he always distrusted moneyed fashion and "uptown" swank: He required a certain grit. With very few exceptions, this Biennial is even more polite and polished than the last one. The usual Biennial elements are in place. There is noise from TVs and videos—but not too loud. There is art made of edible materials, including bubblegum; a recent Biennial

Those lips, those eyes: From the Whitney Biennial, Richard Phillips's *Alien.*


Denzel Washington

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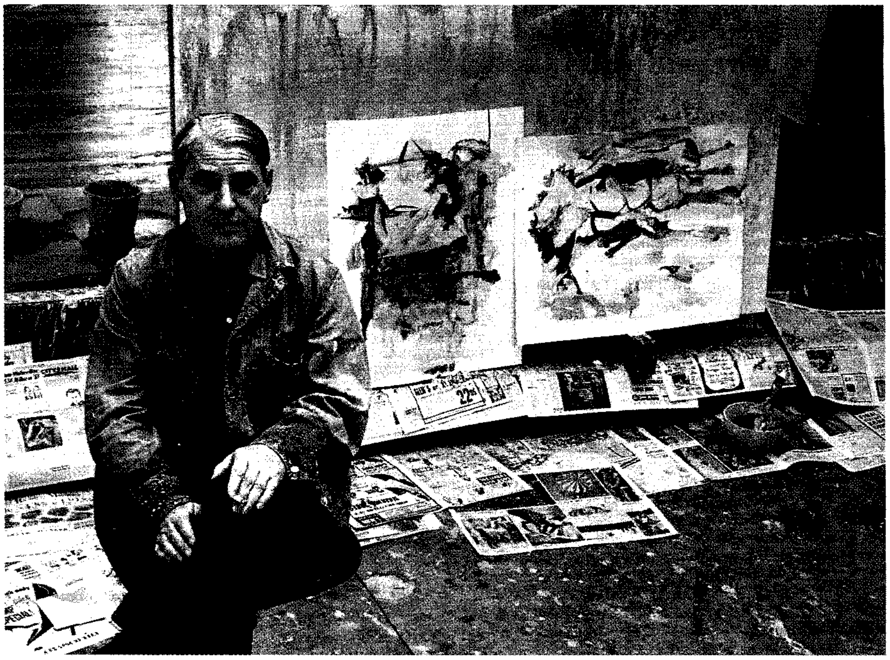
featured gnawed chocolate. There are big conversation pieces, such as Glen Seator's upended room-within-a-room; last time, people clucked over an oil-smeared Cadillac and floating mattresses that looked like a Tiepolo.

There is politics, too—but not too shrill. Even the scabrous Sue Williams, who once exhibited some *faux* vomit at a Biennial, behaves herself. Her paintings, a highlight of the show, owe much to both Pollock and de Kooning. (She is becoming a slipping glimpser.) The "talked about" and "discovered" artists also make decorous work. The one-of-a-kind photographs of Aaron Rose, hung in the same space as the lovely inkblots of Bruce Conner, are strongly composed and handsome. But precious too. John Schabel's mysterious shots of passengers glimpsed through a window are softly seductive.

If de Kooning disliked the elegance that often gathers around art, he also shied away from the safe and comfortable. He never rested with what brought him success. He could have made a great blue-chip career of his "black and white" style of the forties, for example, but he threw that away in favor of one of the greatest assaults on conventional taste in the history of American art—his "Women" paintings of the early fifties. By contrast, this Biennial is rife with safe curatorial decisions and art that has already been widely certified. Bruce Nauman, Richard Prince, Francesco Clemente, Edward Ruscha, Lari Pittman, Ilya Kabakov, David Hammons, Felix Gonzalez-Torres, and Louise Bourgeois have been extensively shown in New York, often in museums and well-known galleries. Showing them here amounts to a form of gossipy celebrity journalism.

Even the nastiest piece in the show, Paul McCarthy's scatological video *Santa Claus,* is so reminiscent of Nauman's widely and recently exhibited *Clown Torture* that it has little power as art—whatever its showy effects or impact upon the public. No doubt the organizers could have made fresher, more surprising selections, but their show as it stands is highly revealing all the same of the tenor of art today. Postmodernism is now a conventional, easy, and widely available style, if not among the public, then among artists and those who pay close attention—those who really make art. Elegance in art is often a sign of exhaustion. So is its obverse, the mannered desire to shock found in works like *Santa Claus* or in the forced sexual high jinks now commonly presented in galleries. Spit and polish go together.

De Kooning's late paintings now being shown at the Museum of Modern Art provide a haunting counterpoint to the Biennial—haunting because the show seems both promising and discouraging for the prospects for art. Until the last two rooms, de Kooning continues to make extraordinary pictures. Even the most beautiful of them are infused with an elegiac afterlight, however, evocative not only of one artist's waning years but of the slow fade of modern painting itself. Yet de Kooning's extraordinary energy, his ability to rediscover himself again and again under difficult circumstances, should encourage all artists. In a talk he gave in 1949 called "A Desperate View," de Kooning said, with his characteristic love of wry paradox, "An artist is forced by others to paint out of his own free will. If you take the attitude that it is not possible to do something, you have to prove it by doing it." ■


Willem de Kooning (1904–1997) at his New York studio in 1962.

Photograph by Fred W. McDarrah.

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Exercise in Austerity

The Met's production of 'Eugene Onegin' takes risks that play surprisingly well. If only the singers' performances lived up to Robert Carsen's inventive direction.

Vladimir Chernov as an impassive Onegin; below, Neil Shicoff as Lenski.

INTERMISSION DISPUTES WERE HEATED AT THE METROpolitan Opera's new **Eugene Onegin** production, with the boos and bravos just about evenly divided at the end—an inevitable, and refreshing, flurry of controversy as the Met continues to reconsider its conservative image and gingerly experiments with a diversity of production styles. Even those familiar with the work of Canadian-born director Robert Carsen, a ubiquitous presence on the European opera scene only now making his Met debut, could hardly guess how he would treat *Onegin.* One reads about a Carsenized *Otello* in Cologne featuring the Moor as a white man, Puccini's *Girl of the Golden West* in Ghent made to look like a silent-movie oater starring Joan Crawford, and Britten's *Midsummer Night's Dream* in London staged on a gigantic queen-size bed with green sheets. "I do wish Carsen would start directing operas instead of merely decorating their peripheries," one exasperated British critic recently grumbled.

Working with two favorite teammates (set and costume designer Michael Levine and lighting designer Jean Kalman), Carsen could scarcely be accused of excessive exterior decoration in this austere presentation of Tchaikovsky's "lyric scenes," as the composer preferred to call his adaptation of Pushkin's famous poem. In fact, there's not much around the edges to inspect at all, and many probably felt cheated at not seeing so much as a chandelier at the fancy ball at the Gremin Palace in St. Petersburg, or even a shrub in the garden at Madame Larina's country estate. The whole opera, according to the Carsen-Levine vision of it, takes place within the confines of three bare walls—a large box containing little more than the costumed characters and a few pieces of furniture, all strictly in period style.

Quite a lot happens onstage of course, and those sensitive to music as it relates to action and character in opera probably had even stronger objections than Met regulars who like to applaud scenery. Carsen's most controversial stroke was to join Acts Two and Three without a pause, beginning the festive polonaise even as Onegin stares down at the corpse of his friend Lenski, whom he has just shot in a duel. Then, instead of elegant couples dancing at Prince Gremin's, we watch an impassive Onegin being groomed by valets and setting off on his purposeless life as a bored social lion until fate brings him to the ball, where he remeets and falls hopelessly in love with the now-married Tatiana. With this invention, some insist, Carsen arrogantly hurls himself between us and the opera Tchaikovsky wrote. Perhaps, but I found the device a dramatically effective gloss that tells us something relevant about Onegin while accurately mirroring the feverishly hectic dance music, even if the composer did have something more conventional in mind at this point.

The production's daredevil sense of economy worked even more impressively earlier, in Tatiana's bedroom as the girl writes her secret love letter to Onegin—the opera's key lyrical scene and the incident in Pushkin that originally fired Tchaikovsky's imagination. Here the all-purpose "box" becomes a cloudless night sky with a fingernail moon looking down on a solitary brass bed, night table, and candlelit writing desk, all surrounded by a carpet of autumn leaves through which Tatiana dreamily wanders as she becomes increasingly gripped by her adolescent passion. It's a breathtakingly romantic scene, gorgeously lit by Kalman, and a gift to a soprano who could seize the moment, project Tatiana's heartache, and sing this piercingly beautiful music with radiance.

That is precisely what Galina Gorchakova cannot do, and her colleagues aren't much better. If the Met's new *Onegin* fails to convince, the fault lies more with weak singing and musical direction than with outrageous directorial offenses. I admit that the cast is disadvantaged by the set to the extent that it tends to draw voices up into the flies rather than direct them straight out into the

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

auditorium. Still, that could not entirely explain or excuse Gorchakova's cloudy tone, inexpressive phrasing, and frumpish acting. Vladimir Chernov makes many beautiful vocal points as Onegin, but his elegant baritone has always sounded undersized in this house, no matter what the production. As Lenski, the Met's prodigal-son tenor, Neil Shicoff, returns after seven years' enforced absence in Europe, his voice a trifle thicker but his art no deeper than when he left. Vladimir Ognovenko clothes Gremin's lovely aria in a small, raspy bass with a nonexistent low register.

There are telling cameos by Michel Sénéchal as the fussy French tutor Triquet; Marianna Tarassova as a flighty Olga; and, as Tatiana's motherly nurse, Irina Arkhipova, the Bolshoi's great leading mezzo-soprano of yesteryear, now over 70 and making a belated Met debut. Antonio Pappano has conducted several fine opera recordings lately, but his Met bow was a sore disappointment. Not only did he fail to find much color or lyricism in the score, but he also never succeeded in establishing smooth rapport between stage and orchestra pit. There's more to this new *Eugene Onegin* than the present musical team can show us, and perhaps its qualities will come more clearly into view when the production can be revived with a truly distinctive cast and conductor.

LIKE SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS, HANDEL'S operas are endlessly varied, and mostly masterpieces. And, since we've only just begun to rediscover these works, the approach to them remains fresh, with no cast-in-stone performance traditions or nostalgic memories from old-timers to intimidate today's singers or directors. No wonder Handel operas now turn up in such quantity, and, more often than not, in performances of quality. The latest to arrive in town is **Amadigi di Gaula,** a production by Ireland's Opera Theatre Company that enjoyed a week's run at the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Majestic Theater.

First performed in 1715, *Amadigi* comes early in the composer's canon, his eighth surviving opera, one designed to duplicate the spectacular magical effects that had helped make his *Rinaldo* such a smash hit in London four years earlier. As usual, though, Handel was interested less in stage machinery than in the emotional life of his main characters: Melissa, an enchantress in love with Amadigi, "a famous hero" who competes with Prince Dardano for the love of Oriana, daughter of the King of the Fortunate Isles. The Opera Theatre's production by designer Neil Irish and director James Conway also squarely focused on this messy love rectangle, leaving Melissa's elaborate sorcery more or less to the imagination (the OTC is, after all, a small touring company).

Circle games: A scene from the City Opera's awkwardly staged *Carmina Burana*.

Still, turning the opera into a Baroque screwball comedy may be stretching even Handel's flexible dramaturgy too far. Perhaps it's a hoot to see the bespectacled Melissa as a sexually frustrated harridan at her knitting and later getting all fouled up in her magical apparatus; but, as Handel's music tells us, she is also a deeply feeling, desperate woman in love, whose arias run the gamut from tenderness to violent rage before she finally commits suicide. By sending her up, along with all the formal conventions of opera seria, the director seriously misrepresents the piece.

Yet *Amadigi* survived and even occasionally thrived, thanks mainly to the cast's superior singing and the spirited orchestral playing of the London Baroque Sinfonia conducted by Séamus Crimmins. Few composers created a more diverse gallery of fascinating operatic women than Handel, and he explored the emotional predicaments of Oriana and Melissa in one glorious aria after another. Sopranos Anne O'Byrne and Majella Cullagh relished every note, and, when not being asked to act too silly, they managed to suggest the characters' deeper sensibilities. In the travesti role of Dardano, Buddug Verona James put her lovely burnt-amber mezzo to the best uses, and countertenor Jonathan Peter Kenny as Amadigi sang with exquisite purity, nearly convincing us that Handel was almost as interested in his cardboard warrior heroes as in his sorely beset heroines.

OPERATIC DOUBLE BILLS SELDOM SEEM TO work, and the City Opera's pairing of Weill-Brecht's **The Seven Deadly Sins** with Carl Orff's **Carmina Burana** has turned out unhappier than most. For starters, the two works sit uncomfortably together. Yes, both were written around the same time (the mid-thirties) by German composers inevitably stressed by the times, but trying to forge heavy social-political-aesthetic links between them is futile. Stopping off briefly in France on his way to America when he wrote this "sung ballet," Weill never fused his classical and vernacular styles more cunningly than he did here, but Brecht's dated "Commie" text, as usual obsessed with reeling off American cities, adds up to zero. Orff's galumphing "scenic cantata" based on erotic Latin poems by medieval German monks has been grandly labeled everything from mystery play and cosmological music drama to "Nazi" music and a precursor of minimalism. None of that, *Carmina Burana* is mostly an innocent, if trashy, jeu d'esprit that sounds increasingly empty and irritating the more one hears it.

The City Opera production wisely made no attempt to suggest that these "sinful" works might actually enjoy some kind of illicit relationship. Between them, director Anne Bogart and set designer John Conklin conjure up a carnival atmosphere for the Weill-Brecht piece that at least looks lively. A stage creature if there ever was one, Lauren Flanigan sings Anna I as if the role really means something to her, and Ellen Lauren poses prettily as her dancing alter ego, Anna II. The Orff, I'm afraid, is a disaster. The curtain rises on the illuminated faces of leering monks seated in bleachers, and as they sing a chorus about the capricious nature of luck, a singer-dancer enters and, so help me, flips a coin. After that inspired stroke, director-choreographer Donald Byrd treats us to one embarrassing scene after another, mostly involving gays, transvestites, and drug addicts, all of it pretentious and witless. Even the stagehands who awkwardly wander onstage from time to time to move benches look chagrined. The City Opera should throw this unfortunate double bill on the trash heap right away and move on. ■

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

The Company They Kept

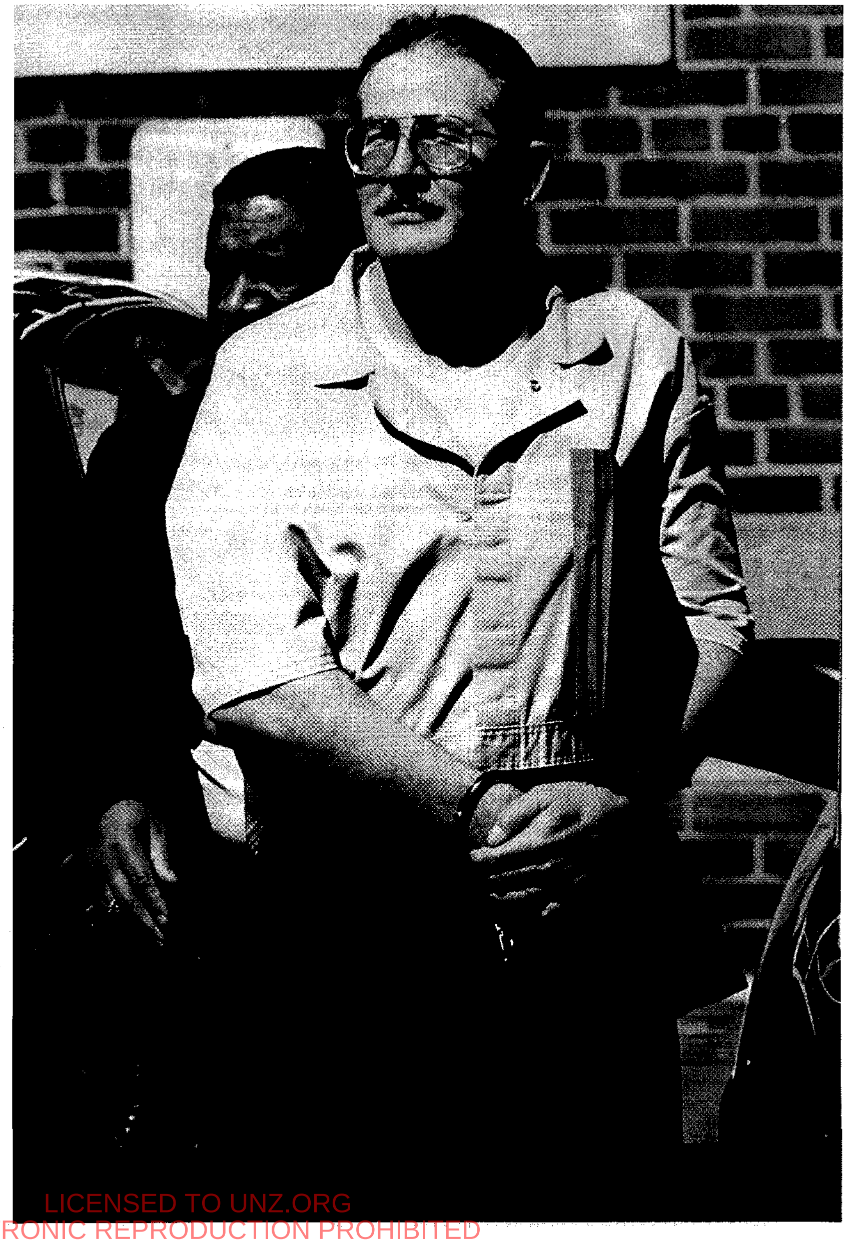
From Castro's beard to college campuses, 'America's Secret Warriors' spent decades training in the art of getting into everyone's hair.

So I am watching William Colby, on camera, on television, disagree with Richard Helms about how intelligence agencies are supposed to behave, both in the field and in front of oversight committees. This is midway through **CIA: America's Secret Warriors** (Monday, March 31; Tuesday and Wednesday, April 1 and 2; 10 to 11 P.M.; Discovery), a gimlet-eyed mini-series on the song and dance of shadowy Whiffenpoofs from "Wild Bill" Donovan to Aldrich Ames. And Colby, agency director from 1973 to 1976, is sounding reasonable. It was he who told Congress in the wake of Watergate that the CIA for years had tapped the phones, opened the mail, and spied on tens of thousands of Americans, all the while plotting to assassinate foreign leaders and performing LSD mind-control experiments on human guinea pigs. For giving away these "family jewels," Colby was reviled by colleagues like Helms, so proud of himself as *The Man Who Kept the Secrets.* James Angleton, the paranoid counterspy who gets his own half-hour here and who terrorized Langley for decades until his forced retirement in 1974, even suspected Colby of being that much-sought "mole" in the very cerebellum of Spook Central. And in recent years Colby had campaigned for a 50 percent cut in the Pentagon budget, the money saved to be spent on domestic social programs.

But a month after talking to the producers of *America's Secret Warriors,* Colby was dead. He vanished last spring from his summer house in Maryland. In his kitchen they found wine in a glass, clams in the sink, a loud radio, and a warm computer. On the banks of a Potomac tributary, they found an abandoned canoe. Everyone agrees Colby was an expert seaman and a fine swimmer, and had been cracking jokes the night before he disappeared. After his body washed up, almost everyone also agreed to blame the high winds and choppy waves of a sudden squall. The exceptions are those of us as paranoid as Angleton, only in reverse. Why let Hate Radio have all the fun?

With consultants like Tom Powers, the unauthorized biographer of Helms, *America's Secret Warriors* is no kinder to its subject than Bill Moyers was in *High Crimes and Misdemeanors* on PBS. But even entertainment television, at least since *Miami Vice* and including *The Equalizer,* has had its gaudy doubts about spooks. G. Gordon Liddy, Howard Hunt, Sam Giancana, Ollie North, and the Golden Triangle will do that to purveyors of popular culture, as well as to elite novelists like Don DeLillo and Joan Didion. How much of an *X-Files* stretch is it really—after the notorious ESP, UFO, and astrology experiments, not to mention the "theme analysis" of the table of contents of *Ramparts* magazine—to imagine the Langley campus as a hieratic monument like Stonehenge, Machu Picchu, or the Temple of Luxor, configuring esoteric knowledge of chakras, dualities, and ductless glands? Or to think of Angleton as Anubis, the dog-headed god in the Egyptian Book of the Dead?

Part One, "Brotherhood," is a historical overview, from Ivy League Eagle Scout recruitment for the OSS during World War II to how Allen Dulles learned to



Double-dealer: Aldrich Ames traded secrets for Jaguars, Jacuzzis, and a condo in Cartagena.

Photograph by Reuters/Win McNamee/Archive Photos.

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love the Cold War to the 1989 Velvet Revolutions and the crumbling of the Berlin Wall. Along the way, we hear about Iran (deposing Mossadegh for Anglo-American oil), Guatemala (deposing Arbenz for United Fruit), the Bay of Pigs (infuriating JFK), Laos (where Agency coddling of drug lords and trafficking in poppy seeds established a precedent), Vietnam (where the Phoenix "pacification" program sanctioned torture, assassination, and severed ears), Chile (deposing Allende for Dr. Kissinger), Nicaragua (mining harbors and funding contras), and Afghanistan (Stingers for those Mujahadeen who later brought us the World Trade Center bombing).

Omitted here are civil war in Greece, Farouk in Egypt, Huks in the Philippines, Sukarno in Indonesia, and the Kurds—not to mention the suborning of labor leaders, college professors, journalists, a National Student Association, and *Encounter* magazine.

Part Two, "Betrayal," spends a lot of time with the counterintelligent Angleton, who as a Yale undergraduate edited the modernist literary magazine *Furioso* and was equally enthusiastic about Ezra Pound and Benito Mussolini. At Langley he was known variously as Mother, Orchid, Poet, Gray Ghost, and Fisherman; so traumatized was he by the treason of his buddy Kim Philby that Angleton saw "doubles," "moles," "screens," "deep covers," and disinformation wherever he looked in a "wilderness of mirrors." His baroque suspicions—if he could imagine it, they must be doing it—ruined the career of any agent whose actions vaguely resembled the tale-spinnings of his pet KGB defector. *America's Secret Warriors* seems to be saying that Aldrich Ames (who started selling out his country a decade after Angleton got the boot) only escaped detection for so long because an agency already demoralized by Angleton's paranoia was also distracted by Congressional investigations into its dirty tricks.

Ames himself gets a surprising amount of face time on camera, grinning as if pleasantly mystified by his own corrupt behaviors, e.g., the Cartagena condo, the Swiss bank account, the Jaguar and Jacuzzi, the shopping of Soviet section agents.

Of course, some of us still believe that Ames's wife, Maria del Rosario Casas Dupuy, deserves a closer look: Her cousin is rumored to have had Medellín-drug-cartel connections; her mother had a reputation in Bogotá bohemian circles for bringing home hard-luck salsa musicians; and Maria herself, like a DeLillo character, taught literary theory at the University of the Andes.

Part Three, "Blowback," is exceedingly gloomy about the "unintended consequences" and "boomerang" effect of clandestine agency actions.

Deposing Mossadegh and installing the Shah of Iran on his Peacock Throne led to an Ayatollah and a hostage crisis. Backing Saddam against these Iranians led to an invasion of Kuwait and a Gulf War. We seemed to have trained the Mujahadeen, after they got rid of the Russians, to terrorize the West as well as to harvest opium. Terrorism, drugs, and the CIA are all fingers on the same hand in the same black glove in Afghanistan, Southeast Asia, and Latin America. Is it any wonder that South Central L.A. is suspicious of a CIA plot to finance the contras by selling cocaine in the ghetto?

No one program, not even a mini-series in which all these cowboys look like advertising account executives, can do everything. Even the Agency critics concentrate in *America's Secret Warriors* only on "operations"—the sexy, secret stuff.

But I would have liked to see, besides such dirty tricks, some analysis of the "intelligence" they gathered or, more to the point, failed to.

How is it that they were so busy trying to waste Castro with hypodermic needles in his scuba suit, botulins in his cigars, thallium salts to make his beard fall off, and, of course, the Mafia, that they were somehow always surprised—by North Korea's invading the South; by a British-French-Israeli invasion of the Sinai and Suez; by the launching of Sputnik, the Yom Kippur war, the Iranian revolution, and the collapse not only of the Soviet economy but also of the nonprofit police states of Eastern Europe? And why give short shrift to Watergate?

Still, there's plenty to dream on. Like this: You will have noticed that spooking began at Yale with Nathan Hale, and secret societies like Skull and Bones, and literary magazines like Angleton's *Furioso*. You'll also have noticed that New Haven is our capital of postmodern Lit Crit, of Nabokovian Zemblas and Paul de Manly "linguistic predicaments" and the furious unstitching by Secret Sharers and Underground Men of every magic carpet for its subtextual figures, ulterior patterns, and "palimpsests of traces."

No wonder that in the pages of Didion, DeLillo, and Robert Stone, almost everybody is a secret agent. All narratives are false-bottomed, all identities are counterfeit, and all discourse is coded. Like criticism, the practice of spying requires no object of study beyond itself: To spook is to deconstruct—without, of course, *jouissance*.

Agnostics about reality itself, we all of us live in a pomo novel, if not by Norman Mailer, whose *Harlot's Ghost* is haunted by counterspy Angleton, then by Eco the Italian semiotician: Indiana Umberto and the Templars of Doom. ■

Eli Dearest

Eli Zabar's new East Side eatery shows the old tyrant's a changed man; Scully on Spring preserves a bit of neighborhood ambience in SoHo.

BOY, AM I NOT COMFORTABLE. I ENTER **Across the Street** (444 East 91st Street; 722-4000) with a going-to-the-dentist kind of resignation. And though the room immediately proclaims a stoic New England homeyness—as if Sarabeth's Kitchen had been taken over by Unitarians—I know whose place this is, so I ain't buying the wainscoting.

I admit it. I have scars. When Eli Zabar's first East Side emporium was around the corner from me at 72nd Street and Madison Avenue, he'd berate the staff so regularly, new customers would flinch when he reached over to bag their bread. Not surprisingly, I've always found his next stand, E.A.T., as inviting as a DAR meeting; where a self-congratulatory and unduly grateful clientele are thrilled to pay Tickle Me Elmo prices for egg salad. Why shouldn't this be more of the same?

"People change, you know," says my kind lady dinner partner, an E.A.T. regular. "And Eli has. A lot. New wife. New baby. Peace with his brothers. He's happier. You'll see." I reply that my apprehension would not be resolved by the man's becoming my new best friend.

But there is Eli (no one calls him Zabar), quietly having dinner and gently teasing the waitress. And there he is the next day, patrolling his sprawling food emporium, the **Vinegar Factory** (431 East 91st Street; 987-0885); his former Javert-like stalk replaced by a moderate gait and a helping hand to a young staffer balancing a shaky tower of containered chicken-and-rice soup (which, like most of the soups and prepared foods sold there, happens to be really good and reasonably priced. Grab a tub of butternut-squash soup). And on the weekend, when VF serves an inviting brunch in an airy space upstairs, there is Eli again, picking up scraps of paper off the floor, getting out of everyone's way. Should every food person in New York have a baby?

Still, I hate being wrong. What New Yorker doesn't? So he's changed. Yeah, well, he's not cooking at Across the Street. Seen Lippert is, some young woman who used to work with the gurina herself, Alice Waters. What an epicene choice, I think snidely.

And did I fight nobly, just like Dennis Quaid in *Dragonheart*, to maintain skepticism! The menu is limited and changes daily, and I was gleefully tweaked when the wild-mushroom-and-farro soup that the waitress recommended spooned up thin, all its smoky flavor still locked in the fungi. Okay, so the smoked trout was wonderfully sweet and nicely complemented by its cradle of endive, but it's not like anyone had to slave over a stove for it.

The strozzapreti, also a recommendation, was another matter, though: a dense shard of semolina, carrying a coarse, vibrant mix of walnuts, herbs, and ricotta. As inelegant as it is powerful, it's not the kind of pasta dish you usually find in Manhattan. The cockles were also uncommon—bright and chewy, deliberately briny, in a thin but tasty tomato sauce.

Clearly, my taste buds were getting the best of my hostility. A highly overcooked scaloppine briefly gave me strength, but the replacement brought out by the waiter was unimpeachable (as was the artichoke relish, which should have come in a big side bowl for all). ATS's spit-roasted chicken is as close to gorgeous as such a bird can be (though at $24, what price beauty?). A gutsy pork sausage tamed by fennel wasn't much of a main course, though, and a delicious herb sauce of celery and leeks was wasted on the turbot. After some yummy pear and

Warm, inviting, tasty food: If only there were something to hate about Across the Street.

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

FROM LANDSCAPES TO ESCAPES...

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raisins in an overbearing pie crust, a richly flavored but too ephemeral chocolate torte, and a sublime red-papaya-and-strawberry frappé, I felt weak but not vanquished. At least it hadn't been amazing.

Then we came back again—and Ms. Lippert's artistry took hold. A celery-root soup was tickled by shaved apples; the soft-shell crab bathed in brown butter was marred only by the fact that *crab* was not in the plural; and a watercress, endive, red onion, and orange salad with a citrus vinaigrette hit like a cold outdoor shower at the end of a summer day.

Her deepest flaw? An overabundance of strong ideas and too few plates to place them on. An incredibly moist, wildly peppery pork loin requires a dense, fiery chutney like Jim Carrey needs a loan. Her richer–than–Häagen-Dazs vanilla, in a fragrant, enticing lavender sauce, is almost obliterated by kumquats. One of the best pecan pies I've ever tasted in New York gets even better when pushed clear of the accompanying bourbon cream.

I'm still not going to E.A.T. I refuse to cash in a 401(k) to buy farmer's cheese. But my shopping bags often say VINEGAR FACTORY now. And I'm thinking East 91st Street and First Avenue isn't really that far away to ask friends in Chelsea to meet you for dinner, is it? I guess people do change. Including food critics. And if love doesn't make the world go round, it sure can do a helluva number on a restaurant.

The Vinegar Factory. Brunch, 8 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Saturday and Sunday. Across the Street, 6 to 10 p.m. daily.

IT'S HARD TO SHOW UP AT **Scully on Spring** (203 Spring Street; 965-0057) without some preconceived notions, either. That's because it still looks just like it did when it was Nick & Eddie's, a restaurant as straightforward as a firm handshake. You didn't come to N&E for gastronomic epiphany. You sat down in the dark, cozy back room expecting good, solid food and a space that had enough self-reliance to do what it had to do and leave you to deal with whomever you were with.

This may sound like a modest goal, but that's what made the room so easy to fall into. That, plus one hat trick. And bravo to Matthew Scully and partners for not only not trying to fix something that wasn't broken but for learning how to do the trick. In the middle of SoHo, an area that has become more shopping mall than neighborhood, people have managed to come from nowhere near and feel like they've just walked down the block to their local hangout. Anytime a bartender tells you he can dig your being alone because he, too, just broke up with his girlfriend who wasn't "nourishing his spirit," how can you not feel like everyone knows your name?

The dining room still looks like P. J. Clarke's for people who wear Paul Smith. The press information, however, claims that Scully's menu is Mediterranean-inspired. Well, yeah, the menu lists octopus, chickpeas, and yogurt, and the young chef sometimes does have a heavy hand with cumin and nutmeg, but this is too narrow a classification, like calling Tony Bennett a jazz singer.

Scully's food is far more accessible, outclassing the average back-of-the-bar dining fare, and he's quite adept at turning unpopular choices into crowd pleasers. Caramelized peppers, tomatoes, and onions gracefully sweeten and tenderize octopus. The first time we tried the quail, the pomegranate vinaigrette could have preserved it for centuries. On the second visit, however, the thinner glaze let the sesame seeds and walnuts crunch, and it was the first time I ever saw everyone at a large table attack one of those bony little birds. Endive-and-pear salad has a dominating walnut vinaigrette that offers salvation for those who don't love gorgonzola. Unfortunately, a white-bean soup was laid waste by the fuel-like perfume of fennel.

Pizzas are the right food for the mood. Shiny as the copper-painted ceiling, bright and crackling-thin, the lamb sausage with spiced yogurt and the roasted veggies with artichoke-and-chickpea purée have it all over John's and Two Boots. (No, they don't deliver.)

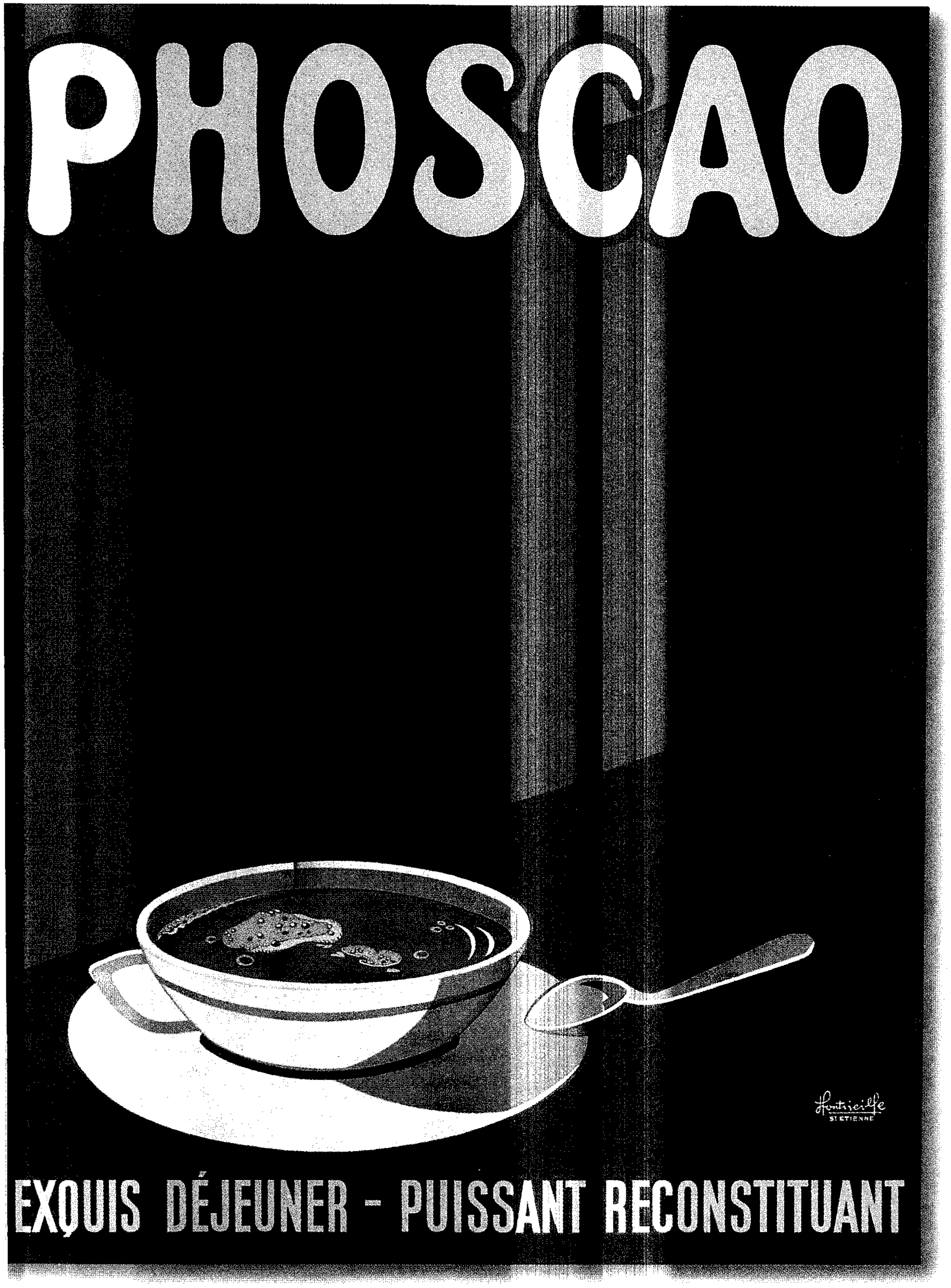
The lemon crust on the tuna is cool; the lobster curry sauce is, too. But why does the tuna taste so bland? Same for the baked cod, a fish *not* as bland as many think, but one that needs a sauce stronger than this green-olive tapénade. The bass, however, is super, strong herbs heightening the grilling. Rich in cumin and bathed in mushrooms, the rubbed strip steak fits the room like a tin ceiling, though balancing it on top of potatoes is a mess. Both the slow-roasted duck in blood oranges and the penne with braised duck are strong choices, as is the surprisingly flavorful vegetarian lasagna. A chef who makes a mistake with grilled chicken for a room like this should close up shop. Scully's can stay open.

Desserts are not sure which way to go, delicate or deadly. So some appealing stewed pears and figs hide out warily in a crostata and find solace with pistachio ice cream. Banana-walnut cake is a pleaser but the maple ice cream is more of the same. Only the citrus sorbet seems to know where it is. Bright, crisp, not cowed by its fruity surroundings. A fitting end to a more inventive meal than you might have expected here. A dessert even the bartender might admit capable of nourishing your spirit. At least until something else does.

Scully on Spring (S.O.S.). Dinner, 5:30 to 11:30 p.m. Sunday through Thursday, till midnight Friday and Saturday. ■

Cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New Y



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What's Hanging *(page 123)*

movies

Brad Pitt Reviews His New Film ... *Chasing Amy*

New Films

★**Absolute Power**—Clint Eastwood's latest work as director and star has a terrific opening sequence. Clint, wearing his years with increasing grace, plays a serious career thief who spends much of his time in museums. With no apparent fuss or fear, the thief enters a Washington, D.C., mansion, disables the elaborate security system, and penetrates a treasure-filled vault situated behind a two-way mirror. Happily emptying jewelry and cash into his sack, he suddenly realizes, to his horror, that the young mistress of the house has returned with a very powerful and famous man, and that she plans to have carnal relations with that man on the other side of the mirror, only a few feet away. When the sex gets rough, and then violent, and then ends in murder, the thief passes through various stages of prurient interest, fear, and disgust. What makes this neo-Hitchcockian episode successful is Eastwood's adherence to the old-fashioned notion that the respective positions of two people or forces threatening one another should be clearly visible to the audience. Here Eastwood calmly, methodically lays out a sensational scene, keeping the space clear and distinct, so we can enjoy the thief's fear of exposure, the moral ambiguity of the violator passively watching the greater violation—and then on to the scene's murderous conclusion and its coda detailing the thief's attempted escape. Alas, nothing else in the movie is as good as this long opening sequence. (Denby; 2/17/97) (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square.*

B.A.P.S.—A comedy about two young, lazy African-American women (Halle Berry and Natalie Desselle) who come up with ill-considered schemes to strike it rich. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13). *Opens Friday.*

Booty Call—Jamie Foxx and Tommy Davidson star in this comedy about two men haplessly in search of sex, and the women who won't give it to them. (1 hr. 17 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; 84th Street; Plaza Twin.*

Boys Life 2—Four gay-themed shorts about the trials of adolescence. With Mary Beth Hurt, Vincent D'Onofrio, and Eileen Brennan. (1 hr. 14 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Breaking the Waves—Lars von Triers's bizarre love story about a sheltered Calvinist girl who believes she can make her paralyzed husband walk again by taking other lovers. Starring Emily Watson and Stellan Skarsgard. (2 hrs. 36 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Eastside Playhouse.*

City of Industry—An ex-con (Harvey Keitel) is lured back into thievery by his aspiring younger brother (Timothy Hutton). Directed by John Irvin. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Village East; Embassy 1; Manhattan Twin; 84th Street.*

Crash—See David Denby, p. 81. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NC-17) *Angelika Film Center; Criterion Center; Sutton; Orpheum 7; Regency.*

The Daytrippers—A young woman, concerned that her husband is cheating on her, heads into Manhattan to trail him—with her entire family in tow. With Anne Meara, Parker Posey, Stanley Tucci, Campbell Scott, and Hope Davis. Directed by Greg Mottola. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Devil's Own—Harrison Ford is a N.Y.C. cop who forges a bond with a young I.R.A. soldier (Brad Pitt). (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Opens Wednesday.*

★**Donnie Brasco**—Set in the late seventies and early eighties, and based on a true story, *Donnie Brasco* catches the mob at a period of confusion and relative decline. These men are not crime lords but thieves and murderers imprisoned by myths that have long since worn out. The ace screenwriter Paul Attanasio has built a wonderful emblematic figure—a new movie icon of failure—out of the mobster Lefty Ruggiero (Al Pacino). Lefty is a longtime hit man, but his authority is now dwindling; he's been repeatedly passed over, and he grumbles like a corporate hotshot who got a corner office when young but somehow never made vice-president. Everyone has heard his complaints, and no one cares. When Lefty meets an outsider, the svelte young jewel thief Donnie Brasco (Johnny Depp), who listens to him and seems to admire him, he warms up to Donnie immediately. Lefty sets about getting the young man accepted into the mob. What he doesn't realize is that Donnie is an FBI agent. At the heart of the movie is the relationship between the two characters, and two actors. Pacino's performance is a beautiful piece of work—moving, in part, because it is offered utterly without irony or condescension. Lefty may be a murdering fool, but Pacino knows that even a fool longs for dignity and tries to justify himself. As Donnie, Johnny Depp is very graceful, with a knifelike speed in violent moments. We can believe that the mob might take him for a tough, ambitious young hood—he has the wariness and self-confidence that create an aura. And Depp's emotional reticence works for the role. We can't tell after a while whether Donnie wants to nail these hoods or become one of them. He's in very deep, caught in the stupid

Happenings
Animaniacs

Anime—the incongruously beautiful Japanese animation that has been infiltrating American culture for some time now—is the subject of a special lecture and screening at the Japan Society this Wednesday. Among the 'Japanimation' to be screened and discussed: the 1987 masterpiece 'Akira,' as well as last year's 'Record of Lodoss War' (right). (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

"Cue" cover poster courtesy of International Vintage Poster Fair.

but mesmerizing tangle of betrayal and violence. The rubouts, the eroticized power—it beats anything his family, even his wife, can offer. Donnie doesn't want to live without that danger and excitement, and he turns his family feelings to Lefty, who needs him. Director Mike Newell doesn't take many risks with the camera, and there are no wild flights, no outbreaks of Scorsesean poetry. But his movie is coherent and emotionally satisfying—a good, realistic gangster film, just when everyone thought the genre was exhausted. (Denby; 3/17/97) (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

★**Drunks**—When it aired on Showtime in 1996, John Leonard wrote, "In Gary Lennon's adaptation of his play *Blackout,* the likes of Richard Lewis, Faye Dunaway, and Dianne Wiest have only themselves to blame for lives gone out of control. And blame themselves they do, at an AA meeting in a Times Square basement. The meeting is a cantata of the damned, some of whom have decided to save themselves. In this gravity, there is also grace." (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

★**The Empire Strikes Back**—The second installment in George Lucas's *Star Wars* trilogy. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; PG) *Village East; Chelsea; Crown Gotham; 84th Street; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion Theatre.*

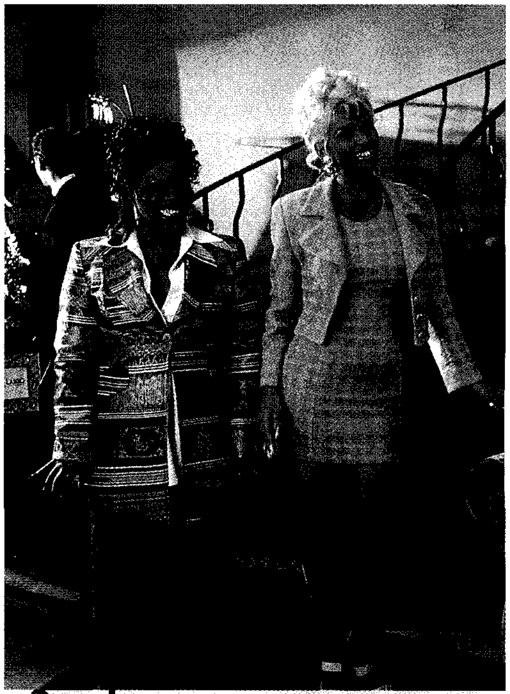
★**The English Patient**—In Italy, in October 1944, the French-Canadian nurse Hana (Juliette Binoche) tends, in his final days, a mysterious "English patient" whose body was horribly burned when he was shot out of the sky by the Germans. The patient (Ralph Fiennes) is actually not English but a Hungarian count. Before the war, Count Almasy had led a party of European explorers and mapmakers in the Sahara—a highly fashionable and educated group, including the crisply articulate married beauty Katharine Clifton (Kristin Scott Thomas). As Almasy lies dying in Italy, he recounts to Hana the story of his passionate affair with Katharine, which brought ruin on everyone. Fiennes's count is a formal and demanding fellow, witty but not good-humored. As Katharine, Kristin Scott Thomas has a bladelike finesse and strength. She provokes Fiennes, teases his rigid formality, and she is provoked herself, stirred by something proud and romantic in his nature. After a very tense and even wounding dance of flirtation, these two make love, and we can see that the freedom of the screen—so much derided recently—actually means something. (Denby; 11/25/96) (2 hrs. 39 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; 86th Street; New York Twin; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**The Godfather**—See David Denby, p. 81. (2 hrs. 55 mins.; R) *Astor Plaza.*

★**Jerry Maguire**—The huge amounts of money sports agents can snag for their clients in multiyear contracts and endorsements drives everyone crazy—and none more so than the great Jerry Maguire (Tom Cruise), who keeps his high clear and pure in a steady stream of winning, adulation, and sex. Jerry, as it turns out, is miserable. He writes a soul-searching memo—a "mission statement"—and distributes it to the entire company, asking that the company handle fewer clients and give them more personal attention. Jerry is thrown out within a week. Everyone drops him except for a single client, Rod Tidwell (Cuba Gooding, Jr.), who is a promising pro player but not quite a star. And Dorothy (Renee Zellweger), an accountant from the office, stays with Jerry, too, and falls in love with him. Written and directed by Cameron Crowe, *Jerry Maguire* captures the American whirlwind of success better than anything in recent movies. This is a terrifically alert movie, hip to the way people feel about one another from moment to moment. (Denby; 12/16/96) (2 hrs. 20 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; Gemini; Lincoln Square.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.



Opening Scenes From a Mall

***B.A.P.S.*—an acronym for Black American Princesses—stars Natalie Desselle and Halle Berry as two very acquisitive, daft women who unwittingly become embroiled in a scheme to bilk a lonely, aging millionaire out of his riches. Robert Townsend's comedy—the title of which is sure to offend—opens Friday.**

Photograph by D. Stevens/New Line Cinema.

Jungle 2 Jungle—Tim Allen plays a New York executive who discovers he has a 12-year-old son living in the jungles of the Amazon. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG) *Village East; 19th Street East; Embassy 2–4; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Nova; Pavilion Theatre.*

Kama Sutra—Two women in ancient India—one queen, the other slave—compete for the king's love. Directed by Mira Nair. (1 hr. 54 mins.; NR) *Village Theatre VII; Lincoln Square.*

★**Kolya**—This hero of this loving and touching Czech film—set in 1988, only a year before the Velvet Revolution—is Franta (Zdenek Sverak), a man who has lived with dismay for so long that he remains, to the very end, blind to the signs that the Soviets are losing their grip. Completely broke, Franta agrees to marry, for good money, a Russian woman who needs Czech papers. As soon as the wedding comes off, however, Franta's wife flees Prague for a lover in West Germany; she leaves behind a 5-year-old boy, Kolya, who speaks nothing but Russian. The movie, of course, is a comedy of male selfishness, a Czech version of the Dustin Hoffman—Justin Henry scenes in *Kramer vs. Kramer,* though made with a finer, lighter touch and an absence of obvious sentiment. (Denby; 2/10/97) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Liar, Liar—Jim Carrey stars as a compulsive liar who, at the behest of his son, must spend one 24-hour period without uttering a single untruth. Directed by Tom Shadyac. (1 hr. 26 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea West; National Theatre; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Plaza .*

Lost Highway—David Lynch may be a failure as an artist, but he's not a phony. In this two-hour narrative movie, he has sustained the obsessional weirdness of his most extreme works. Patricia Arquette and Bill Pullman play a married couple living together in intense silence and distrust. Pullman is all awareness, and Arquette seems completely drugged, so they make a provocative and unstable combination. Erotic tension gathers in the blank spaces between their words. The couple begins receiving videotapes, first of the exterior of the house, then of the interior and the two of them in bed. Some sort of intruder is plaguing them, and we gather he has a mysterious connection to Arquette's past. This mix of voyeurism and violation could easily power a great erotic thriller—but then Lynch lets everything go but the eroticism. The picture is a virtuoso exercise in spooky unintelligibility. (Denby; 3/3/97) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street East.*

Love Jones—Larenz Tate and Nia Long play two young singles who have what they think is a one-night stand; then they start to fall in love. Written and directed by Theodore Witcher. (1 hr. 13 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Manhattan Twin; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza Twin.*

Mandela—A documentary about Nelson Mandela, in which South Africa's president tells the story of his life. Directed by Jo Menell and Angus Gibson. (2 hrs. ; NR) *Angelika 57; Cinema Village 12th St.*

Marvin's Room—Diane Keaton and Meryl Streep star as estranged sisters who struggle to reconcile when one is faced with a terminal illness. With Leonardo Di Caprio. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *Screening Room; Cinema 3; Guild 50th Street; Pavilion Theatre.*

Prisoner of the Mountains—A company of armed Russians fighting in the war with Chechnya is ambushed by the rebels; two Russian soldiers survive and are held as prisoners in a Muslim village in the Caucasus Mountains. The older one, Sacha (Oleg Menshnikov), is disgusted by Vania (Sergei Bodrov Jr.), the raw recruit he's stuck with. The village elder (Jemel Sikharulidze) wants to keep them alive so he can trade them for his son, who is held prisoner by the Russians nearby. In his slight, haphazard way, the director, Sergei Bodrov, captures the rawness, the unpredictability, the stop-and-go violence of war. On the other hand, we don't always know what's going on; some of the sequences seem half-hearted and arbitrary. Bodrov needs to tighten his grip on basic technique; his casualness is cut off from meaning. (Denby; 3/3/97) (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Private Parts—With the help of the writers Len Blum and Michael Kalesniko and director Betty Thomas, Howard Stern has created an effective screen character for himself as a boy and as a young man—Howard the oversized, underdeveloped nerdo thinking dirty thoughts. Stern narrates his life, and the scenes of his childhood are fast, light, and funny in Woody Allen's vignette style. In the movie (but not always on the air), Stern gets away with masochistic jokes by not dwelling on them—one quick moment and then on to the next riff. His early radio career is done swiftly as a series of professional disasters and moral victories. Though he presents his upward surge from obscurity to celebrity as a titanic struggle, he was a big star by the time he was 30 or 31. *Private Parts* becomes painful once Stern makes it big. We are treated as if we were all worshiping fans, fascinated by the assembling of Howard's immortal team (Robin Quivers, Fred Norris, Jackie Martling), and we're supposed to cheer for the team's humiliating anyone who gets in their way. His jeering at ethnics and women has the dull ritual gamesmanship of a guy at a bar going for easy laughs. And in imitation of Stern, the movie plays the same stupid trick on the audience that *The*

People vs. Larry Flynt tried to play: It implies that anyone disapproving of its hero is either a religious fundamentalist or a stuffed shirt. In the second half, as Stern becomes a celeb, he tells us again and again that he can have any woman in town but that he will remain faithful to his wife (Mary McCormanck). He makes himself into a martyr of denial. Power, apparently, is what really turns him on. At some level, he fancies himself a leader. But of what? (Denby; 3/24/97) (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Coronet; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Olympia Theatre; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion Theatre.*

Return of the Jedi—The final installment of George Lucas's *Star Wars* trilogy. (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; Murray Hill Cinemas; Ziegfeld; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square.*

Rosewood—Two men work to evacuate an all-black town when neighboring whites—enraged by false reports of a random attack by a black man against a white woman—seek revenge. Based on actual incidents in twenties Florida. Directed by John Singleton. (2 hrs. 22 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Plaza Twin.*

Scream—Director Wes Craven's self-referential, post-modern take on scary movies. With Drew Barrymore, Neve Campbell, and Skeet Ulrich. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Embassy 2–4.*

★Secrets & Lies—At the center of Mike Leigh's great comedy is a lovelorn mother with two illegitimate daughters. Cynthia (Brenda Blethyn), past 40, is a desperately sweet white woman who has never received much affection from anyone. She gave away her first daughter, conceived when Cynthia was 15, without looking at her, and has lived in a prison of suspicion with the other, Roxanne. The other wing of Cynthia's family is dominated by her heroically amiable brother, Maurice (Timothy Spall), a large and prosperous man who is one of those rare human beings genuinely pained by egotism and orneriness in other people. Into this noisy glen of magpies steps Cynthia's other daughter, an elegant, accomplished black woman named Hortense (Marianne Jean-Baptiste). Her adoptive parents have died, and despite her success and evident self-possession, she feels lost. Hortense presents herself to Cynthia, and the discomfort and confusion and anguish that follow are a comic harvest without rival in recent movies. (Denby; 9/30/96) (2 hrs. 22 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Selena—Jennifer Lopez stars as the late Tejano singer Selena, who was shot to death by the head of her fan club. (;) *Village East; 19th Street East; 72nd St. East; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Plaza.*

Shine—This much-hyped movie is pretty bad, but you should see it anyway for Geoffrey Rush, the Australian theater actor who plays the real-life pianist David Helfgott. As screenwriter Jan Sardi tells it, David Helfgott suffered through a cramped, driven childhood in the house of Polish refugees who lost their relatives in the Holocaust. The father (Armin Mueller-Stahl), a bearish domestic tyrant, bullies his talented son into winning competitions, then crushes the boy with guilt when he tries to leave home to continue his career. Bent over from fear, skinny and pale, all glasses and big hands, the teenage boy is so spooked that he collapses smack-bang on the piano as he completes a performance of Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3. After shock treatment, he winds up in the bin, then makes a long climb back. *Shine* is meant to chronicle the triumph of the human spirit, but it's mostly a crock. (Denby; 12/2/96) (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Lincoln Square.*

The Sixth Man—A dead basketball star (Kadeem Hardison) spurs his team to victory from beyond, in this comedy directed by Randall Miller. (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG-13). *Opens Friday.*

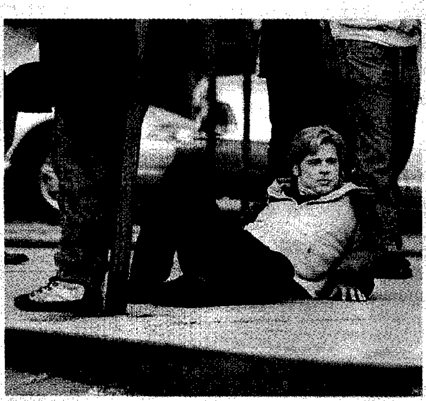
Sling Blade—A mildly retarded young man—who, as a child, slew his mother with a sling blade when he caught her having sex—is released, against his will, from an insane asylum. With Billy Bob Thornton, who wrote and directed. (2 hrs. 14 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Carnegie Hall Cinema; 86th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Smilla's Sense of Snow—Julia Ormond stars as an emotionally remote woman who relentlessly investigates the mysterious death of a little boy she had grown to love. With Gabriel Byrne. Directed by Billie August. (2 hrs. ; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; Beekman; Lincoln Square.*

★Star Wars—The early and middle seventies—the time of the *Godfather* movies and a general level of risk-taking, even in the big studios—offered much to anyone eager to believe that film was the great American art form of the twentieth century. Seeing *Star Wars* after those movies was, for some of us, an exhilarating but also unnerving experience. For here was a master showman, George Lucas, working in hyperpop style, without the earnestness about art that we expected from master directors. But in the past twenty years, American big-studio films have become so frivolously pop and so omnivorously commercial that *Star Wars* now seems a model of classical narrative. It tells a story with some feeling for its characters; it has a strong charge of suspense and an epic theme—the search of a boy for his father. It has a touch of mystery, and has retrospectively gained in stature by Lucas's extending the mythical aspects of the story in later parts of the trilogy. What seemed cheesy before—the helmeted lummoxes running up and down corridors, the refuse-dump walls

Data
Critical Condition

The otherwise affable Brad Pitt caused quite the media frenzy when, in *Newsweek,* he called his latest movie, *The Devil's Own,* "the most irresponsible bit of filmmaking—if you can even call it that—that I've ever seen," and went on to express unadulterated disgust with the studio politics that kept the movie afloat, the relentless infighting over the script, the lawsuit he was threatened with if he walked off the set, and, basically, the entire production. "We *had* a great script, but it got tossed," said Pitt. "I couldn't believe it. We had twenty pages of dogshit. To have to make something up as you go along—Jesus, what pressure! I don't know why anyone would want to continue making that movie." Though someone got hold of Pitt, and quick—he issued a seemingly coerced retraction in which he claimed his remarks had nothing to do with "my experience making the movie" (!)—we know how he *really* feels. As do his fiancée and several other brave, brutally honest colleagues.



A disgruntled Pitt, on location, lies down on the job.

ACTOR	GRIPE
LINDA HAMILTON *The Shadow Conspiracy* (1997)	"I don't like it. Everyone started messing with the script. What can you do? You just say, 'It's not going to ruin my career.' You just have to be healthy and say, 'Okay. Well. It's paying the bills.' "
DREW BARRYMORE *Wishful Thinking* (due out this spring)	"I got manipulated [by Miramax] into doing it [to get the part in *Everyone Says I Love You*]. Gwyneth Paltrow had the same deal with Miramax and had to make *The Pallbearer* to get *Emma.* I got fucking manipulated into doing a goddamn movie I hated!"
GWYNETH PALTROW *The Pallbearer* (1996)	She found the script weak, but did it because Miramax co-chair Harvey Weinstein "bribed me," she told this magazine, and wouldn't let her do *Emma* otherwise.
JEANNE TRIPPLEHORN *Waterworld* (1995)	On-set tumult and shooting without a "locked-in script" left her "feeling a little like Patty Hearst" on location. "I was just completely brainwashed by my captors, and I was just out there trying to get through it."
KEVIN COSTNER *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves* (1991)	"I've had the pulse of every movie I've ever worked on. I've known when they were going right, and I've known when they were going south. I don't know where this movie is going."
KIM BASINGER *The Marrying Man* (1991)	Filming "was the worst situation anyone could imagine—ever"; "I've never seen anything like it and hope to never see it again"; "I thought hell was below us, but it fell right on my head." She admitted she hadn't even seen the finished film—but would probably check it out on video.

Photograph by Alex Oliveira/Globe Photos.

closing in on the heroes—now seems reassuringly human and small-scaled. (Denby; 2/17/97) (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG) *Chelsea; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*

Unforgotten—A documentary about the controversial Willowbrook facility, which housed the developmentally disabled in horrid conditions. Directed by Jack Fisher. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Angelika 57.*

Waiting for Guffman—Christopher Guest stars as Corky St. Clair, a failed stage director who returns to his hometown of Blaine, Missouri, in the hopes of resuscitating his career. With Catherine O'Hara, Fred Willard and Eugene Levy. Directed by Guest. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

★**When We Were Kings**—In 1974, Don King promoted a world-heavyweight -championship fight in Zaire, the famous "Rumble in the Jungle." For the heavily favored George Foreman, Zaire was just a place to earn $5 million, but for Muhammad Ali, fighting to reclaim the title stripped from him when he refused induction into the Army during the Vietnam War, the event was a defining moment. The young music documentarian Leon Gast went to Zaire to shoot the performance and returned with 300,000 feet of film. After years of struggle, he finally pulled the footage together with help from producer-director Taylor Hackford, who shot fresh interviews with Norman Mailer and George Plimpton, both of whom covered the fight. Even people who hate boxing will be held by the intensity of the human drama. Watching Muhammad Ali spin and wheel, we can only mourn the brilliant young man who martyred himself to his love of glory in the ring. (Denby; 2/24/97) (1 hr. 32 mins.; NR) *19th Street East; Lincoln Square.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *The Daytrippers; Crash; Shine; Sling Blade; Smilla's Sense of Snow; Waiting for Guffman.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Return of the Jedi; The People vs. Larry Flynt.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Mandela.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Gray's Anatomy; Le Samourai.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Boys Life 2; Breaking the Waves; Drunks; Secrets & Lies; The Substance of Fire.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Everyone Says I Love You; Marvin's Room.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *City of Industry; Donnie Brasco; The Empire Strikes Back; The English Patient; Jungle 2 Jungle; Kolya; Selena.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Absolute Power; Booty Call; Kama Sutra; Lost Highway; Love Jones; Private Parts; Rosewood; Scream.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Liar, Liar.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Donnie Brasco; Jungle 2 Jungle; Love Jones; Selena; Smilla's Sense of Snow; When We Were Kings.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Lost Highway.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Liar, Liar.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Booty Call; The Empire Strikes Back; The English Patient; Private Parts; Rosewood; Shine; Sling Blade; Star Wars.* Opening 3/26: *The Devil's Own*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614). *Liar, Liar.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Donnie Brasco; Return of the Jedi; Shine; Sling Blade.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Ridicule.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Mandela; Unforgotten.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *The Godfather.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Sling Blade.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Marvin's Room.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Evita.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Private Parts.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Absolute Power; Booty Call; Crash; Donnie Brasco; Jerry Maguire; Love Jones.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *The Empire Strikes Back.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Breaking the Waves.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *City of Industry.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *The English Patient; Jungle 2 Jungle; Rhyme & Reason; Scream.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Marvin's Room.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *City of Industry; Love Jones.*

National Theatre—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Liar, Liar.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Hamlet.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Fools Rush In; Private Parts; Rosewood; Selena.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Crash.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Daylight; Fargo; Fierce Creatures; Michael; Portrait of a Lady.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Return of the Jedi.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *The Quiet Room.*

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Selena.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *The English Patient; Liar, Liar.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Sling Blade; Jungle 2 Jungle.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Smilla's Sense of Snow.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Liar, Liar; The People vs. Larry Flynt; Return of the Jedi; Secrets & Lies; Sling Blade.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Absolute Power; Donnie Brasco; Jerry Maguire.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Everyone Says I Love You; The English Patient.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Absolute Power; Crash; Love Jones; Private Parts; Return of the Jedi; Rosewood; Selena.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Donnie Brasco.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *The Substance of Fire.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (294-9410) *Booty Call; City of Industry; The Empire Strikes Back; Love Jones; Private Parts; Rosewood; Selena.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Daytrippers; The Eighth Day; The English Patient; Kolya; Prisoner of the Mountains; Secrets & Lies.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Absolute Power; Donnie Brasco; Jerry Maguire; Jungle 2 Jungle; Kama Sutra; Liar, Liar; Return of the Jedi; Shine; Smilla's Sense of Snow; Star Wars; When We Were Kings.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Liar, Liar; Jungle 2 Jungle.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Liar, Liar; Love Jones; Selena.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Jungle 2 Jungle; Love Jones; Selena.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Private Parts; Selena.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Crash.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Booty Call; Donnie Brasco; Jungle 2 Jungle; Liar, Liar; Love Jones; Private Parts; Return of the Jedi; Rosewood; Selena.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Booty Call; Donnie Brasco; Jungle 2 Jungle; Liar, Liar; Love Jones; The Pest; Return of the Jedi; Rosewood; Selena.*

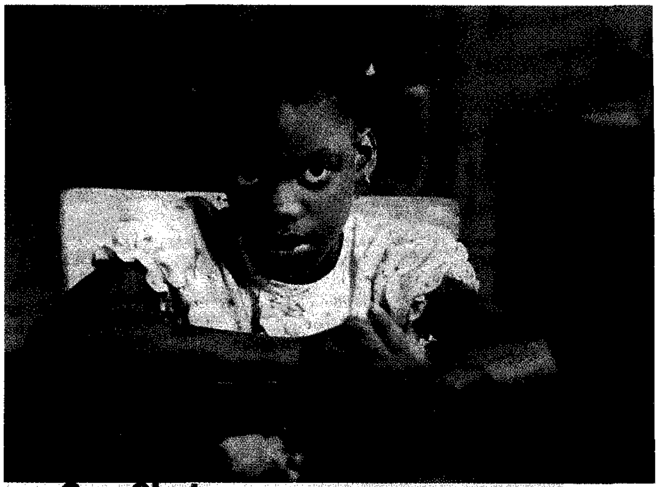
Riverdale Twin Theatre—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Shine.* Opening 3/26: *The Devil's Own.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Absolute Power; Booty Call; City of Industry; Donnie Brasco; Fools Rush In; Jungle 2 Jungle; Liar, Liar; Love Jones; Private Parts; Return of the Jedi; Rosewood; Selena.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Absolute Power; City of Industry; Jungle 2 Jungle; Liar, Liar; Marvin's Room; Private Parts; Sling Blade.*



One-Shot
Home of the Brave

Jennifer Zubar (above) is Sarah, an 8-year-old girl growing up in Haiti under the despotic rule of Papa Doc Duvalier, in 'The Man by the Shore.' Raoul Peck's elegant polemic—which was lost amid last year's clutter—gets a one-day revival this Sunday as part of AMMI's "Second Look" series. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

Photograph courtesy of the American Museum of the Moving Image.

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *The Empire Strikes Back; Private Parts.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Selena; Liar, Liar.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Crash; Liar, Liar; Sling Blade.* Opening 3/26: *The Devil's Own.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Crash; Donnie Brasco; Love Jones; Return of the Jedi; Selena.* Opening 3/26: *The Devil's Own.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Booty Call; Liar, Liar; Love Jones; Rosewood.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Liar, Liar; Love Jones; Shine.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Booty Call; Jungle 2 Jungle; Love Jones; Rosewood; Selena.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Donnie Brasco; Liar, Liar; Private Parts; Return of the Jedi.* Opening 3/26: *The Devil's Own.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Donnie Brasco; Liar, Liar; Marvin's Room; Private Parts.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *The Empire Strikes Back; Jungle 2 Jungle; Marvin's Room; Private Parts; Star Wars.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Booty Call; Love Jones; Rosewood.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Booty Call; City of Industry; Love Jones; Selena.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Absolute Power; Donnie Brasco; The Empire Strikes Back; Jungle 2 Jungle; Liar, Liar; Love Jones; Private Parts; Return of the Jedi; Selena.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Absolute Power; Booty Call; The Empire Strikes Back; Liar, Liar; Love Jones; Private Parts; Selena.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Crash; The English Patient; Jungle 2 Jungle; Selena; Sling Blade; Smilla's Sense of Snow.*

Cinema City—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Booty Call; Donnie Brasco; Jungle 2 Jungle; Love Jones; Marvin's Room; Selena.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Private Parts; Jungle 2 Jungle.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *City of Industry; Fools Rush In; Return of the Jedi; Smilla's Sense of Snow.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Booty Call; City of Industry; Love Jones; Selena.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Donnie Brasco; The Empire Strikes Back; Jungle 2 Jungle; Liar, Liar; Private Parts; Return of the Jedi.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Absolute Power; Booty Call; Jungle 2 Jungle; Love Jones; Private Parts.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Crash; Sling Blade.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Absolute Power; The Empire Strikes Back; Jerry Maguire; Liar, Liar; Private Parts; Return of the Jedi.* Opening 3/26: *The Devil's Own.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Donnie Brasco; Liar, Liar; Selena.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *The Empire Strikes Back; Jerry Maguire; Liar, Liar; Selena.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Donnie Brasco; The Empire Strikes Back; Jungle 2 Jungle; Liar, Liar; Private Parts; Return of the Jedi; Secrets & Lies.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Marvin's Room; Shine.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Selena; Liar, Liar.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Booty Call; City of Industry; Jerry Maguire; Love Jones; Selena.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Donnie Brasco; Liar, Liar; Private Parts; Return of the Jedi.*

Opening

Drawing Attention

Ben Affleck (above left) is Holden, a girl-crazy, bong-happy comic-book artist who surprises himself by befriending a woman (Joey Lauren Adams, right) who, despite his entreaties, won't sleep with him. 'Chasing Amy'—the third installment in writer-director Kevin Smith's "New Jersey Trilogy"—opens April 4.

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Donnie Brasco.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Donnie Brasco; Jungle 2 Jungle; Liar, Liar; Private Parts; Secrets & Lies; Shine.* Opening 3/26: *The Devil's Own.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Donnie Brasco; Jungle 2 Jungle; Liar, Liar; Marvin's Room; Private Parts.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Booty Call; Dante's Peak; Donnie Brasco; The Empire Strikes Back; Jungle 2 Jungle; Liar, Liar; Love Jones; Private Parts; Return of the Jedi; Selena; Sling Blade; Star Wars.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Second Look." 3/30: *Dead Man* (1996) and *The Man by the Shore* (1996). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $8.

Anthology Film Archives—"Luis Buñuel." 3/24: *The River and Death* (1954) and *Illusion Travels by Streetcar* (1953). 3/25 and 3/26: *The Devil and the Flesh* (1950) and *A Woman Without Love* (1951). 3/27: *Phantom of Liberty* (1974) and *Centinela Alerta* (1936). 3/28-3/30: *The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz* (1955) and *This Strange Passion* (1952). "Mike Leigh." 3/24: *Who's Who?* (1978). 3/25: *High Hopes* (1988). 3/26: *Life is Sweet* (1990). 3/27-3/29: *Naked* (1993). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Casa La Femme—3/30: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 150 Wooster St. (505-0005).

A Different Light—3/30: *Member of the Wedding* (1952). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—3/26: *Jazzman* (1983). 3/27: *Tin Toy* (1988) and *Toy Story* (1995). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—"Screen Deco." 3/25 and 3/26: *The Easiest Way* (1931) and *Beauty for Sale* (1933). 3/26: *Girls About Town* (1931) and *Sinners in the Sun* (1932). 3/27: *Poor Little Rich Girl* (1936) and *Wake Up and Live* (1937). 3/28 and 3/29: *She* (1935) and *The Black Cat* (1934). 3/30 and 3/31: *Trouble in Paradise* (1932) and *One Hour With You* (1932). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"Rendezvous with French Cinema Today." 3/25: *Marianne* (1996) and *Pour Rire* (1996). 3/26: *Pedale Douce* (1996) and *Bernie* (1996). 3/27: *Nenette and Boni* (1995) and *Shadow: Play* (1996). Also, 3/28-3/30: *Suzanne Farrell: Elusive Muse* (1996). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $8.

French Institute—3/25: *Microcosmos* (1996) and *Latcho Drom* (1993). 4/1: *Lévy et Goliath* (1986). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, seniors, $5.50.

Japan Society—3/26: "Japanamation: Manga in Motion," a lecture hosted by manga publisher John O'Donnell, who will screen clips from such films as *Astro Boy* and *Akira.* 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—"New Directors/New Films." 3/26 and 3/27: *Love and Other Catastrophes* (1996), *Puk Nini* (1996), and *Bolshe Vita* (1996). 3/28 and 3/29: *Black and White and Red All Over* (1996) with *Pass* (1996), and *In the Company of Men* (1996) with *Memorial Day* (1996). 3/29 and 3/30: *Three Friends* (1996) and *The Asphalt Kings* (1996). 3/30 and 3/31: *Rainclouds Over Wushan* (1996) with *Amos Fortune Road* (1996) and *The Father* (1996) with *String of Life* (1996). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Screening Room—Sunday brunch: *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* (1953). 54 Varick St., below Canal (334-2100) $8 ($5 for brunch patrons).

Symphony Space—"Golden Voices/Silver Screen," with live cabaret keyed to the movie. 3/25: *Easter Parade* (1948). 4/1: *Hello, Dolly!* (1969). 2537 Broadway (864-5400); $8.

Photograph by Lorenzo Bevilaqua/Miramax.

Freedman *continued from page 51*

"There's some uneasiness on the part of Christians who are so conscious of being viewed as the persecutors instead of the persecuted that this is too chauvinistic.

"The Evangelical church in this country," she continued, "is very decentralized, and there's a lot of competition. By being a Jew, he transcended all denominational differences. And he can shame everyone: 'I'm a Jew, and I'm interested. Why aren't you? You're the body of Christ.' "

Pragmatically, Horowitz contended that protecting Christians in the Islamic world would also protect moderate, relatively Westernized Muslims. Drawing again on the Soviet Jewry campaign, he said that in staying a dictatorship's hand from any dissident, all dissidents are emboldened.

Within six months of the *Journal* article's appearance, Shea and Horowitz organized a conference on "Global Persecution of Christians" and Horowitz drafted a "Statement of Conscience" that was adopted by the National Association of Evangelicals. The Southern Baptist, Episcopal, and Presbyterian denominations soon followed. Thousands of churches joined in a day of prayer in September of 1996; around the same time, the Senate unanimously adopted a resolution calling on President Clinton to appoint a White House special adviser on religious persecution and criticizing the administration for its weak response to anti-Christian persecution.

Articles about the persecution of Christians soon appeared everywhere from the Boston *Globe* to the Portland *Oregonian,* the *American Spectator* to the Webzine *Salon,* the *Washington Jewish Week* to *Our Sunday Visitor,* a national Catholic weekly. The two columns by A. M. Rosenthal were the culmination of the onslaught. With one of them in hand, Peter Vallone breakfasted with John Cardinal O'Connor. That afternoon, spurred by the cardinal, the council president was on the phone with Nina Shea.

Last November, the State Department created the Advisory Committee on Religious Freedom Abroad, including several allies of Horowitz's among its twenty members. Far from vindicating his efforts, however, the advisory committee quickly became one of several stages for bitter argument about who sets the human-rights agenda for America. Horowitz fumed that the "phony, toothless" committee lacked access to President Clinton and was in fact the captive of careerist diplomats. Largely at his urging, five members of the House wrote to pressure friendly members of the committee to "speak out in condemnation of the basic atrocities" even when contradicting U.S. policy.

John Shattuck, who chairs the committee as assistant secretary of State for democracy, human rights, and labor, contended that the committee was already gathering information and weighing policy changes. "Any constructive effort to highlight the issues is valuable," he put it. "Efforts to undermine the credibility of the committee certainly are not constructive ways to combat persecution."

Similar rancor has flashed between Horowitz and Human Rights Watch. In narrow terms, Horowitz has assailed the organization for not maintaining a special project on religious persecution. More broadly, he has cast its leaders as "elites" suffering from "historical blindness." The broadside surprised Kenneth Roth, the executive director of Human Rights Watch, who said he had never even heard of Michael Horowitz.

"The difference between someone who complains for self-promotion and someone who complains to advance human rights," Roth said, "is whether he bothers to provide us with information about abuses so we can take action to stop them. But Horowitz has never contacted us, let alone to share with us information about the religious persecution he claims to care so deeply about."

Even had Horowitz done so, however, marked differences would separate him and Roth. Roth described the focus on Christians as "special pleading," "an effort to privilege certain classes of victims." As a "core concern" of Human Rights Watch, he said, religious freedom does not require a special project because unlike women's rights, for instance, it has "never suffered [from] that neglect."

Horowitz's polarizing effect has its uses. In depicting the State Department and Human Rights Watch as part of an irreligious Establishment, in telling Evangelical Christians they are scorned by that Establishment as "the polyester retrogrades, the bigots," he is pressing some familiar buttons.

Those buttons, however, have rarely been used recently on foreign affairs. "So far, the religious right has a relatively short list of issues that can get people started up—abortion, homosexuality," said William Martin, a Rice University sociologist who specializes in fundamentalist Christianity. "[Persecution abroad] isn't on the front burner yet. What's needed is moral entrepreneurship, a sense of 'This is the one that needs our attention.' "

ON THE MORNING OF THE NATIONAL PRAYER Breakfast, Michael Horowitz, moral entrepreneur, hunched over the desk of his Washington office. A mile away, at the Washington Hilton, the breakfast was just disbanding in an aura of bipartisan, ecumenical good cheer. The traffic beneath his smoked windows braked in anticipation of President Clinton's motorcade.

Before Horowitz sat a recycling executive from Colorado and the director of foreign ministries for an Illinois church. Each was, in his way, a kind of community organizer, and Horowitz wanted them both active in the campaign. He handicapped the odds of support from different denominations—Seventh Day Adventists, solid; Missouri Synod, right with us; Catholics, don't expect to get them all. And what would that Southern Baptist program to proselytize Jews do for Jewish support on this issue? Hard to tell. Personally, Horowitz felt flattered that anybody was even interested in his soul.

"You need to get the megachurches," said the recycling executive. "These preachers have 25,000 people hearing them on Sunday."

"Megachurches," Horowitz repeated, making a note. "That's a retail business."

AFTER NEARLY AN HOUR TOGETHER, THE three men crossed the hall to a conference room. There they were joined by several congressional staff members, there to discuss the incipient legislation. Horowitz ran through the prospective sponsors—including, most tellingly, Pennsylvania senator Arlen Specter, who had challenged the Christian right in his 1996 presidential race.

"We need more Democrats," Horowitz said, "especially in the Senate. It's a win-win situation. It's a campaign against torture and rape and murder. Nobody's in favor of that."

But neither did he have any illusions about the power of idealism alone. The legislation shouldn't drift into the abstraction of "religious freedom"; it had to be about concrete atrocities. The Iranian Baha'is and Tibetan Buddhists had suffered enough of them. Horowitz was hoping the Dalai Lama would hold a press conference to coincide with the introduction of the bill. "Who's gonna want to stand in front of that locomotive?" he asked.

Then he proceeded through the major elements of the legislation. The INS would have to report directly to Congress on religious persecution cases. The State Department would be required to report specifically on religious persecution. Based on those reports, countries would risk losing all but humanitarian U.S. aid.

With the meeting nearly done, Horowitz spoke one more time about the Holocaust and the Soviet Jewry campaign and the principle of "Never again," the natural touchstones for a son of City College and a Bronx yeshiva. "I think it's easier for Jews to understand this issue," he told his Christian listeners. "You guys are too many years away from the lions in the Forum." ■

theater

A Doll's House...Plummer As Barrymore

Broadway

Previews and Openings

An American Daughter—Wendy Wasserstein's new political comedy, starring Hal Holbrook and Kate Nelligan. $35–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/13 opening. *Cort, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Annie—Nell Carter stars as Miss Hannigan in this twentieth-anniversary production of everyone's favorite orphan musical. $40–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 3/26 opening. *Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Barrymore—Christopher Plummer impersonates the original matinee idol, John Barrymore, in a play by William Luce that re-creates Barrymore's epic performance as Richard III. $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/25 opening. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

A Doll's House—A startling new version of Ibsen's 1879 scenes from a marriage by Frank McGuinness. Starring Olivier Award winner Janet McTeer. $25–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. In previews for a 4/2 opening. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Dream: The Johnny Mercer Musical—The Golden Age of American pop music, set to songs by Mercer, Duke Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, and many more, written between 1920 and 1960. Starring Lesley Ann Warren, Margaret Whiting, and John Pizzarelli. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/3 opening. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

The Gin Game—Julie Harris and Charles Durning star in D. L. Coburn's Pulitzer Prize–winning analysis of life as card game. $15–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/20 opening. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—What do you think it's about? Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, score by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/28 opening. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Play On!—Songs by Duke Ellington, plot by William Shakespeare (*Twelfth Night*), and a setting in prewar Harlem. Written by Cheryl L. West; conceived and directed by Sheldon Epps. $40–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/20/97. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Opening Plum Part

Set on one long night in 1942, *Barrymore* is Christopher Plummer's eerie reenactment of what happened offstage during the legendary (for drinking, whoring, and acting) John Barrymore's towering performance as Shakespeare's Richard III.

Steel Pier—Think Atlantic City, not Altman-style but 1933: dance marathons, lovebirds, and cotton candy. A new musical by Kander, Ebb, and Thompson, starring Gregory Harrison, Karen Ziemba, Daniel McDonald, and Debra Monk. $25–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. After 4/13: Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 4/24 opening. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

The Young Man From Atlanta—Horton Foote's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama, starring Rip Torn and Shirley Knight. $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/27 opening. *Longacre Theatre, 220 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Ann Reinking is suavely slinky with a demureness that oozes sex; Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness. And James Naughton doles out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to an importunate beggar. Minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96) $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, now starring Michael Chiklis, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $49.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Whoopi Goldberg as a female Pseudolus. $60–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair,* the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam,* featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. Faith Prince stars as Anna. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—Alfred Uhry's first new play since *Driving Miss Daisy,* set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind.* $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (307-4100).*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schon-

Photograph by Cylla Von Tiedemann.

berg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Dixie Carter as the great *monstre sacré* herself. $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Once Upon a Mattress—Sarah Jessica Parker plays the oversensitive royal in this musical version of Hans Christian Andersen's *The Princess and the Pea.* For insomniac luxury-lovers of all ages. $40–$75. Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 12/18/96. *Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Present Laughter—A clever fellow, this Scott Elliott, but now he has gone too far. The director has taken Noel Coward's sleek, sophisticated comedy and staged it as the crassest farce. Garry Essendine, the fey, egocentric, matinee-idol hero, is doubtless modeled on the author himself, but Coward never fully emerged from the closet. It is not for Elliott to out one of his plays. Here the women are made shriller, sillier, or more predatory than called for, the men more effete, narcissistic, overtly homosexual. Frank Langella does ample justice to Elliott's Essendine: One wonders what he could have done with Coward's. (Simon: 12/2/96) $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/18/96. *Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67. 50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $35–$70. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Stanley—Circle in the Square returns with this acclaimed London show about English artist Stanley Spencer. Starring Antony Sher, making his New York debut in the title role. $10–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/20/97. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200).*

Three Sisters—Scott Elliott's all-star production of Chekhov's classic tale of yearning. With Billy Crudup, Amy Irving, Eric Stoltz, David Strathairn, Lili Taylor, and Jeanne Tripplehorn. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/13/97. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

All My Sons—A fiftieth-anniversary production of Arthur Miller's classic, starring John Cullum and directed by Barry Edelstein. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for a 5/4 opening. *Laura Pels at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Bermuda Avenue Triangle—Sex and other scandalous behavior in an exclusive retirement community. By Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Bunny Bunny—Alan Zweibel's three-character play about his fourteen-year relationship with Gilda Radner. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 3/23/97. *Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Corn—A country-and-western musical by Charles Ludlam, originally produced in 1972. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 4/15 opening. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (307-4100).*

Dealer's Choice—Patrick Marber's suspense comedy, set in a small London restaurant and based around a poker game. $32. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/8 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Doctor Doctor—An original musical revue by Peter Ekstrom featuring medically minded arias like "Eighty Thousand Orgasms," "I Hope I Never Get," and "It's My Fat." But do they make house calls? $15–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 3/26 opening. *Players Theatre, 115 MacDougal St. (239-6200).*

God's Heart—Craig Lucas's latest, starring Amy Brenneman and Julie Kavner, among others, as eight urbanites who form an unlikely connection; directed by Joe Mantello. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 4/6 opening. *Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, Lincoln Center (239-6200).*

The Green Heart—Charles Busch and Rusty Magee's new horticultural-themed musical, set in the romantic environs of the potting shed. $30–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 4/1 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club, Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (239-6200).*

The Hairy Ape—The Wooster Group presents Eugene O'Neill's expressionist drama. Directed by Elizabeth LeCompte; starring Willem Dafoe. $45–$55. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 4/3 opening. *Selwyn Theater, 229 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

The Invisible Man/The Nightingale and Not the Lark—Two one-act plays by Jennifer Johnston. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Previews begin 4/5 for a 4/13 opening. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

The Joy of Going Somewhere Definite—The world premiere of Quincy Long's meditation on marriage,

Opening

Swing Out Shakespeare

The Duke meets the Bard in Sheldon Epps and Cheryl L. West's 'Play On!,' a musical loosely based on 'Twelfth Night.' In this duded-up version, songwriting is the metaphorical man's world Vy must cross-dress to enter. The show features Ellington classics including "Take the 'A' Train" and "I'm Beginning to See the Light."

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

courtesy three unemployed (but philosophical) loggers. Directed by Atlantic Theater Company co-founder, and Academy Award nominee, William H. Macy. $32. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 4/7 opening. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Old Man River—A one-woman show written and performed by Cynthia Gates Fujikawa about Japanese internment camps. $10. 4/3–4/5 at 7, 4/5 at 5, 4/6 at 3. *New Victory Theater, 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

On House—A comic expose of what goes on behind the scrubs in a suburban Catholic hospital. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 4/2 opening. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St.(206-0523).*

The Plough and the Stars—Sean O'Casey's classic, directed by Charlotte Moore. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/3 opening. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Sympathetic Magic—A new play by Lanford Wilson, centering on a contemporary couple and some difficult life decisions. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun at 2 and 7. Opens 4/16. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway at 76th St. (873-6103).*

Now Playing

Americana—$20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Antony and Cleopatra—Vanessa Redgrave directs and stars with David Harewood in this new adaptation of Shakespeare's Egyptian history. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened: 3/13/97. *Anspacher/The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Beat: A Subway Cop's Comedy—Comic reminiscence of ten years on the beat, by John DiResta, who remains a New York City Transit cop. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 9:30, Sun. at 3 and 5:30. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

A Brief History of White Music—A new musical looking at white pop music from swing to the seventies. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:15, Sun. at 3:15 and 7:15. *The Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Capitol Steps—A new political musical revue performed by former congressional staff members. $40. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

The Changeling—Theater for a New Audience's second production of the season, a revival of the Jacobean tragicomedy. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30 (at 8 after 2/28), Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/1/97. *Playhouse at St. Clement's Church, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $35–$40. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7:30, Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3; food and drink available/optional. *Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Full Gallop—This is the monodrama—I mean monofarce—about Diana Vreeland, the fearsome fashion arbiter, who for decades wielded style-making power from behind her desks at *Harper's Bazaar* and then *Vogue*. A whirlwind bearing aloft talented models, designers, and photographers, she was a scintillating wit and fabulous character in her own right and wrong. We are granted an hour and three quarters with a fabled *monstre sacré* in her demonic digs as we listen to her recollect a chicly checkered past; pass canny judgment on people and fashions and life; conduct uproarious dialogues with her skeptical French maid, Yvonne, over the intercom; and hobnob telephonically with the luminaries of international society. As sublimely performed by Mary Louise Wilson—whose makeup, utterance, and demeanor fit Vreeland to a tee—this is the highest hilarity, the Everest of camp. Hear Miss Wilson say, "You can't destroy Europe; you can't even nick it," or "We are all allowed a splash of bad taste—no taste is what I am against," and you will feel transported into Thalia's lap. (Simon: 10/14/96.) $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. $25. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 2/6. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. and Thurs. at 2, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's new coming-of-age tale, starring Mary-Louise Parker and David Morse. Directed by Mark Brokaw. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 3/16/97. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—One of 1996's more melancholy theater trends was the posthumous musical. Like *Rent* composer Jonathan Larsen, costumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed away in June, days after completing work on his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show, as developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, goes on. $40. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

In-Betweens—A new play by Bryan Goluboff, a love story set in the Bronx. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 2/18/97. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (239-6200).*

Kerouac—A musical based on the Beat poet's life. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Magic on Broadway—Like it says, performed by illusionist and prestidigitator Joseph Gabriel. $25–$45. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 3 and 6. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Making Porn—A play about the gay-porn industry starring real-life porn stars Blue Blake and Ryan Idol. $30–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

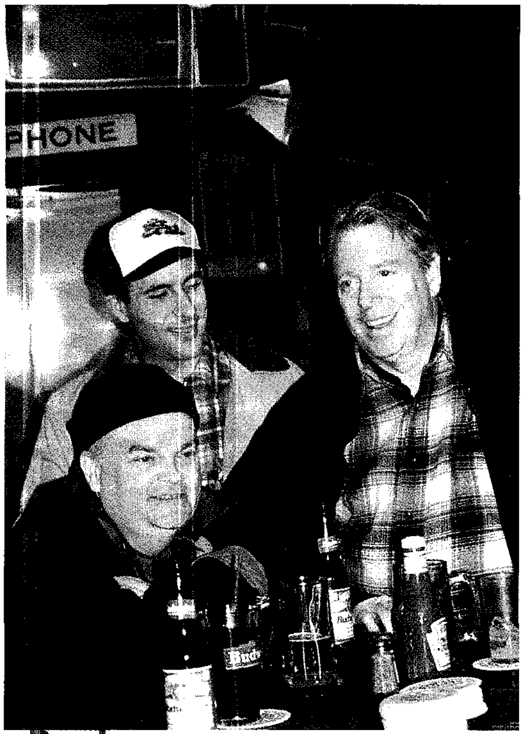
Previews

Women Don't Leave

Ibsen's *A Doll's House* is so much a part of the English-speaking theater canon that it's hard to remember that the 1879 drama was written in Norwegian. Actress Claire Bloom used the play's iconic slamming door as a declaration of independence from Philip Roth just last fall in her memoir, *Leaving a Doll's House.* Feminists decided long ago that the play's protagonist, Nora, was the original libber. But the latest production, an award-winning export from London starting at the Belasco Theatre on March 25, may force audiences to rethink the classic. Suddenly Nora is not a mouse but a six-foot blonde. Husband Torvald is no pompous fool but a Scandinavian hunk. In playwright Frank McGuinness's naturalistic, almost modern translation, the couple cuddles and kisses; she dances like a dervish; the children make a mess. It's appropriate that the genesis for the production occurred at a pub, when actress Janet McTeer got producer Thelma Holt drunk and announced, "We're doing *A Doll's House*!"

"It's the first-ever play when a woman walked out on her husband," McTeer says, and "when she walked out and closed the door the whole of Britain shook." And it was shaken again by McTeer's Nora, a bundle of almost adolescent feminine nerves who is not so much oppressed as utterly lacking in self-esteem. "Every time I've seen *A Doll's House,* Torvald is always an idiot," McTeer says. "You think 'Oh, leave him,' whereas in our production you think 'God, why would anyone want to leave him—he's gorgeous.' " McTeer's idea was to focus on the marriage, not the woman, and let the audience watch both participants crumble. "It's two people who think they are in love, but are really acting out their ideal marriage. She's madly in love with him—until she realizes she's not," McTeer says. This time, the audience weeps not for the unexamined life of the pre-liberated woman, but because Ibsen's psychological truths suddenly don't seem quite so far away.

ALEXANDRA LANGE



Photograph by Alysa Wishingrad.

Previews

Bumps on a Log

Academy Award nominee William H. Macy returns to his roots at the Atlantic Theater Company directing Quincy Long's new play, 'The Joy of Going Somewhere Definite,' a Podunkville noir *featuring a trio of unemployed loggers looking for conjugal bliss.*

Mother Courage—The Eric Bentley/Darius Milhaud adaptation of Bertolt Brecht's *Mother Courage and Her Children,* presented in rotating repertory. $24. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 1/19/97. Through 5/18. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. (677-0060).*

Minor Demons—Bruce Graham's new play about a big-time lawyer's return to a small town outside Pittsburgh. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 3/16/97. *Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. (239-6200).*

Names—A new play by Mark Kemble about the Hollywood "red scare," starring the legendary Tovah Feldshuh. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 3/31. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

One Flea Spare—Dianne Wiest stars in Naomi Wallace's dark drama about class warfare in seventeenth-century London. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Opened: 3/9/97. *Martinson Hall/The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Othello—Set in the Mediterranean Renaissance, starring Abner Genece and Joseph Menino. $24. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/16/97. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. (677-0060).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Psychopathia Sexualis—John Patrick Shanley's fetish comedy, starring Daniel Gerroll, Andrew McCarthy, and Park Overall. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. Opened: 2/25/97. *Manhattan Theatre Club's Stage I, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

A Question of Mercy—The world premiere of David Rabe's meditation on assisted suicide (obviously this year's soul-search issue). $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 2/25/97. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$42.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Stonewall Jackson's House—A new comedy about a young woman who violates racial taboos—political correctness, take that! $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 4/27. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Tap Dogs—An Australian import, a rollicking tap show with a gritty edge. $20–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 3/16/97. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Tokyo Shock Boys—Japanese vaudeville, with a little Stooges mixed in. $25–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 10:30, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened: 2/19/97. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, bet. 6th Ave. and MacDougal St. (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(279-4200).*

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Blue Light Theater Company presents Shakespeare's early comedy, directed by Dylan Baker. $25–$30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 7. Opened: 2/23/97. *Theatre at St. Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (935-5820).*

Violet—A new musical by Jeanine Tesori and Brian Crawley based on *The Ugliest Pilgrim* by Doris Betts; directed by Susan H. Schulman. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 4/6. Opened: 3/11/97. *Playwrights Horizons, Wilder Theatre, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Off–Off Broadway

Easter—Naked Angels presents a new play by Will Scheffer, starring Jodie Markell. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. *Theatre 3, 311 W. 43rd St. (397-7841).*

Good As New—Peter Hedges's new dysfunctional-family comedy, starring Laura Esterman, John Spencer, and Chelsea Altman. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun at 3. Through 4/6. *MCC Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).*

Gross Indecency—The three trials of Oscar Wilde. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun at 7. Through 4/20. *Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (721-3385).*

The Inferno (A Detective Story)—By Pavol Liska. $10. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/13. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. (254-1109).*

Life Knocks—A new play by Tom Attea that asks, *Can life survive the human race?* $10. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St.(254-1109).*

The Little Frieda Mysteries—David and Amy Sedaris's new dysfunctional drama. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 10, Mon. and Wed. at 8. From 4/3–4/19. *The Club at La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Men on the Verge of a His-Panic Breakdown—Multiple monologues about the gay Hispanic experience. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 9, Sun. at 5. *47th St. Theatre, 304 W. 47th St.(265-1086).*

Moscow Beach—Scott Vogel's generous reinterpretation of Chekhov's *Three Sisters*, set in Miami. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 9, Sun. at 5. *47th St. Theatre, 304 W. 47th St.(265-1086).*

Terra Incognita—An opera for the theater by Maria Irene Fornes and Roberto Sierra. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *INTAR Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St.(765-1706).*

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art

William Eggleston...Robert Mangold

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Andy Warhol and Jean-Michel Basquiat—Large collaborative paintings dating from 1984–85; through 4/26. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

John James Audubon—Sixty hand-colored engravings from the first edition of the artist's *The Bird of America*, completed in June 1838; through 4/26. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Georg Baselitz—The artist's "Fracture" paintings from the sixties; through 5/17. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Janet Gillespie/Steve Greene—Intimately scaled paintings that depict catastrophes at sea/Paintings of old, worn-out trucks, tires, and motors. Through 4/14. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

James Havard—New paintings whose imagery draws on the artist's Native American ancestry; through 4/26. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6870).

Jeff Joyce—Landscape paintings that recall the nineteenth-century Romantic movement; through 4/12. Winston Wächter, 111 E. 65th St. (327-2526).

John Moore—Recent paintings, each of which melds together views of at least two cities; through 4/26. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Geoffrey Moss—Paintings of icebergs; through 3/29. Gat, 1100 Madison (327-0441).

Niki de Saint Phalle—Prints, drawings, and sculptural reliefs from the sixties to the present; through 4/19. Rickards, 1045 Madison Ave. (924-0858).

57th Street Area

Bill Jacklin/Pablo Picasso—Paintings and works on paper by the British-American artist that depict quotidian scenes of New York City/Prints and illustrated books. Through 4/5. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Joe Brainard—The first retrospective of the late artist's assemblages, collages, paintings, and drawings; through 4/19. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

Philippe Favier—Paintings on glass from the series *Suite 668* that incorporate collage and reflect the French artist's study of Surrealism and Dada; through 4/5. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Bryan Hunt—New bronze and aluminum sculptures cast from the artist's sculptures based on the forms of rivers and lakes; through 4/19. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

Matta—New paintings that depict mechanistic figures surrounded by swirls of color; through 4/26. Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. (759-7555).

William Matthews—Watercolors of western landscapes and cowboys on the range and of the Pennsylvania Dutch and Amish; through 4/12. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (832-0208).

Cildo Meireles—Two installations by the Brazilian conceptual artist: *Eureka Blindhotland*, an environment of floor sculptures contained by lightweight black netting and first produced in 1970, and *Fio*, a new work consisting of numerous bales of straw contained by 300 feet of 18K-gold thread; through 4/12. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

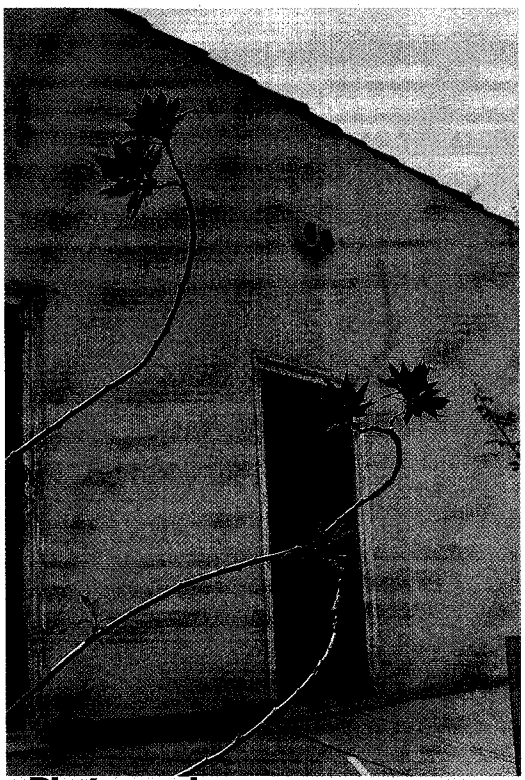
Alice Neel—A survey of the artist's paintings from the thirties; through 4/12. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Louise Nevelson—Sculpture and drawings from the thirties, from the artist's estate; through 4/19. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Richard Stankiewicz—Figurative and abstract sculptures from the fifties; through 5/3. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Christopher Wilmarth—A survey of works dating from the sixties, seventies, and eighties, including paintings in mixed media and floor and wall sculptures in wood, metal, and glass; through 4/19. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).

Mark Workman—Pennsylvania landscapes in acrylic on paper; through 4/12. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).



Photography
Southern Comfort

Color photography started getting some respect in the art world when Tennessean William Eggleston exhibited his Dye-Transfer prints at MoMA in 1976. Recently, two portfolios of those early works and others from the seventies that have not previously been shown were printed under Eggleston's supervision by Nino Mondhe. They're now at Robert Miller Gallery, 41 East 57th Street; through April 12.

Photograph courtesy of the Robert Miller Gallery.

SoHo and TriBeCa

L. C. Armstrong/Emily Cheng—New paintings that feature the artist's signature paint-and-burn line under polyester resin surfaces/Photographic portraits exploring the relationship between painting and photography; Through 4/19. Bravin Post Lee, 80 Mercer St. (966-2676).

Skip Arnold—Photographs, videos, memoirs, blueprints, maps, letters, and other material documenting the artist's performances from 1982 to the present; through 4/30. Brownstone, 39 Wooster St. (334-3455).

Ron Baron—Totemic sculptures of stacked found objects; through 4/12. Kustera, 41 Wooster St. (965-1527).

Bill Beckley—Photographic tableaux from the nineties; through 4/5. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Miguel Calderón—New works that draw on the artist's background in film and photography; Through 4/19. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Mike Cockrill/Joe Hendrick—New paintings that pit kitsch and sentimentality against the horrors of genocide/A mixed-media installation of "journal entries" comprising found objects and street photography. Through 4/19. Foster, 62 Crosby St. (966-9024).

Richard Cramer—Paintings whose vivid colors and cartoonish figures were inspired by the Lower East Side street scene; through 4/25. Space 504, 670 Broadway (473-0505).

Enzo Cucchi—Recent fresco paintings; through 4/19. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Don Freeman—New photographs of vessels; through 4/13. Wimmer, 560 Broadway (274-0274).

Mark Greenwold—Paintings from the past three years that depict the artist and his friends and family in bizarre imaginary narratives; through 4/15. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Michele Harvey—New landscape paintings; through 4/19. Bridgewater/Lustberg, 560 Broadway (941-6355).

Callum Inness—Recent abstract paintings by a Scottish artist that explore the properties of paint; through 4/5. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Prudencio Irazabal—Recent paintings that employ semi-transparent layers of color; through 4/19. Shainman, 560 Broadway (966-3866).

Michael Joseph/Team SHaG—A synchronized two-channel video installation derived from a performance in which the artist becomes a human marionette/Paintings by Amy Sillman, David Humphrey, and Eliot Green in which all three worked

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

on each canvas in a changing sequence, like the Surrealist game of Exquisite Corpse. Through 4/19. Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (941-5711).

Robin Kahn—Paintings and sculpture on the theme of reading; through 4/12. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

Joe Letitia/Bruce and Norman Yonemoto—New color photographs of trees that have the appearance of human bodies with exposed genitalia, and painted plywood reliefs that refer to the natural development of trees and their limbs/A collaborative single-channel video work. Through 4/19. Kaplan, 48 Greene St. (226-6131).

Matvey Levenstein—New paintings based on photographs from a found anonymous album of an upper-middle-class Czech family; through 4/12. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Renée Levi—Sculptures created from flattened cardboard boxes and shopping bags that are glued or taped together and painted; through 4/12. Swiss Institute, 495 Broadway (925-2035).

Robert Mangold—New paintings on shaped canvases from the artist's "Zone" series; through 4/26. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (421-3292).

Karl Mann—Assemblages of found objects; through 4/12. Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St. (780-0071).

Chittrovanu Mazumdar—Paintings by a Calcutta-based artist that combine abstraction and collage; through 3/29. Bose Pacia, 580 Broadway (966-3224).

Catherine McCarthy/Enrique Chagoya—Dreamlike paintings that borrow from such diverse sources as art history and the artist's own family scrapbook/Works that draw on the artist's Mexican heritage, including a fold-out, Mayan-inspired book that addresses political issues through cartoonlike images; 3/27–4/26. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Melissa McGill—An installation titled *Myths, Inflections, and Innuendoes* that explores the possibilities of shadows cast by the fourth dimension; through 4/26. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

Manuel Neri—Carved marble sculptures of the human figure; through 4/26. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Frank Owen—Recent paintings that refer to nature; through 4/9. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Roxy Paine—Five new sculptural works that explore the idea of potentiality through the use of organic and nonorganic materials; through 4/26. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

Elizabeth Peyton—Recent portraits; though 4/12. Enterprise, 558 Broome St. (662-1693), Wed.–Sat. 12–7.

Jason Rhoades—A new installation titled *Deviations in Space, Various Virgins* that utilizes the gallery's entire space and whose central element is a Spaceball TM, a simple mechanical structure originally designed to create a sensation of suspended gravity through multidirectional rotation within a sphere; through 4/26. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (966-9074).

Nancy Shaver—Sculptures that incorporate blocks of common lumber, gauzy fabrics, and paint; through 4/26. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Frank Stella—New sculpture; through 4/26. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

John R. Thompson—Paintings on spandex that incorporate oil, enamel, contact paper, and jade glue; through 4/19. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Helga von Eicken-Kopperl—Large-scale lead figures that range in height from four feet to eight feet, six inches; through 4/12. Donahue, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Hiro Yokose—Encaustic landscape paintings; through 4/26. Haller, 560 Broadway (219-2500).

Joseph Zito—New sculpture and works on paper involving the idea, the sound, and the form of bells; through 4/19. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Beat Zoderer—A site-specific installation that employs brand-new manufactured materials; through 4/26. Bungert, 225 Lafayette St. (925-0200).

Chelsea

Doug Aitken—Two new installation works, one of which, *Diamond Sea*, is being shown in its linear version in the film and video program of the 1997 Whitney Biennial; through 4/27. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-1121).

Jean-Marc Bustamante—New sculpture; through 4/19. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200).

Maxine Henryson and Hunter Reynolds—A collaborative project titled *I-DEA: The Goddess Within* that is an ongoing photographic diary of the performances of the mysterious Patina du Prey, photographed by Henryson, a New York–based photographer, and enacted by Reynolds, a Berlin-based performance artist; through 4/13. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930).

Archie Rand—Four monumentally scaled paintings that combine cartoons, words, religious iconography, gestures, and abstract forms; through 4/12. Baldacci, 521 W. 21st St. (463-0919).

Mike Sale—An installation of a wall painting and a video projection by an English artist based in Berlin; through 4/27. LaBoulbenne, 504 W. 22nd St. (462-4111).

Other

Louisa Matthiasdottir—A survey of the artist's paintings from the thirties to the present, including portraits, still lifes, and landscapes of her native Iceland; through 4/19. New York Studio School of Drawing, Painting, and Sculpture, 8 W. 8th St. (673-6466), Mon.–Sat. 10–6.

Dianora Niccolini/Steven Meier—Black-and-white photographs of male and female nudes/Geometric abstract paintings. Through 4/27. Curcio/Spector, 304 E. 5th St. (505-0409).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Marymount Manhattan—221 E. 71st St. (517-0475). Works by women dealing with getting older, including Kanai, Pindell, Shapiro; through 4/12.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). Surreal, sexually explicit collages by the avant-garde Czech artist Jindrich Styrsky (1899-1942) from the book *Emile Comes to Me in a Dream*; erotic photographs and collages dating from 1929–1948 by Bellmer, Brzeski, Hugnet, and Racz; through 5/3.

57th Street Area

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (757-0202). Still lifes by Fish, Freckelton, Hagin, and Shorr; through 4/12.

M B Modern—41 E. 57th St. (371-3444). Works by Aronson, Cox, and Lebrun; through 4/20.

Snyder—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). Works by expatriates living in Paris in the twenties and thirties, including Alexander Calder, Man Ray, Frank Stella, others; through 5/17.

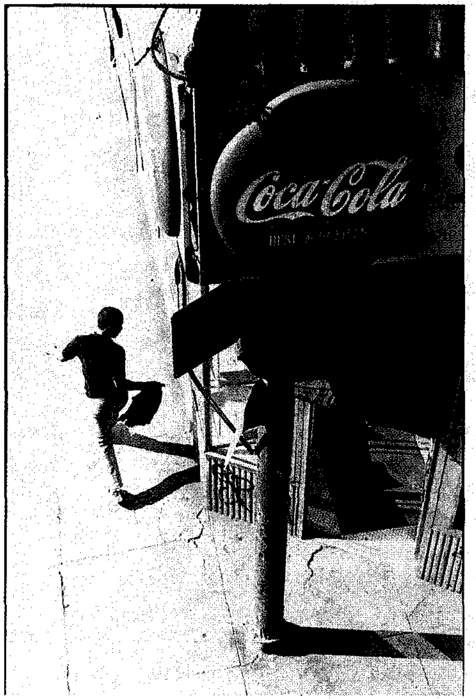
SoHo and TriBeCa

Apex Art—291 Church St. (431-5270). Ornamental works by Agee, Burton, Torreano, others; through 4/19.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (966-7745). Ten painters will use the gallery as their studio, including Avsar, Gordon, Pensato, others; through 4/26.

Shopping

A Little Old New York



Artists like Nan Goldin have earned a place in the Whitney with their dark documentation of a disturbing underworld, but wretched chic doesn't interest photographer Michael Magill. His romantically composed images of New York City are unapologetically and unfashionably uncynical. His taste has always favored the classics: Strand, Abbott, Stieglitz. In Magill's New York, there are no hookers on parade, no kids with guns, no junkies with needles poised. His black-and-white street scenes and portraiture are deliberately stripped of the visual clues that would lend them a modern edge. Landmarks like the Flatiron or the Brooklyn Bridge don't look so much like 1996 as they do, say, 1956. The effect he's looking for, he says, is "timeless and dated at the same time."

Barr-Magill gallery (333 Bleecker Street), which the photographer owns with partner and girlfriend Elizabeth Barr, showcases only Magill's work (an arrangement that makes gallery purists queasy). But this past winter, the twosome could barely keep prints on the walls, the main draw being distinctly un-SoHo prices. Magill believes artwork should be accessible to the masses, and he prices his prints accordingly—between $45 and $95. In a city defined by picturesque degradation, straightforward beauty is a hot commodity, especially if it's a bargain. Some may argue that documentary photography can no longer celebrate the Chrysler Building or Washington Square Park without also acknowledging grittier territory, but such critics can easily find their art of controversy elsewhere.

MAUREEN SHELLY

Photograph by Michael Magill.

Harris—524 Broadway (941-9895). Abstract paintings by Acheson, Fishman, and Schiowitz; through 4/19.

Maupin—39 Greene St. (965-0753). Works using mirrors, including works by Fernandez, Graham, Jaar, others; through 4/26.

Nolan/Eckman—560 Broadway (925-6190). Self-portraits by Baselitz, Smith, Westerman, others; through 4/26.

Rosenberg + Kaufman—115 Wooster St. (431-4838). Works by Ballard, Mulhern, Pozzi, others; through 4/19.

Spot—71 Vandam St. (727-3378). "Magazine," with works by Bookchin, Glazer, Kimmel, others; through 4/19.

Chelsea

Cheim & Read—521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727). Works by Bourgeois, Holzer, and Neel; through 4/5.

Metro Pictures—519 W. 24th St. (206-7100). Paintings by Dunham and Miller, sculpture by Kelley, and early photographs by Simmons; through 4/26.

Other

Baruch College—135 E. 22nd St. (387-1006). "Women and Abstract Expressionism" in the 1950s, with works by Krasner, Mitchell, and Parsons; through 4/17.

Rotunda—33 Clinton St., Bklyn. (718 875-4047). Abstract works by Brooklyn artisits, including Brody, Garand, Grimm, others; through 5/3.

Photography

Michael Ackerman—Photographs of Times Square; through 4/27. Bodell, 13 E. 7th St. (477-1820).

Alexander—59 Wooster St. (925-4338). Photo-based works by Acconci, Burden, Rauschenberg, others; through 4/29.

Manuel Alvarez Bravo/Colette Alvarez Urbajtel—An exhibition marking the artist's 95th birthday. Color photographs taken in Mexico, New Guinea, China, France, and elsewhere. Through 5/3. Witkin, 415 West Broadway (925-5510).

Benrubi—52 E. 76th St. (517-3766). Photographs of Brooklyn from the late nineteenth-century to the present; through 5/3.

Lois Conner—Recent photographs of the Navajo people; through 4/19. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

William Eggleston—Two portfolios of photographs that were taken in the seventies and recently printed under Eggleston's supervision by the master printer Nino Mondhe; through 4/12. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Donald Greenhaus—Photographs from the sixties through the nineties; through 4/29. 479 Gallery, 594 Broadway (334-0909).

Hart—457 Broome St. (226-2761). Photographs by Baker, Barnard, Bedford, others; through 4/26.

John Kalymnios—New photography; through 4/19. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Michael Kenna—Photographs of French gardens, windmills, and landscapes; through 4/26. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Levy—588 Broadway (941-0009). Contemporary photography from Prague; through 4/26.

Andrea Modica—Photographs of children and their surroundings; through 4/19. Friedman, 851 Madison Ave. (628-5300).

Nic Nicosia—"Acts and Sex Acts," photographs of scenes that seem to be onstage; through 4/19. PPOW, 532 Broadway (941-8642).

Harry Roseman—Photographs of the artist Joseph Cornell taken by Roseman in the early seventies when he was Cornell's studio assistant; through 4/26. Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (838-0333).

Andres Serrano—A new series of works, entitled "A History of Sex"; through 4/12. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (255-5156).

Ezra Stoller/Weegee—Modernist photographs/Vintage and rare prints. Through 4/12. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Catherine Wagner—Photographs of the objects and subjects in contemporary science; 3/28–6/15. ICP, 1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777).

Nick Waplington—Photographs of weddings; through 4/12. Aperture's Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Expansion Art: Artists of Our Times." Works by nine mid-career and emerging artists involved with issues of gender, national cultural icons, ethnicity, and dislocation; through 3/29. 594 Broadway (966-4444), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; contribution suggested.

American Craft Museum—"Beatrice Wood: A Centennial Tribute." A retrospective of the artist's drawings, paintings, and ceramic work; through 6/8. . . . "Messengers of Modernism: American Studio Jewelry 1940–1960"; through 6/8. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish till 8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Endangered! Exploring a World at Risk." An exhibition examining the causes and effects of species endangerment and extinction; through 9/1. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

Asia Society—"Along the Trade Routes: Buddhist Objects From the Asia Society Collection; through 5/11. . . . "The Grand Tour: Travels With the Asia Society, Photographs by Guy Weill, 1969–1995"; through 3/30. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6–8.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"American Paintings: Ashcan and Modernist, A Centennial Exhibition"; through 6/30. . . . "Mistress of the House, Mistress of Heaven: Women in Ancient Egypt." 250 objects and artworks from public and private collections, including works from the collection of the Brooklyn Museum of Art;" through 5/18. . . . "A Different Reality: Symbolist Prints From the Collection." Prints by Symbolist artists from the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries; through 5/7. . . . "Rediscovering James Brooks: WPA Murals and Other Figural Works." A group of twenty works selected from a gift of 244 from the artist's widow, Charlotte Brooks, including preparatory drawings, gouaches, and tempera studies for Brooks's realist-style mural, *Flight*, in the Marine Air Terminal at La Guardia Airport; through 5/4. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

China Institute—"Adornment for Eternity: Status and Rank in Chinese Ornament." Ancient belts, garment hooks, hair ornaments, and other treasures from the Mengdiexuan Collection; through 6/28. 125 E. 65th St. (744-8181), Mon.–Sat. 10–5, Tues. 10–8, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum—"Henry Dreyfuss Directing Design: The Industrial Designer and His Work, 1929–72." Works by the legendary industrial designer who pioneered the use of human factors in the design of consumer products; through 8/31. . . . "*Disegno*: Italian Renaissance Designs for Decorative Arts"; through 5/18. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6909), Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh—"Religion and the Rustic Image in Late Academic Art." Works by major nineteenth-century artists, among them Adolphe-William Bougereau, Jules Breton, and Léon Lhermitte; thropugh 6/7. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606), Tues. –Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Juan Muñoz: *A Place Called Abroad*." An installation of a streetlike environment occupied by groups of figures; through 6/29. . . . "Hanne Darboven: Kulturgeschicte 1880–1983"; through 6/1. . . . "Fred Sandback: Sculpture"; through 6/29. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"The Conceptual Trend: Six Artists From Mexico City." Works by six young, conceptually oriented artists based in Mexico City; through 4/13. . . . "Alicia Creus." Thirty-five recent collage works by the Argentine artist, who has lived in New York and North Carolina since 1977; through 4/13. . . . "Contemporanea: An Installation by Maria Elena Gonzalez." A site-specific installation by the Cuban-born artist that uses curved, backlit wooden panels covered with black rubber to transform the gallery into a quiet, dimly lit arena intended for the contemplation of the loss of loved ones to AIDS; through 4/13. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery & Study Center—"Art of the Everyday: France in the 90s." Works by eight young French artists whose art draws on everyday experiences; through 5/3. 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8:30, Sat. 11–5; free.

Guggenheim Museum—"A Century of Sculpture: The Nasher Collection." The New York premiere of the collection formed by Patsy R. and Raymond D. Nasher, with sculptures by Matisse, Picasso, Brancusi, Giacometti, and others; through 6/1. . . . "Rrose is a Rrose is a Rrose: Gender Performance in Photography"; through 4/27. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $8, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Art/Fashion." An exhibition illustrating the ways in which art and fashion have converged over the years; through 6/8. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Bordering on Fiction: Chantal Akerman's 'D'Est.' " A film-and-video installation of the Belgian film-director's feature-film documenting her journey to eastern Germany, Poland, and Russia in the early nineties; through 5/27. . . . "A Witness to History: Yevgeny Khaldei, Soviet Photojournalist." Images documenting major events during WWII by one of Russia's most important combat photographers; through 4/13. . . . "Morris Louis: The Charred Journal Series, 1951." The artist's black-and-white abstract paintings from his "Charred Journal" series that memorialize the loss of books burned by the Nazis during the Holocaust; through 4/13. . . . "Rico Lebrun: The Holocaust Paintings." Paintings and drawings executed between 1955 and 1959 that were based on photographs the artist found in the 1946 edition of *U.S. Camera Annual*, published shortly after the liberation of the concentration camps; through 4/13. . . . "Holidays! Jewish Seasons and Celebrations"; through 4/19. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5; free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"The Glory of Byzantium." The Second Golden Age of Byzantium (A.D. 843–1261) is the subject of this exhibition, which comprises more than 350 masterpieces in all media from the museums and church treasuries of more than twenty countries; through 7/6. . . . "Giambattista Tiepolo." America's first major retrospective of the eighteenth-century Italian master's paintings and etchings; through 4/27. . . . "Venetian Prints and Books in the Age of Tiepolo"; through 4/27. . . . "Domenico Tiepolo: Drawings, Prints, and Paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Works by the son and collaborator of Giambattista Tiepolo; through 4/27. . . . "The Florene M. Schoenborn Bequest: Artists of the School of Paris"; through 5/4. . . . "American Tonalism: Paintings, Drawings, Prints, and Photographs." Works by James Abbott McNeill Whistler, George Inness, Arthur Davies, Edward Steichen, and others that illuminate a phase of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century American art that emphasized subdued poetic mood and muted coloration; through 6/1. . . . "Indian Court Painting: 16th–19th Century"; through 7/6. . . . "Following the Stars: Images of the Zodiac in Islamic Art"; through 8/31. . . . "Enduring Rhythms: African Musical Instruments and the Americas"; through 3/30. . . . "The Art of the Renaissance Woodworker: The Gubbio Studiolo Restored." An exhibition that complements the museum's recent installation of a

Photograph courtesy of the Pace Wildenstein Gallery.

room of inlaid trompe-l'oeil panels that was once the *studiolo* of Duke Federico da Montefeltro; through 4/30. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"Art That Heals: The Image as Medicine in Ethiopia"; through 8/31. . . . "To Cure and Protect: Sickness and Health in African Art"; through 8/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"The Alternative World of Henry Darger." A retrospective of paintings by the self-taught Chicago artist (1892–1973) best known for his eccentric watercolor narratives in which little girls struggle to escape enslavement by ruthless male warriors; through 4/27. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Projects: Rirkrit Tiravanija." A child-size model of an International Style glass pavilion erected in the museum's Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Sculpture Garden; 4/1–6/3. . . . "The Photomontages of Hannah Höch." The first U.S. retrospective of the German artist's photomontages; through 5/20. . . . "Manuel Alvarez Bravo." A retrospective of photographs by the twentieth-century Mexican master; through 5/18. . . . "Willem de Kooning: The Late Paintings, the 1980s." The artist, who ceased painting in 1990, painted the 40 canvases in this exhibition between 1981 and 1987; through 4/29. . . . "American Photography 1890–1965 From the Collection"; through 7/8. . . . "The Maximal Sixties: Pop, Op, Figuration." Pop, Op, and Kinetic artworks from the museum's collection; through 4/29. . . . "A Singular Vision." Prints From Landfall Press"; through 5/6. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8.50, $5.50 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish).

Museum of the City of New York—"The Streets and Beyond: New York Photographs." Photographs of New York street life by well-known New York photographers; through 6/8. . . . "New York Toy Stories." A selection of toys from the museum's collection, ranging in date from the eighteenth century to the present; through 4/27. . . . "The Art of Politics: Cartoons by Cassel, Kirby & Arlt"; through 4/6. . . . "A Museum For a New Century: The Museum of the City of New York in the 21st Century"; through 6/29. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"Landscapes of Louis Rémy Mignot: A Southern Painter Abroad"; through 5/11. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Remota: Airmail Paintings by Eugenio Dittborn." The first major New York exhibition of the Chilean artist's "Airmail Paintings," in which he folds sections of paintings into custom-made cardboard envelopes and mails them to exhibitions; through 4/13. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed., Thurs., Fri., and Sun. 12–6, Sat. 12–8 (6–8 free); $4, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library—"Wild New York: The Printmaker and the Natural Landscape From the Age of Exploration Through the Twentieth Century"; through 6/28. . . . "Let There Be Light: William Tyndale and the Making of the English Bible"; through 5/17. . . . "Richard Tuttle: Books and Prints at the New York Public Library." A survey of the artist's books and prints from 1965 to the present; through 5/31. . . . "Artful Interiors: Rooms With a View." A survey of architectural and design publications covering the period 1750 to 1950; through 3/29. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"An Unquenchable Thirst: Springs and Wells of New York City"; through 6/1. . . . "Taking Flight: John James Audubon and the Watercolors for *Birds of America*"; through 9/7. . . . "Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village." An exhibition of documents relating to the African-American community called Seneca Village that existed from the 1820s through the 1850s on what is now the west side of Central Park; through 8/10. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum—A comprehensive collection of sculpture, models for public projects and gardens, elements of dance sets, and lamps by the American-Japanese sculptor (1904–1988), displayed in his former studio and garden. 32–37 Vernon Blvd., Long Island City, N.Y. (718-721-1932), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 seniors and students (on Sat. and Sun. the museum operates a $5 round-trip shuttle-bus service from Manhattan departing from Park Ave. and 70th St. beginning at 11:30 and making hourly trips on the half hour).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Tiepolo and His Circle: Drawings in American Collections." Drawings by the eighteenth-century Venetian master Giambattista Tiepolo, as well as works by his sons, Domenico and Lorenzo, and his pupils, on loan from public and private American collections; through 4/13. . . . "Around Tiepolo: Eighteenth-Century Venetian Drawings in the Pierpont Morgan Library"; through 4/13. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum—"Queens Artists: Highlights of the 20th Century." Works by Benny Andrews, Joseph Cornell, James Brooks, Alex Katz, Melissa Meyer, Isamu Noguchi, Ad Reinhardt, Art Speigelman, and other artists who have lived or worked in Queens; 3/26–7/6. . . . "The Lamps of Tiffany: Highlights of the Egon and Hildegard Neustadt Collection." Tiffany lamps, globes, and windows ranging over the entire lifetime of production at the Tiffany Studios, from 1893 to 1938; 3/26–11/2. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation; $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Growing Forward: Prints, Drawings, Sculpture, and Public Art by Richard Hunt, 1986–1996." An exhibition that interprets the influences of African-American history and culture, biology, and the urban industrial environment on the artist's work; through 6/29. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"1997 Biennial Exhibition." The sixty-ninth Biennial Exhibition, featuring 200 works by approximately 70 artists; through 6/1. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 3/26 at 10 and 2: "United States and Worldwide Stamps." On view from 3/21. 3/27 at at 10: "French and Continental Furniture Including Property From the Estate of Nancy Dollar." On view from 3/22.

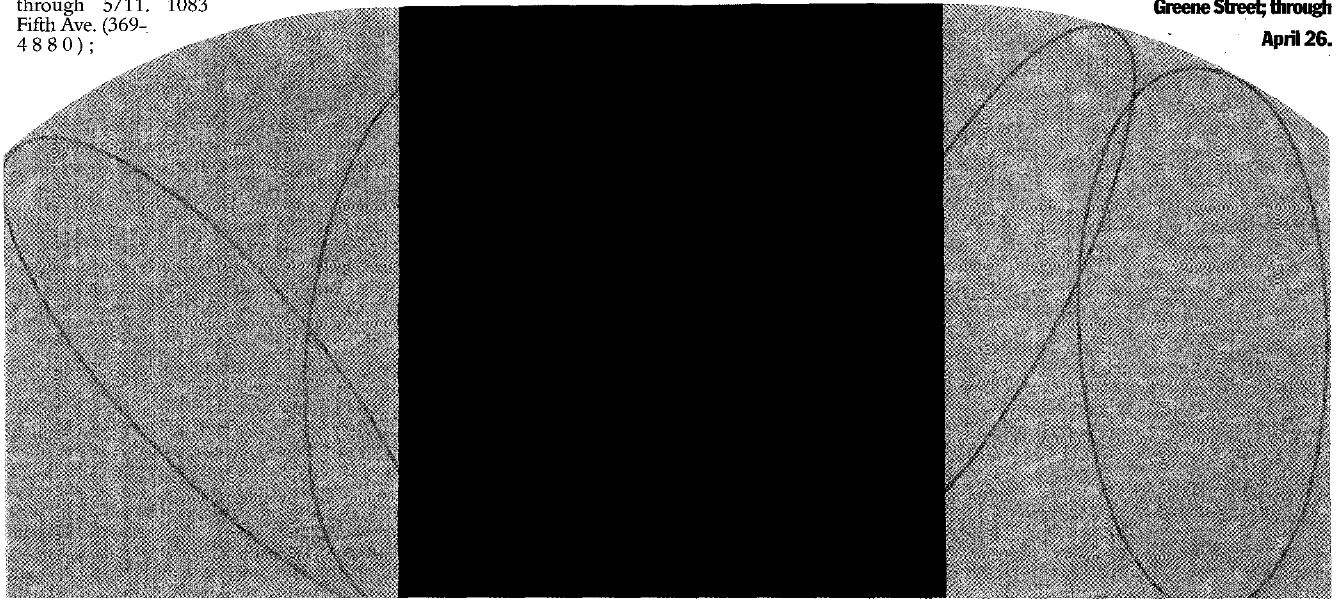
Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 3/26 at 1: "American Paintings." On view from 3/22.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 3/26 at 3: "Textiles." On view from 3/22.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (570-4830). 3/26 at 5: "Fine and Rare Wines."

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 3/26 at 10:15 and 2: "Continental Furniture." On view from 3/22. 3/27 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Furniture and Decorations." On view from 3/22.

On View **Using only color, shape, and symmetry, Robert Mangold has achieved a kind of sleight of hand in his recent "Zone" paintings, in which the center panel of each work, painted black or white, appears to recede while making the left and right panels seem to grow larger or smaller. At PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene Street; through April 26.**



restaurants

Funny Food...Basic Bread...Home Expansion

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Amici Miei—Terribly hip Italian fare in the center of SoHo. The wood-burning pizza oven and prototypical downtown crowd make this place glow. Try chef Abdul Sebti's seared-tuna salad, pappardelle al funghi, and Kentucky-bourbon steak in a peppercorn sauce. *475 W. Broadway, at Houston St. (533-1933). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Diva—Another hip spot on the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

F.illi Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Desbrosses St. (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barn-like TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River Valley cuisine, with specialties like venison prosciutto, squash soup, roast pheasant, and Catskill Mountains trout. *4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen

Shopping

Beginning French

The bakers at Ecce Panis must have been too preoccupied these past eight years concocting edible art (like herbed fougasse and cinnamon encore bread) to dabble in the basics. Now, with brand-new, expanded baking facilities and more room to maneuver, the chainlet introduces a *dense, crusty French baguette just in time to christen its first West Side retail shop* (282 Columbus Avenue, at 73rd Street, and other locations).

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Sanzin—This cozy SoHo bistro offers "New York cuisine" with a French twist, which means creative renditions of highly seasoned food. Signature dishes include a creamy semolina pasta with Roquefort and truffle oil, duck breast with saffron noodles, and Valrhona-chocolate-soufflé cake. Regulars congregate at the comfortable mahogany bar. *180 Spring St. (965-0710). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-

Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mirezi—This sleekly designed boîte features a sake bar and specialty Asian cocktails as well as traditional Korean and Asian dishes, such as bibimbap and barbecued spareribs, with the type of haute twist that appeals to the targeted young, trendy crowd. *59 Fifth Ave. (242-9708). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; a fireplace increases the coziness quotient. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sazerac House—There's a lot of history in this eighteenth-century landmark building. A Village hangout for 30 years, the Saz specializes in Cajun-inspired American food, like Louisiana crab cakes, jambalaya, and pan-seared salmon. *533 Hudson St., at Charles St. (989-0313). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villary. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. *243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bobby O's Steakhouse—Celebrity owner Patrick Swayze and partner Bobby Ochs specialize in steaks—sirloin, filet mignon, and porterhouse—at a very affordable $18.50, plus lobster and prime rib. To make for a more peaceful dining experience, the boisterous bar area is partitioned off with cherrywood paneling. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like baby clams in green onion broth as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Granville—Besides adhering to the current vogue for clubby, cigar-friendly hangouts, this Gramercy restaurant and lounge offers modern takes on American cuisine—lobster medallions with oxtail risotto, for instance. And the D.J. booth upstairs provides an alternative to the old-English-gent vibe. *40 E. 20th St. (253-9088). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature

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style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant in midtown offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformagio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like conca d'oro, pasta con sarde, and rabbit stew. Try the weekend brunch and the occasional historical dinner. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tiramisu. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Preview
Home Brew

When David Page was growing up in Berlin, Wisconsin, a taproom was a tavern with a case of xenophobia. "It was the local bar serving the local beer," says the chef and co-owner of Greenwich Village's Home restaurant. Page and his wife *Barbara Shinn resurrect* that quaintly provincial custom with Drovers Tap Room, opening next Tuesday. Named after Page's grandparents, the casual American restaurant and bar will serve exclusively (save for one Long Island import) Manhattan beer from such fledgling microbreweries as Heartland, Neptune, and Chelsea. Designer Paul Ochs transformed the dark, narrow space that was 9 Jones Street into a Midwestern refuge with bright butterscotch-hued paint, a tin ceiling, and a maple floor, plus hanging globe fixtures that came from the Berlin, Wisconsin, city hall. Plastered throughout the 65-seat restaurant are blown-up photographs of the Drovers and other assorted Page and Shinn ancestors. And in the back room, *farmhouse oak tables encourage a sort of "howdy, neighbor" communal seating.* Page hired chef Richard Brown, formerly of the Restaurant at the Stanhope, to serve up American standards—skillet macaroni and cheese, chicken and dumplings, prime rib on Saturday night, fish fry on Fridays, nothing over $15—that are just as comforting but simpler than Home's. (Selections from Page's oeuvre, from blue-cheese fondue to his renowned chocolate pudding, will be available for takeout at Home Away From Home, the couple's next venture, opening June 1 at 270 Bleecker Street.) For the bar, Shinn has concocted a menu of warm-weather pick-me-ups like the ginger-ale-and-sherry-based Jones Street Cooler and the house cocktail, which features corn whiskey. Such spiritedness runs in the family; Grandpa Drover built distilleries for Al Capone, and under his name on the family tree read the words *"farmer-bootlegger." That disclosure, says Page, never failed to elicit the* same response from those who knew him: "I never knew he was a farmer!" **ROBIN RAISFELD**

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Preview

Belly Laughs

On April 1, Caroline Hirsch hops on the theme-restaurant bandwagon with Comedy Nation, a block-long addition topping her subterranean comedy club. In addition to eliciting favorite recipes from comics' moms—Mother Sandler's Hawaiian chicken, Mother Hartman's butter tart—Hirsch has created dining areas inspired by the late-night talk show; the sitcom living room; and that bastion of American pratfalls, a political convention hall. (1626 Broadway, at 49th Street.)

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

BlackFinn Bar & Restaurant—A place boasting all the elements to satisfy overtaxed office workers: happy hour, TVs, a fireplace, and a friendly attitude toward cigar smoke. The Cajun menu offers spicy fare like chicken-and-sausage jambalaya and blackened-shrimp po'boys. *994 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (355-6993). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Coldwaters—Lots of fresh, simply prepared seafood: steamers, soft-shell crabs, lobsters, and grilled shrimp and scallops in a casual atmosphere. *988 Second Ave., at 52nd St. (888-2122). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Domingo—Josefina Howard's foray into Spanish cooking is a homecoming of sorts. Downstairs there's a Castilian-style tapas bar; upstairs, a more traditional dining room with dramatic skylights. Drop in for churros y chocolate, or make a full meal of the regional Spanish specialties. *209 E. 49th St. (826-8154). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Il Postino—This elegant midtown Italian restaurant offers an interesting variety of daily specials, focusing on imported and domestic seafood. (Under the same ownership as the much-lauded Scalinatella.) *337 E. 49th St. (688-0033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the

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look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Yan Van Van—This convenient pit stop for commuters and midtown office workers offers nouvelle Asian cuisine, with specialties like shabu shabu and barbecue cooked on a unique smoke-free induction-heat table. The brick and stucco design is intended to represent Silk Road culture. Pretheater menu available, and jackets are required for dinner. *Vanderbilt Ave. bet. 43rd St. and 44th Sts. (973-0461). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Grill—A good place to remember for pretheater, with a good selection of thin-crust pizzas, pastas, and grilled fish and meat. *Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza Hotel, 49th St. at Broadway (315-6161). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millenium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the $19.96 prixed fixe. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ed Sullivan's—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu—well-priced as a $21.95 pretheater prix fixe—offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz and blues performed nightly. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this themey diner serves up iconic nourishment, from "Mom's meatloaf platter" to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. *1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering takeout and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. *1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

JUdson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Primavera—Theater-district Northern Italian offering prix-fixe dinners and house specials like veal porcini, fettuccine salmonati, and scallopine con porcini. *234 W. 48th St. (586-2797). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *81 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theate district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, wit a menu that includes frito misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria D'Angelo—This casual Italian establishmen offers all the usual favorites, from a dozen varietie of pasta to more elaborate creations like shrim Catalina. Well-situated for for pre- or post-theate dining. *242 W. 56th St. (307-0700). (I–M) AE, DC DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Siri

Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. That, plus chef Waldy Malouf's famous regional cuisine, and spirited updates of the classics. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas and potato skins. *761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey is responsible for the very popular and wide-ranging menu. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

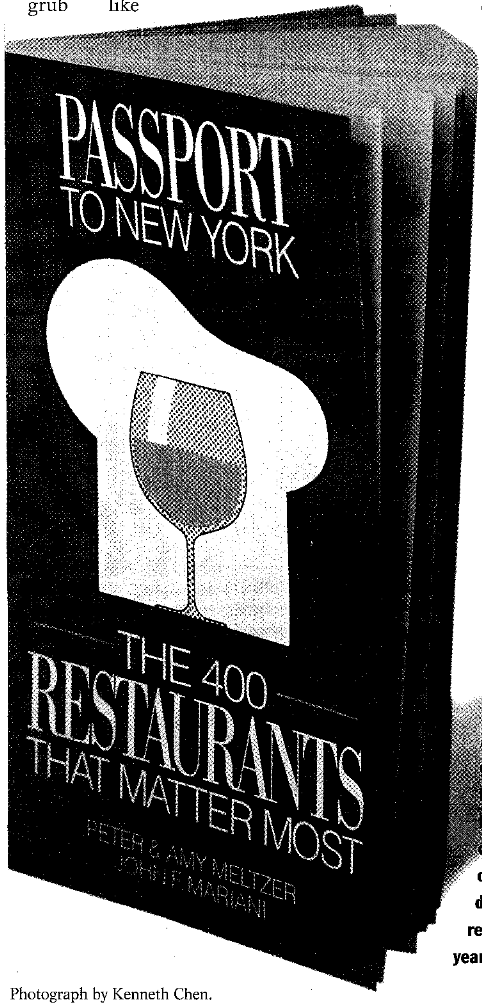
Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. *42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting dis-



In Print The restaurant guidebook *Passport to New York,* available this week in an elongated eleventh edition, makes much of the fact that its synopses (unlike those of that other, common-man's Baedeker) are limited to "the 400 restaurants that matter most" and are composed by professional critics. Author and *Esquire* columnist John Mariani, wine expert Peter Meltzer, and design writer Amy Meltzer enhance their listings with recommended dishes, design details, and a preview of the year's most anticipated openings. (Passport; $10.95.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

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tance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people-watchers' paradise. When the weather warms up, dine on lobster ravioli and grilled American lamb chops in the sidewalk café. *768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Pierre—The next best thing to room service is this warm, intimate dining room. Serving contemporary French cuisine, this is the perfect elegant spot to enjoy good food and discreet conversation. Plus piano entertainment, starting at nine Tuesday through Saturday. *2 E. 61st St., in the Hotel Pierre (940-8195). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

One Fish Two Fish—Fish is the theme here. Everything—shrimp parmigiana, steamers, quarter-pound Maine lobster—comes with as much salad and garlic bread as you can eat. *1399 Madison Ave., at 97th St. (369-5677). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Conceiving a Notion: Mason Reese (right) and one of his partners, Howard Nourieli.

Opening
Reese's Piece

Child actor turned nightlife impresario Mason Reese has enlisted partner and chef Charles Helm (husband of fashion designer Rebecca Danenberg) to create an eclectic menu for Standard Notions, the latest addition to Ludlow Street's erupting bar scene. Helm, a veteran of Loisaida kitchens like Great Jones Café, Sugar Reef, and Life Cafe, incorporates Cajun and Asian influences and pledges to institute a massive brunch. (161 Ludlow Street.)

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Trattoria Libertá—This Italian trattoria specializes in homemade pasta, and commemorates everybody's favorite outdoor artwork with a Statue of Liberty crown motif. *1574 Second Ave. nr. 81st St. (772-0752). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Main Street—This lofty dining room with a skylit atrium and general-store décor is a great place for large parties (or hungry couples) dining family-style on enormous platters of meat loaf, terrines of macaroni and cheese, and trays of filet mignon au poivre. Bring an appetite. *446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

in concert

The Last Schubertiade...The *Ring* Cycle Begins

Classical Music

Tuesday, March 25

New York Philharmonic—Performs works by Schumann, Mozart, and R. Strauss with pianist Olli Mustonen; Christian Thielemann, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $20–$75.*

Lou Harrison—An 80th-birthday concert, featuring the premiere of Harrison's "American" gamelan. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $25.*

Verdi's *Aida*—The first in Nimet Habachy's series of concert-lectures on Verdi's works. *Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art (570-3949), at 8; $15.*

Wednesday, March 26

Second Helpings Series—St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble performs works by David Sampson, Larry Bell, and Andrew Thomas. *Dia Center for the Arts, 542 W. 22nd St. (840-7470), at 6:30; $15.*

Making Music: Ned Rorem—Rorem and the Moscow Conservatory Trip perform and discuss his *The Auden Poems*. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $30.*

Teatro Grattacielo—Performs Italo Montemezzi's *L'Amore dei Tre Re*. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $25.*

The Final Schubertiade—A recreation of Schubert's 1828 concert, the only one he ever performed, with baritone Hermann Prey. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $15.*

Thursday, March 27

Bargemusic—Works by Rachmaninoff, Shostakovich, and Chausson. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

The Final Schubertiade—Pianist Garrick Ohlsson performs Schubert's *Drei Klavierstücke*. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $35.*

New York Philharmonic—Evgeny Kissin, pianist, performs works by Beethoven and Rimsky-Korsakov; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$75.*

Friday, March 28

New York Philharmonic—See 3/19, at 2.

Grace Church Choral Society and Orchestra—Performs works by Cherubini, Reger, and Lotti for Good Friday. *Grace Church, Broadway at E. 10th St. (254-2000, ext. 105), at 7:30; $10.*

Harold Coletta, Violist—Celebrates his 80th birthday with works by Vivaldi, Mozart, and Hindemith. *Landon Gallery, 1926 Broadway, at 64th St. (924-7299), at 8; $10.*

Saturday, March 29

Music for Mischa—Disciples of cellist Mischa Schneider perform works by Schubert. *Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art (570-3949), at 7; $30.*

New York Philharmonic—See 3/27.

Sunday, March 30

Academy of Ancient Music—Performs works by Handel and Bach; Christopher Hogwood, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; $15–$35.*

Bargemusic—See 3/27, at 4.

Onscreen Pas de Deux

Are you one of those dance fans obsessed by the relationship between George Balanchine, whom it's safe to call *the* choreographic genius of our century, and the woman who inspired him last and longest? Then *Suzanne Farrell: Elusive Muse*, a documentary by Anne Belle and Deborah Dickson, is the film for you (Walter Reade Theater, 875-5600; March 28–April 3). It reveals somewhat more about the private lives of this Pygmalion-and-Galatea pair than Farrell offered in her reticent memoir, *Holding On to the Air*, because, knowing what will sell, it takes as its subject not dancing but the emotional intimacies of two celebrities. But it tries to do so without being tactless; the result is, unfortunately, a bit of a tease.

The truth of the matter is that what there was of unique, absorbing interest between this pair of incomparable artists has always been public property. It lay in *Meditation, Mozartiana, Don Quixote*, and the many other ballets Balanchine created for Farrell, as well as in the older works of his that she illuminated with her performance. Echoes of these wonders exist in the memory of fortunate witnesses as well as on videotape and film. Belle, no fool, quotes this archival footage extensively. You may well want to take in her film for such passages alone or, if your voyeuristic instincts prevail, to watch the lovely Farrell close to tears, as she is almost throughout her sentimental reminiscence. TOBI TOBIAS

Photograph by Fred Fehl.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—The *Ring* cycle begins on 3/26. Gounod's *Faust*, 3/24 at 8, 3/29 at 8; Bizet's *Carmen*, 3/25 at 8; Wagner's *Das Rheingold*, 3/26 at 8, 3/29 at 2; Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin*, 3/27 at 8; Verdi's *Aïda*, 3/28 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $23–$250.*

New York City Opera—Offenbach's *Les Contes d'Hoffman*, 3/25 at 8, 3/29 at 8; Puccini's *La Bohème*, 3/26 at 8; Puccini's *Turandot*, 3/28 at 8; Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, 3/29 at 1:30; Weill's *Seven Deadly Sins* and Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana*, 3/30 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $18–$82.*

Dance

Ballet Tech—Eliot Feld's new company. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Through 4/13. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $35.*

C.O.D.A./Middle Passage—Four dance companies perform in a shared program: Alpha Omega Dance Company, Joan Miller's Dance Players, Eleo Pomare Dance Company, and Rod Rodgers Dance Company. 3/27 at 8. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500); $15–$40.*

Moscow Festival Ballet—On Saturday, *Giselle*. On Sunday, *Paquita, Esmerelda Pas de Deux*, and *Carmen*. 3/29 at 8, 3/30 at 2. *Lehman Center, 250 Bedford Park Blvd. West, Bronx (718-960-8833); $20–$25.*

William Forsythe/Cecilia Vicuna—Rare performances of *Solo* and *Writing on Air*. Part of the off-site Whitney Biennial. 3/29–3/31 at 8. *Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. (570-7722); $15–$30.*

Second Avenue Dance Company—Thirty-two undergraduate and graduate students in their last year at the Tisch School perform new works. 3/27–3/31 at 8, 3/29 at 2. *Tisch School of the Arts, 111 Second Ave. (998-1982); $10.*

Susan Marshall—A sneak preview of Marshall's new work, to be performed at BAM's 1998 Next Wave Festival. 3/26 and 3/27 at 8. *Miller Theater, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7799); $10.*

White Oak Dance Project—Mark Morris and Mikhail Baryshnikov's company makes a rare New York appearance. 3/25 at 7, 3/26–28 at 8. *BAM Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100); $20–$60.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

nightlife

"Mr. Kite's Sunday Nite"...Janeane Garofalo

Concerts

Big Head Todd & the Monsters—The main thing that distinguishes these Coloradans from fellow would-be heirs to the Dead mantle (like Rusted Root and the Dave Matthews Band) is the safely small number of members—three, to be precise. Of course, the tradition of electric guitarists noodling over two-man backing is long and rich, and one in which Todd Park Mohr (the band's macrocephalic leader) unapologetically indulges. But there just aren't enough Monsters to kick up the borderline-tasteless racket their overorchestrated colleagues favor. With Nil Lara. 3/27 at 8 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $16.50.*

"Boogie Woogie Piano Festival"—There's no denying the visceral excitement inherent in boogie-woogie's rolling-boil rhythms. There is, however, a museum-piece quality to many contemporary treatments, as though the style itself were a kind of artifact. For enthusiasts of the genre, this four-musician extravaganza (the players are Ray Bryant, Axel Zwingenberger, Bob Seeley, and Jim Badzik) is a must-see show; others may be turned off by Zwingenberger's calculated-sounding, flourish-filled style. 3/28 at 8 P.M. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $25–$30.*

Judy Collins/Roberta Flack—After suffering through the Fugees' version of "Killing Me Softly" 24 hours a day for the past nine months, you may feel as though you're the one that's been killed (and not softly, either—bludgeoned is more like it) by the song. But Flack's undiminished talents remind you why it was great to begin with. As for Collins's relevance to the contemporary music scene, no rapper has dibs on "Send in the Clowns" yet. But that's no reason to believe none will snap it up soon. 3/28 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (307-7171). $25–$55.*

Daft Punk—Though certainly not punks in any traditional sense, the French acid-techno-junglists Thomas Bangalter and Guy-Manuel de Homem Christo do whip up a catchy, seven-hour sonic freak show that might be called daft. Coming from the same techno-as-rock school as the Chemical Brothers (as opposed to other, more atmospherically driven strains), the pair value hooky melody snippets as much as they do dance-friendly beats. Find out why the generally isolationist British junglati are gaga over this Gallic duo. 3/28 at 11 P.M. *Twilo, 530 W. 27th St. (268-1600), $20.*

"Jazz Piano at the Y"—Dick Hyman, Henry Butler, Jay McShann, and Bob Seeley do the keyboard honors, with clarinetist Kenny Davern and singer Carrie Smith rounding out the bill. 3/29 at 8 P.M. *1395 Lexington Ave., at 92nd St. (996-1100). $25.*

Metallica—Back for area stop No. 3, speed metal's favorite barn burners put on yet another night of pyrotechnics (of the musical and literal varieties) and other adolescent fantasia. 4/1 at 7 P.M. *Continental Arena, East Rutherford, N.J. (212-307-7171). $27.50–$37.50.*

Clubland

Acme Underground—The club formerly known as Under Acme, renovated and reborn as New York City's classiest small rock venue. 3/26: Little Shining Man; Hevy Floe; Motor Betty. 3/27: KHZ; Freight Elevator Quartet. 3/28: Sex Pod; Demon Speed. 3/29: "Lo-Fi Lee's Retro Rocket Night Train." Omega Men; Space Cossacks; Crescent City Maulers; Jonny Too Bad & the Strikeouts. *9 Great Jones St., downstairs (420-1934). $.*

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock-and-folk venue. The place is usually packed to the rafters with rock bargain hunters. 3/27: Joseph Arthur; New Originals. 3/28: Baby Steps; Primrose Hill. 3/29: Mini-King. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 3/27: Lucy Kaplansky; Susan McKeown & Chanting House. 3/28: Kenny Rankin. 3/29: Buster Poindexter & His Banshees of Blue. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 3/22: Firewater. 3/29: Sly & the Family Stallone; Princess Superstar; Muckafurgason. 3/31: Spoon; Zumpano. 4/1: Francis Dunnery; Hot Water Music. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. 3/27: Chokebore. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

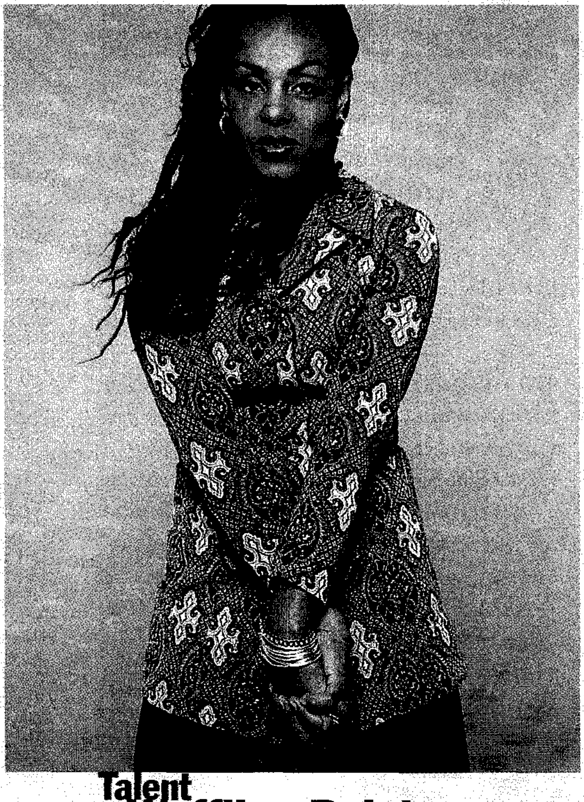
Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 3/26: Flamin' Amy. 3/27: Little Sammy Davis. 3/28: Hiram Bullock. 3/29: Grammy winner James Cotton. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's, uh, cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. Fridays, the trip-hop/techno-themed "Friction" heats up. 3/26: Zen Gorillas. 3/28: MU 330. 3/29: Lordz of Brooklyn. 4/1: "Konkrete Jungle" hosts Ninja Tune Records' "Ninja Stealth" tour, featuring DJ Food, Riz Maslen, Stevie Bear, and Task. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Continental Divide—A dark, grimy shotgun shack of a rock club, hosting some of New York's hardest-working rock bands and attended by scroungy hipsters and willful lowlifes—basically St. Marks under a roof. Look for cameos by D Generation and Joey Ramone, who lives in the nabe. *25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924).*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts sophisto rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Fridays, the gay bacchanalia SqueezeBox takes over. Alternate Saturdays, see the retro-music hodgepodge party "Lo-Fi," at which jump-blues, ska, and surf-rock bands rub shoulders. *511 Greenwich St. (219-2850). $.*

Fast Folk Cafe—One of the city's best folk venues, and the home of a public-access TV show dedicated to bringing the music right to your living room. 3/28: Bob Franke; Bill Parsons; Kevin So. *41 N. Moore St. (274-1636). $.*



Talent

Waffling Belgian

To American ears, the seven members of Zap Mama may seem to put plenty of "Afro" in their ebullient Afro-pop. But Belgian-Zairean singer-composer Marie Daulne maintains, a touch regretfully, that to your average Central African, her music sounds "just like any European pop." Judge for yourself at Irving Plaza, March 29.

Photograph by Thierry Desfontains

Performance

Armchair Comic

Janeane Garofalo, who's elevated the hypercritical, pop-culture-savvy wisecrack to an art form, delivers two rare nights of stand-up at Catch a Rising Star March 28 and 29.

Fez—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today, or ever. Hidden beneath the Time Cafe, Fez takes some ambition and assertiveness to access on a crowded night. Every Wednesday, Fez presents “Stella: An Evening of Big Room Comedy,” featuring members of MTV's *The State* and other yucksters. 3/25: Larry Loftin; Othello; Eden White. 3/28: Beat Positive; Voodoo Martini; Everlounge. 3/29: Daniel Cartier. 3/31: Elysian Fields. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. “Savoy Sundays” are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 3/28: Downset; Earth Crisis. 3/29: Zap Mama. 4/2: Steve Earle. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. Every Monday in March, Vernon Reid presents his latest foray into the rock-jazz-experimental world, “My Science Project.” 3/26–3/27: John Cale. 3/28: Nada Surf; Ditch Croaker; Candy Butchers; the Wrens. 3/29: John Zorn; Cyro Baptista's Funk Percussion. 3/31: Vernon Reid. 4/1: “Mike Mainieri—An American Diary”; Franklin Kiermyer Quartet. 4/2: The Composers' Forum presents two sets of Bobby Previte. First, his new quartet “Latin For Travelers”; then a performance by his Horse Orchestra. *74 Leonard St. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues Jam. 3/27–3/28: Matt “Guitar” Murphy. 3/29: Bill Wharton, “The Sauce Boss.” *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUE).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 3/25: The swing revival hits the East Village, courtesy of L.A.'s Royal Crown Revue; Mem Shannon. 3/26: Radar Brothers. 3/27: John S. Hall, erstwhile King Missile cutup-in-chief. 3/28: Steve Wynn; Peter Blegvad; Reid Paley. 3/29: September 67; Drunk. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 3/31: El Gran Combo. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. 3/26–3/27: First, the Three Tenors proved that pop-ified opera is a recipe for success (the commercial kind, anyway); now lone tenor Zucchero is doing the same with opera-ized pop. 3/28–3/29: The Tony Corbiscello Big Band. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 3/27: Patti Rothberg; Matchbox 20. 3/28: Brooklyn Funk Essentials; Coolbone; DJ Nickodemus. 3/29: Ashley MacIsaac; Tara MacLean. 4/2: Bloodhound Gang; Nerf Herder. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Westbeth Theatre—It's always a gamble when rock bands decide to feature instruments normally associated with classical music. When the marriage doesn't work, it *really* doesn't work; and even when it does “work,” it's usually as some kind of twee, Renaissance Faire–worthy silliness. Which is what makes Australia's Dirty Three so amazing: With just a guitar, drums, and violin (and no singing), they cover the same hazily dissonant, pain-drenched territory as Sonic Youth—without sounding like they're kidding. With Low, a coed Minnesotan trio whose somnambulist pop is so slow and quiet, you could worry they'll just evaporate into the ether. 3/28. *151 Bank St. (691-2272).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 3/25–3/26: “Second Sight,” with Bob Bralove, Tom Constante, Henry Kaiser, and Bobby Strickland. 3/28: New Brown Hat. 3/29: Strangefolk. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band–era elegance as the club's name. The jazz restaurant is recently relocated from its uptown outpost. 3/25: Michel Borstlap Trio. 3/26: Eddie Daniels Group. 3/27–3/29: David Sanchez Quintet, with Eddie Gomez, John Benitez, and Adam Cruz. 3/30: Michael Phillip Mossman. 3/31: Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing-room area at the bar's not bad, either), the “jazz capital of the world” often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. 3/25–3/30: Paquito D'Rivera Quintet; Dave Valentin Quintet. 3/31–4/2: Chick Corea & Friends, featuring Roy Haynes, Kenny Garrett, Christian McBride, and Wallace Roney. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Iridium Room—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. 3/25–3/30: Nneena Freelon. 4/1–4/6: Tom Scott quartet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., downstairs, across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. While no amount of imagination can render the institutional, linoleum-tile-and-fluorescent-tube décor any more inviting than your average institutional feeding-trough, the concept *is* fairly happening. 3/28: Sam Newsome and Global Unity. *11 W. 53rd St. (708-0480).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, the Jason Lindner Big Band. Tuesdays, “Human Feel,” featuring Kurt Rosenwinkle. Wednesdays, the Sam Yahel Organ Quartet, featuring Eric Davis. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. 3/25–3/30: Michele Rosewoman Quintessence. 4/1–4/6: Benny Golson Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Village Gate—Jazz and swing dancing nightly, from 10 P.M. to 2:30 A.M. Every Wednesday starting 4/2, the Roy Gerson Swing Band gets 'em jumping. 3/26–3/29: Manhattan Blues Four (Bernard Purdie, Herman Foster, Jay Leonart, and Lou Marini). $10 cover; two-drink minimum. *240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 3/25–3/30: Buster Williams Quartet, with Stefon Harris, Lenny White, and Geri Allen. 4/1–4/6: Roy Hargrove Quintet. Sets

'hotograph by Andrew Eccles/Outline.

at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M., with an extra 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Zinc Bar—3/25–3/26: Seleno Clarke, a criminally underappreciated organist and band leader, heads up a smoking quintet. His fierce, soulful grooves are as good as anything Jimmy McGriff gets up to, while his solos—particularly on rave-ups like "Blues Every Day"—explore a rarefied no-man's land where Jimmy Smith meets Keith Emerson. $5 cover; no minimum. *90 W. Houston St. (477-8337).*

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. 3/24–3/29: Hilton Ruiz and Andy McCloud. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night. Tuesdays: Eric Deskin hosts "Premium Smoke," a night of—no joke—cigars and comedy. Wednesdays: "Women of Comedy." Thursdays: "Chupacabra Night," with Arnold Acevedo. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians." Shows are at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 3/26: Ward & Wheeler. 3/27–3/30: John Witherspoon. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—The high-class variety show place is home to a mix of stand-up, sketch, and alternative comedy, theater, and cabaret music. 3/27: "The Miss Alphabet City Beauty Pageant and Spelling Bee." 3/28–3/29: Janeane Garofalo. Shows Mon. and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th St. (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 3/31–4/6: Jeff Ross; Gregg Rogell; Greg Giraldo; Billy Jaye; Greer Barnes. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 9 and 10:45 P.M. and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 3/24–3/30: Richie Byrne; Joe Mulligan; Nancy Redman. 3/31–4/6: Rick Scotti; Quentin Heggs; Al Romero. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M and 10:30 P.M. and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3,300 square feet, palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 3/28–3/29: Greg Vacarello; Sue Costello; Bernie McGrennhian; Jerry "Red" Wilson. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—File under *Nightmare of Depravity:* Mention Howard Stern's name at the door and get in free, Sun.–Thurs., or get drinks on the two-for-one plan Fri. and Sat. Makes sense when you think about it—such shameless pandering would drive us to drinking, too. 3/26: "The First HIV-Positive Comedy Competition" (for HIV-positive stand-ups). 3/28–3/29: Eddie Brill; Rich Ceisler; Kevin Brennan; Kevin Robinson. Sun.–Thurs. at 7 P.M.; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 7, 9:30, and 11:30 P.M. $7–$12. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through 4/5, the fabulous Julie Wilson sings on. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder to bolder), is the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Michael Devine plays Tuesdays through Saturdays, 5:30–8 P.M. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Barbara Cook begins an extended engagement, 3/25. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $45; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Singer-pianist Kathleen Landis. $10; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (940-8195).*

Don't Tell Mama—3/28, Barnum & Bailey ringmaster Eric Michael Gillett. $6–$12; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

Dutch Weisman's "Sinners"—A worthy replacement for Weisman's un-p.c., anti-family-values "Winter Follies." Like the previous revue, "Sinners" is replete with showgirls, high living, and low comedy. Wed.–Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri.–Sat. at 11, with live music and dancing after the show. *108 W. 18th St. (645-7045). $30.*

Maxim's—Midtown's monument to hefty Art Nouveau interior design and hefty French-bistro fare. 3/27–3/29: Tom Andersen. $30 cover. *680 Madison Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (751-5111).*

Sardi's—The Manhattan Theatre Club puts on its all-original, NYC-fêting revue, "Cabaret '97," 3/20–3/29. Thurs.–Sat., in the Belasco Room. $18 cover; two-drink minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Ed Sullivan's—Tucked practically inside the Ed Sullivan Theater, the old-man bar turned chichi dining spot offers swing jazz nightly and a waiter who looks *just like* the place's namesake. Every Friday, Sullivan's is home to the Harlem All-Stars. No cover; two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat. 3/25–3/26: The Ed Swanston Trio. 3/27: The Flying Neutrinos. 3/29: Nick Palumbo & the Flipped Fedoras. *1697 Broadway, bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (541-1697).*

Bars

Beauty Bar—Another concept bar from the people who brought you No Tell Motel and Babyland. "Beauty parlor"—which the space was quite recently—is the theme and trendy are the clientele, most preferring pierces and home dye jobs to the store-bought variety. (Don't ask for red wine; it's a henna.) *231 E. 14th St. (539-1389).*

bOb—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. *235 Eldridge St., at Houston St.*

Howard Johnson's—The last vestige of the real Times Square has the perfect seedy cocktail lounge secreted away in the back. The biggest surprise about the clientele isn't its touristy makeup; it's how small it is. Shouldn't this, the archetype for simu-diners like Ellen's Stardust, be the neighborhood's biggest attraction? Well, fewer of them means more room for us, so complaints aren't really in order. *1551 Broadway, at 46th St. (354-1445).*

J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).*

Von—Understated, cozy décor; a choice selection of Belgian and English beers; and slammin' D.J.'s give Von an intimacy that appeals to quasi-boho publishing types and citizens of the hip-hop nation alike. *3 Bleecker St. (473-3039).*

Phenomenon. Flying Kite

What do you get when you populate an old-time variety show with slinky lounge lizards and plenty of pasties? Just like the bash in the Beatles song from which it takes its name, "Mr. Kite's Sunday Nite" (the final Sunday of every month at Spy Bar, 101 Greene Street, 343-9000) is a carnival of whimsical camp. "We felt the song had the right vibe—kind of a sordid, sexy, surreal, dysfunctional-family-of-people-under-one-tent feeling," says Spy co-owner Kelly Cole. *Surreal* is right. MC and organizer Dominic Chianese—who hosted more overtly burlesque shows at TriBeCa's now defunct Blue Angel—weaves the talents of magicians, jazz trios, comedians, and belly dancers into a swirling revue of fishnets, boas, spike heels, and bare chests (male and female). Sit back and catch Nan & Her Boys' *Barbarella*-enhanced version of "Born Free"; marvel at Flambeaux and Leila, scantily clad fire-eaters extraordinaire; and dig singer Johnny Fayva, who delivers a particularly hallucinatory rendition of "Break On Through." Spy's loungey trappings—plush sofas, potted plants, red-velvet walls, crystal chandeliers, and *Thin Man* martinis—add an intimate edge to the in-your-face proceedings (in one night we were heckled by the MC, kissed by Johnny Fayva, sprinkled with sparkles, and knocked on the head by an errant microphone). "It's a way," explains Cole, "of bringing together legitimate theater with the theater of the night."

DANEET STEFFENS

themix

Ruben Toledo...International Vintage Poster Fair

John Leonard's Television Notes

Death by Design (3/25; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) mixes Busby Berkeley and rock and roll and synchronized swimming and matinee-cinema snippets with microscopic footage of riotous cells dividing and regenerating and devouring one another, deep-down in our very own peculiar biology, while blabbermouth specialists camp it up for cameras that don't trust us to sit still for straight science. From Peter Friedman, who gave us *Silverlake Life: The View From Here.*

Talked to Death (3/25; 10:15 to 11:15 P.M.; HBO) deplores what's happened to the TV talk show since Phil Donahue used to be serious, while the Geraldo Riveras remind us that game shows and soaps weren't exactly Elizabethan in their breadth of culture, and the Morton Downeys say it's our fault anyway, and the producers of this very program have it both ways—managing to lament the dumbing of America while simultaneously exploiting our prurient avidity for the worst moments in the freak parade; e.g., "*He only has one testicle!*"

About Us: The Dignity of Children (3/29; 8 to 10 P.M.; ABC) lets Oprah Winfrey introduce such different and absorbing writers as Laura Cunningham, Nicholas Mohr, and Brent Staples, who tell us the stories of their troubled childhoods, while everybody else in these two hours is still a child, explaining how he or she survives in hostile environments from a pueblo in New Mexico to a housing project in Chicago to the hardscrabble of Appalachia. It has its wonderful moments, although it's also a little like going to too many heartbreaking school productions.

Escape From Atlantis (3/29, 8 to 10 P.M., Starz; 3/30, 9 to 11 P.M., Encore) sends single father Jeff Speakman and his three troubled children off on a trip to the Bahamas that is interrupted by a hurricane that lands them all in the Bermuda Triangle, where they discover warriors, sages, leprechauns, and wiggy weirdos, from whom they will escape only after a trial by fire, with the help of an Excalibur, after a ride on a unicorn, to end up, for reasons I can't figure out, at Stonehenge!

Borneo: Beyond the Grave (3/30; 7 to 8 P.M.; TBS) sends red-haired anthropologist Ann Schiller to deepest Indonesia, where she will be adopted into the Ngaju Dayak tribe of ex-headhunters and participate in reburial rituals that involve grave-robbing, skull-scouring, bloodsucking, animal sacrifice (pigs, water buffalo), honeybees, masks and drums. You'll like her.

Ronnie and Julie (3/30; 8 to 10 P.M.; Showtime) retells Shakespeare's tale from the point of view of a high-school ice-hockey star (Joshua Jackson) and a beautiful figure skater (Margot Finley) who are done wrong by parents (Teri Garr and Tom Butler) who are running against each other for mayor, which will almost lead, of course, to Sudden Death in Overtime. Instead of the greatest English ever written, we get a happy ending. Instead, even, of Leonard Bernstein's *West Side Story* music, we get *Swan Lake.*

A Walton Easter (3/30; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) turns John-Boy (Richard Thomas, natch) into a father, but not before some rocking chairs, a spelling bee, a moon-landing, and a marital disagreement about whether everybody would be better off by staying in the sticks. With Ralph Waite and Michael Learned on hand so wholesomely to stack the deck against big cities.

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—3/26: Weeknights at 8 (except for 3/26 when it airs at 7). Wagner's *Tannhauser:* Overture. 3/27: Tchaikovsky's *Variations on a Rococo Theme for Cello and Orchestra*, Prokofiev's Symphony No. 4 in C, Op. 47. 3/28: Schubert's Overture in B flat, D 470, Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5 in E flat, Op. 73, "Emperor." 3/31: Haydn's Sinfonia Concertante in B flat, and his Symphony No. 94 in G, "Surprise." WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Texaco–Metropolitan Opera—3/29 at 1:30: *Das Rheingold.* Hei-Kyung Hong, Hanna Schwarz, Birgitta Svenden, Philip Langridge, Graham Clark, James Morris, and Ekkehard Wlaschiha with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and Chorus. James Levine conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

The Cadillac Sunday Night Opera House with Nimet Habachy—3/30 at 8 P.M.: Verdi's *I Lombardi.* Cristina Deutekom, Placido Domingo, Ruggero Raimondi, and Jerome Monaco with the Ambrosian Singers and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Lamberto Gardelli conducts.

The Written Word

"Selected Shorts" with Cherry Jones, Frances Sternhagen—2/26 at 7: At Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway (864-5400); $16.

Denise Duhamel and David Trinidad—3/31 at 7:30: Poetry reading series. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360); free.

Cornelius Eady with Diedre Murray—3/31 at 7:30: Eady reading from "You Don't Miss Your Water," accompanied by jazz artist Murray. Writers in Performance. Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (645-5848); $10.

Stewart O'Nan—3/31 at 7:30: Reading from his latest novel, *Speed Queen.* Barnes & Noble, Chelsea, 675 Sixth Ave., at 21st St. (727-1672); free.

David Guterson and James Salter—3/31 at 8: Guterson's work includes *Snow Falling on Cedars*; Salter wrote *A Sport and a Pastime* among others. Unterberg Poetry Center, 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (415-5760); $10.

Phillip Brown and Martin Johnson—3/31 at 8: At Poetry Project, St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); $7.

Robert Stone—4/3 at 7:30: Reading from his first collection of stories, *Bear and His Daughter.* Barnes & Noble, 33 East 17th St. (253-0818); free.

Lectures and Panels

"Information, Technology: Setting the Record Straight"—3/27 at 6: With George Curry, editor-in-chief of *Emerge* magazine, regular on Black Entertainment

In Print

Wholly Toledo

Rarely have satire and deep affection mingled so successfully: ***'Style Dictionary...?,'*** *Ruben Toledo's wryly playful fashion sketchbook, is just out from Abbeville Press; $29.95.*

Television's *Lead Story,* and editor of the forthcoming anthology *The Affirmative Action Debate.* Tishman Auditorium, 40 Washington Sq. South (998-2130); free.

"Women Working in the Exploding Markets of East Asia"—3/27 at 8:30: Breakfast conference sponsored by Con Edison with Manhattan borough president Ruth Messinger, Avon Products president Edward J. Robinson, American Express vice-president Elizabeth Coleman, and Citibank vice-president Ping Dang. Con Edison offices at 4 Irving Place (718-939-8519); $45.

The *Nation* vs. *National Review*—"Resolved: The Death Penalty Should Be Abolished." The second in a series of public debates. With Rev. Jesse L. Jackson, *Nation* columnist Christopher Hitchens, Judge Stephen Markman, and *National Review* contributing editor Hadley Arkes. The Hon. Edward Koch moderates. The Town Hall, 123 West 43rd St. (242-8400 ext. 228); $10, $15, $20.

Events

The Seventeenth International Vintage Poster Fair—4/4–6 from 5 to 9 P.M. on Friday; 10 A.M. to 7 P.M. on Saturday; and 11 A.M. to 6 P.M. on Sunday. The Metropolitan Pavilion, 110 W. 19th St. (206-0499); Friday evening preview admission, $30 (good for the weekend); otherwise $10 per day Saturday and Sunday, or $15 for both days.

Tours

More Teeming Than Bombay: The Old Jewish Lower East Side—3/30 at 1: A three-hour walk through New York's best-known ethnic neighborhood. Meet at Strauss Square at East Broadway between Essex and Canal Streets. F train to East Broadway stop. Reservations are not required, but you may call 242-5762 for more information; $12.

Central Park—3/29 at 1: A Big Onion Walking Tour through New York's collective backyard to see the sites of Seneca Village, the rocking-chair riot, Robert Moses's defeat, and, of course, Strawberry Fields. Meet at the northwest corner of 66th St. and Central Park West. Reservations are not required, but you may call 439-1090 for more information; $9.

Gramercy Park and Union Square—3/29 at 1: Visit Tammany Hall, the Players Club, and the homes of George Templeton Strong and Theodore Roosevelt, among other sites. Meet at the George Washington statue on 14th St., Union Square. (439-1090); $9.

The Easter Sunday Jewish Ellis Island Tour—3/30 at 12: A "holiday" tour of the Ellis Island museum and grounds with an emphasis on the Jewish immigrant experience. Includes talk on the history of American immigration. Meet at the flagpole at the center of Castle Clinton National Monument in Battery Park (439-1090); $15 (includes boat ticket, movie, and tour).

Benefits

The Jewish Board of Family and Children's Services' 105th Anniversary Gala—5/6 at 6:30: A black-tie dinner and program to benefit the organization's more than 120 programs, which service over 50,000 New Yorkers. At the Pierre Hotel, 2 E. 61st St. (632-4714); $1,800, $1,000, $500.

The New Museum of Contemporary Art's 20th Anniversary Spring Benefit Auction—5/4 at 4:30: A champagne-and-cocktail reception at 5:30 P.M. in the museum's gallery, followed by the live auction and dinner dance from 8 P.M. to midnight. Madonna is honorary chair of this event. At the New Museum of Contemporary Art, 583 Broadway (219-1222). Tables are $20,000, $10,000, $5,000, $4,000; seats are $1,000, $500, and $400.

Exhibitions

The New Baroque: Early Dance Re-creations and Inspirations—Through 5/10. Twentieth-century encounters with Baroque dance and music, prints and illustrations of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century dance, and documentation of contemporary works. At the Dance Collection Reading Room of the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, 40 Lincoln Center Plaza (870-1630).

Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village—Through 8/10. From the 1820s through the 1850s, a substantial African-American community known as Seneca Village thrived on what is now the west side of Central Park alongside the Great Lawn. This exhibition tells the story of that forgotten community. At the New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park West (873-0509).

The Gardens of Ellen Biddle Shipman—Through 4/4. The life and garden designs of one of the early twentieth century's most important landscape architects is the subject of this exhibition. At the PaineWebber Art Gallery (713-2885).

"Reproducing the Past: The Colonial Revival Movement"—Through 8/31. Explores the effect this period had on our national consciousness. More than 100 objects on view, including faithful furniture reproductions, photographs, and advertisements from the period. At the Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1778).

Sports

NIT Basketball Championship—3/25 at 7 P.M. and 3/27 at 5 P.M. The other final four make a grab for glory. *Madison Square Garden; $20–$28; call 465-6741.*

Inwood Hill Park Bicycle Tour—3/29 at 2 P.M.: A three-hour turn through the two most underused city green spaces, both with better topography than Central Park: Inwood Hill and Ft. Tryon. *Sponsored by the Urban Park Rangers; meet at the Inwood Hill Urban Ecology Center, inside the park at 218th St. and Indian Road. Call 800-201-7275 for information.*

Big City Co-ed Volleyball League Open Scrimmage—4/1; 6:30–9:30 P.M.: Serious recreators are invited to come join a team. If you've got five or more years of experience, better skip the underlings' gathering and show up the next night (4/2), same time and place. *High School for Environmental Studies, 444 W. 56th St. Call 288-4240 for information.*

Hockey—3/24: Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network); 3/25: Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers at 7:35 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 3/27: Devils vs. Rangers at 7:35 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 3/30: Devils vs. L.A. Kings at 1:05 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 4/01: Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres at 8 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network)

Basketball—3/26: Knicks vs. Detroit Pistons at 8 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network); 3/26: Nets vs. Philadelphia 76ers at 7:30 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sports-channel); 3/28: Knicks vs. Nets at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network)

In Print

Glowing *Fire*

That journalistic writing can be literature is a maxim no longer worth contesting. But only a few writers consistently prove the point, hacking through the clichés and casual indifference of the field. The leader through the underbrush, machete in hand, is doubtless John McPhee. Whether observing a Princeton basketball player with stunning instincts (who, a decade or so later, became the junior senator from New Jersey), or noting a scary indifference to the new threat of nuclear terrorism, or discovering present-day builders of birch-bark canoes, McPhee—a staff writer at *The New Yorker* since 1965—runs rings around most novelists, infusing his reporting with subtle observations of nuance and personality and history.

Because he is capable of making almost anything readable, McPhee chooses to write about the timeless rather than the timely. Good for posterity and teaching; perhaps not so in tune with the new *New Yorker.* (Would Tina Brown seriously consider running McPhee's multipart profile of a fruit? It became a book, *Oranges,* that remains in print 30 years on.) His byline has lately been showing up over briefer pieces about somewhat more attention-grabbing—if entirely worthy—subjects.

For readers, however, no matter: Those shorter works are Fabergé miniatures, and seven of them are collected in McPhee's newest volume, *Irons in the Fire* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux; $22). Some touch on his pet subjects, especially geology, the outdoors, and (no kidding) New Jersey. Others go to the out-of-the-way lives that McPhee observes best; the title piece concerns a Nevada brand inspector who—a hundred years after one might think his job obsolete—works long days outsmarting cattle rustlers. And the McPhee hallmarks are present as ever: the perfectly balanced and measured sentences, the moments of humor that leap off such quiet pages, and the disdain for personal image that has, for the twenty-fourth time, kept his photo off the dust jacket. **CHRISTOPHER BONANOS**

Photograph by Wayne Simpson

Happening **For movie posters you haven't already memorized from countless dormitory walls—even the artiest rooms tend to feature *Breathless, Chinatown, Vertigo*—try the International Vintage Poster Fair, where a fresh selection of vintage film broadsides will be available for viewing or purchase. (See listings.)**

Online

'hony Bona Fides—Want a college degree? How about a passport? This site, which is operated by a shadowy front company in Panama City, will sell you driver's licenses, passports, diplomatic credentials, college degrees, you name it. The most esoteric product line consists of what are euphemistically called "emergency documents," which are essentially forged passports and driver's licenses issued in the names of countries that no longer exist. Global Money Consultants seems to be of of two minds, though, about what such documents are to be used for. One page within the site cautions that these are strictly novelty items; another advises that they can be very useful in persuading terrorists, for example, who have decided to kill every American on the plane that you are actually from Latvia, in spite of your L.L. Bean khakis and Bass loafers. Other possible uses for such documents are limited only by the imagination of the person holding them. If your imagination needs a kick start, however, G.M.C. also sells handbooks on subjects like creating a new identity, floating bogus lines of credit with offshore banks, and detailed step-by-step descriptions of corporate fraud that read suspiciously like a "how to" guide. But if upward nobility is more your speed than larceny, this site can be of help to you, too. For a $3,000 "contribution," they'll induct you into the Knights of Malta. www.global-money.com

Self Help—Automated self-tutoring is available on the Web from ZDNet at LearnIt Online. For an annual fee of $29.95, you get unlimited access to a series of bit-sized lessons (each designed to take between ten and twenty minutes to complete) that will make you proficient, or at least less ignorant, in applications like Windows 95, Office 95, and Microsoft Office. Coming soon: an expanded curriculum that will include brush-ups for Internet Explorer, Netscape, and Office 97. This site is as interesting for what it demonstrates about the potential of computer-assisted learning over the Internet as it is for the subject matter it will acquaint you with. www.learnitonline.com

Appalachian Spring—With weather warm enough to hike in seemingly only a decade away, browse these sites for recommendations about local trail and scenic routes. Tips for finding and enjoying Long Island's trail network, including routes through the Pine Barrens, the Greenbelt, and the Walt Whitman Trail, can be found at www.newsday.com/az/hiking.htm. Detailed maps of the Hudson Highlands Trail, which stretches from the Delaware Water Gap to Storm King Mountain can be reviewed at http://acheron.watson.ibm.com/~trails/highland.html. And you can browse a trove of information about that queen of hiking paths, the Appalachian Trail, at the homepage of the Appalachian Mountain Club (www.lehigh.edu/ludas/public/www-data/amc.html) as well as at the Appalachian Trail's own Website (http://fred.net/kathy/at.html).

'oster courtesy of the International Vintage Poster Fair.

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kids

High Hoofing...Egg Hunting

Ground Rules:

◍ = free

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Children's Events

"Eggstravaganza"—Weather permitting, **CENTRAL PARK** promises its biggest-ever celebration of Easter, spring, and springiness in general at the fifty-first annual "Eggstravaganza." The traditional egg hunt and (wooden) egg roll gets under way at 11. Egg-dyeing and make-and-take arts-and-crafts activities go on until 3, with assorted face painters, storytellers, mimes, and magicians wandering the fields plying their trades. At the band shell, Bill Irwin hosts performances of excerpts from . . . *'Da Noise, . . . 'Da Funk; Cats; Beauty and the Beast*—seven Broadway shows in all—by members of their casts; Elmo plays games in the *Sesame Street* tradition (and please don't tickle him); and the Radio City Rockettes lead a bunny hop, billed as the largest in the world—and who's arguing?—with Commissioner Stern and Mayor Giuliani no doubt hopping along. Early arrivals to the park at the 72nd Street entrances on the East and West Sides will be given special baskets with commemorative eggs. The event is not for the faint of heart—crowds in the tens of thousands are expected to attend. 3/29, 11 to 3. Rumsey Playfield (east of park center, 70th and 71st Sts.) and Naumberg Bandshell. ●◍

Radio City Spring Spectacular—Many of the tableaux, the Irving Berlin numbers, tap-dancing sequences, bell-hop outfits, and the 36-piece orchestra are vintage thirties **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL.** More-modern touches to the 90-minute show include black-light illusions that make Easter eggs, goldfish, and lilies seem to float off the stage. 3/28 through 4/6. 50th St. and Sixth Ave. (307-7171). Tickets are $24 to $54. On Easter weekend—3/2 through 3/30—kids 12 years and under get in free when accompanying an adult.

Puppet Party—**PUPPETWORKS'** Al E. Gator stages a surprise party for Tim Ed Mouse in a show that incorporates an original Bil Baird shadow-puppet piece. April 20. 31 Union Sq. West, Loft 2B (741-1646). Reserve; $7.50.

Salsa Storytelling—Accomplished storyteller David Gonzalez teams up with Mambo and Salsa masters Larry Harlow and the Latin Legends band in *Sofrito!*, a spicy collection of Hispanic myths and music. Hear how one girl befriended a magical goldfish and another went on to became the Queen of Paradise, and how Gonzalez's own uncle managed to make trees sing. Through 3/30. **NEW VICTORY THEATER,** 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); $10.●

Differently Able—*The World in My Hands,* performed by the **INTERBOROUGH REPERTORY THEATER,** is Helen Keller's life story. Through 4/6. Wings Theater, 154 Christopher St. (627-2961); $7.50.

Doing the Math—"Beyond Numbers," a fascinating hands-on exhibit at the **NEW YORK HALL OF SCIENCE,** makes symmetry, chaos theory, and circumnavigating the globe touchable, approachable concepts. Through 4/13. Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-699-0005). Admission is $4.50, $3 children and seniors.

Making It Up—**FREESTYLE REPERTORY THEATRE,** an extraordinarily talented group, improvises a roster of unscripted shows—not intended for kids per se but highly entertaining nonetheless. Formats include "TheatreSports," where two teams of actors compete in plays based on audience members' suggestions, and "Chameleons," where the audience helps create characters that are melded into one-act plays. Call for a schedule. Through May 4. Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St., west of Sheridan Square (642-8202). Tickets are $15, half for students and seniors, with free performances every other Thursday.

Seuss!—Kids can serve up green eggs and ham, join in art projects, and try out a new CD-ROM in the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN'**s new interactive exhibit, an homage to *Cat in the Hat* creator Theodor Geisel. 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1223). Admission is $5.

Don Quixote in the City—A musical loosely based on Cervantes's classic Spanish novel. Suitable for children 3 and up. Sundays at 2 through 4/6. **THE PRODUCERS CLUB THEATER,** 358 W. 44th St. (972-0672). Tickets are $8.●

Kids Dance—A group of 11- to 14-year-olds, an offshoot of Eliot Feld's **BALLET TECH,** performs a bunch of short dances—among them, *The Envelope,* a kind of whodunit performed in sunglasses, and *Kidsobolus,* an athletic dance for boys that is done to the music of Kodo drummers. Through April 13. Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave. (242-0800); $20 adults, $12 kids.

Dreamstuff—A fanciful new Off Broadway musical comedy with a familiar *Aladdin*-ish plot, the story of a teenage runaway who is handed a magical text is set in New York, approximately now. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, and matinees Sat. at 2 and Sun at 3. (Through March 30.) **SAMUEL BECKETT THEATER,** 420 W. 42nd St. (307-4100); $37.50.●

Circus Tent—The circus that proclaims itself to be the Greatest Show on Earth has arrived at Madison Square Garden. Okay, there is Zusha—the world's *only* performing hippo—along with Bengal tigers, a seven-person pyramid on the high wire, and astounding in-line skaters. But it's the clumsy pre-circus hour, when the audience gets to try balancing on the giant ball and lunging from the bungee trapeze, that you'll be talking about al the way home. March 20 through April 6 at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.** Call 307-7171 for tickets Prices are $10 to $37.50.

Where You're Coming From—"The Kids Bridge," traveling interactive exhibit developed at the Children's Museum in Boston, explores cultural identity and ethnicity. Kids draw self-portraits that relate to a person's inner as well as outer life, handl clothing and toys of different cultures, and pla with interactive video games that address linguistic and racial differences. (Through July 31.) **YESHIVA UNIVERSITY MUSEUM,** 2520 Amsterdam Ave., a 185th St. (960-5390); $3, $2 children and seniors

Singular Plurality—A three-session class and hair-letting-down session for single parents meets thre Wednesdays beginning April 2, from 7:45 to 9:3 **92ND STREET Y,** 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100) Pre-register; $40.

Victorian Spring—Dress up as bunnies, and welcom in spring with egg hunts, games, and stories at th **ALICE AUSTEN HOUSE,** 3/29 at 10. 2 Hylan Boulevard, Staten Island (718-816-4506); $5 children; $ adults.l

Looney-ness—*Looney Tunes and Looney Dances* is par of Lincoln Center's "Reel to Real" series for kid which teams up edgy live performances wit movie classics. This time around, Brian Brook Moving Company dances with headlamps, fog and appropriate lunacy to Warner Brothers' helter skelter cartoons—including "Rhapsody Rabbit (1946) and "What's Opera Doc?" (1957). Marc 29, at 11 A.M. and 1:30. **WALTER READE THEATER,** 6 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5370); $8 adults, $ kids 16 and under.●

C U E

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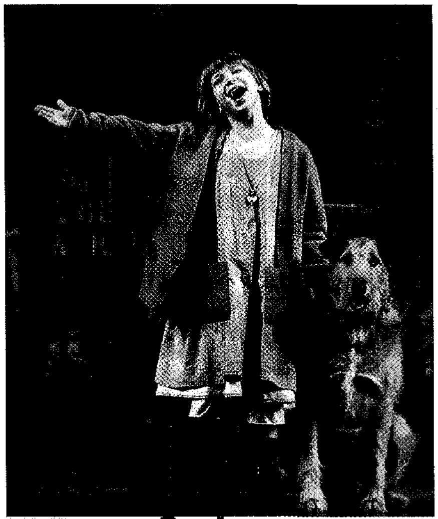

Photograph by Carol Roseg

Onstage

Annie Come Lately

Everybody has a theory about why 8-year-old Brittny Kissinger was suddenly given the lead in *Annie* (replacing 12-year-old Joanna Pacitti), and most of them have to do with numbers. My daughter's preteen friends speculate that Joanna might have put on a few pounds. An audience member at the Martin Beck Theatre says, "Joanna was too tall in relation to Daddy Warbucks." And, of course, there's the age difference. Then again, maybe Brittny is simply the better actress. Or maybe she really doesn't need to act at all. Perched on a chair with that enormous front tooth giving her an asymmetrical, waifish look—even out of costume, she *is* Annie. During a week when headlines urged the ousted actress ANNIE GET YOUR GUN, Kissinger is thinking brightly of how she'll "be real popular when I go back to my regular school." (Would that be in some happy "Tomorrow"?) While the rest of us are nattering about who did a dirty to whom, Kissinger is focused on the things that matter. "Do you want it in cursive or printing?" she asks considerately when I request her autograph.

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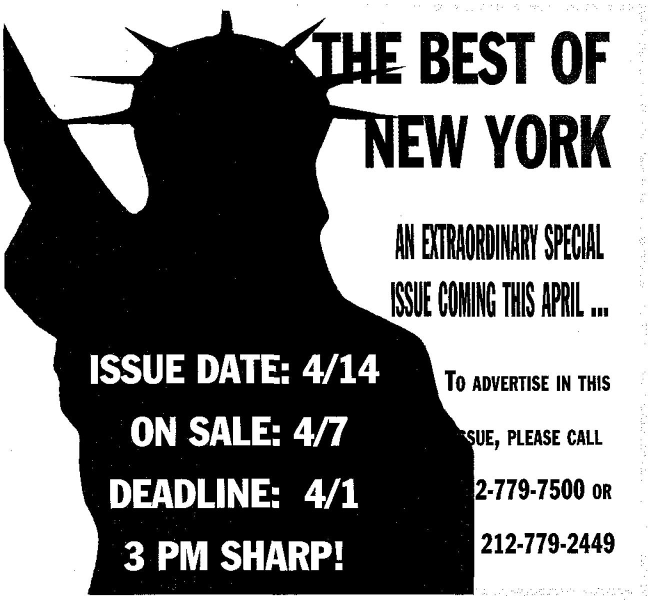

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Please Skip This Ad—If you're not truly that one-in-a-million, 35-43 lady with class, looks and brains, yet is sweet and real. I'm a handsome, fit, 5'9", refined Jewish man of quality, 40s, with success and character. Must be open to honesty, warmth, caring, humor, cuddling, marriage and the finer things in life. Photo. 5671 ✉

Class Act Seeks Quality Male—Warm, beautiful brunette, former model, 5'7", 118 lbs, in-shape and sensual, a bright, fun-loving, spirited, Jewish Manhattan divorcee, young 50, possessing substance, style and class - seeking soul mate in the form of a tall, good looking, fit, warm-hearted, successful, evolved, financially secure, generous, quality male, 45 plus, for lasting relationship, friendship and love affair. Our interests include the arts, entertainment, dining out, working out, the beach, travel and enjoying the finer things in life. Note/photo/phone. 5639 ✉

Stunning, Sultry, Statuesque—Surprising. This elegant, slim, sophisticated yet warm, affectionate and fun-loving Jewish professional, seeks a refined, solvent, sensual, caring, relationship-minded man, 42-55, with a zest for life. Phone/note/photo appreciated. 5636 ✉ ☎

A Charmer—Cool 60-something woman seeks gent to share good times. 5598 ✉☎

Retired Professor, 81—Widower - enjoys museums, movies, theater, walking, ideas and conversation - interested in female companionship. 5645 ✉

Warm Heart—Inside a prominent Ivy surgeon with good looks, humor; 5'10", muscular, 43. Dreams of a warm lady under 36, for best friend, romance, family. Phone/photo necessary. 5686 ✉ ☎

It Happens Once—I am very successful, multi-degreed, 36, 5'8", Jewish, English, athletic and fit. You'll find me handsome, dynamic, very smart, down-to-earth, genuinely nice, interesting, caring - even romantic, with a great sense of fun and a sharp wit. As a fairly new resident to NY, I would like to experience the romance, culture, passion and variety of the city with a slim, 25-34-year-old, pretty, intelligent, successful, stylish and sophisticated lady who is cultured, has depth of character, and one who would enjoy an international life style. Additionally, if you, like me, have never had a problem attracting quality, and are tired of answering the "how come you're not married?" question, then get in touch. I would prefer (and will respond to) a recent photo and note. 5700 ✉ ☎

Elegant, Upbeat, Adorable—Successful, Ivy-educated architect - 32, 5'5", mildly Jewish, slim and athletic. Seeks attractive professional male, 30-40, who is fit, witty, honest and warm. Let's enjoy good times with friends, travel, beach weekends, films, museums, and the unique intimacy only true soul mates can share. Note/photo/phone. 5643 ✉

Warmth, Beauty And Brains—Wanted by 43-year-old, single Jewish male MD from central Jersey - passionate, fit, enjoys dining, dancing, sports. Seeks intelligent, kind, nonsmoking, attractive female, 30-45, for happily ever after. Note/phone/photo appreciated. 5662 ✉

Wanted: Special Man—50s-mid 60s, by 5'7" beauty of substance. 5627 ✉ ☎

Very Handsome Executive—58 (looks 48), 6', 175 lbs, athletic (golf and tennis), Jewish (nonreligious), nonsmoker, marriage-minded; president of TV programming/distribution company; co-op in NYC and Westhampton beach. Divorced five years, two very nice sons (on their own); enjoy movies, theater, travel worldwide (do a lot on business), and cuddling in bed on Sunday mornings with the NY Times. I have a BS and MBA and am considered sensitive, polite, laid-back and generally an all-around nice guy... Special man looking for that special woman: warm, very attractive, best friend/soul mate, professional, tall, trim, caring, supportive, with similar interests. Please send note and very recent photo. 5612 ✉

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Sweet, Sexy, Svelte—Jewish female seeks counterpart, 35-40. Photo. 5677 ✉ ☎

Eye'll Be Seeing You!—Optometrist, 42, 5'6", witty, seeks to make contact with female, 35-40, to chart relationship filled with sincerity, caring and laughter. Interests include music, movies, science fiction. Let's focus on something real. 5600 ✉ ☎

Very Attractive—Blue-eyed strawberry blond, 5'4", slim and fit, seeks discerning gentleman who is relationship-oriented. Please be fit, a nonsmoker in your 50s, with active cultural interests. I'm looking forward to trading wit and sharing wonderful times. 5679 ✉ ☎

Striking Blond—42, elegant, slender, substantive, stylish, varied interests. Seeks successful, exceptional, handsome man, 40-53, for lasting relationship. Photo. 5667 ✉

Sensual, Spirited, Still Sweet—Trim, attractive Hamptons woman seeks secure, successful, sincere man, 42-54, 5'10" plus, with charm and energy, to keep my beautiful green eyes bright. Be my partner in delight/satisfaction, tennis/golf for years to come. Note/photo a must. 5673 ✉

Successful, Fun-Loving, Handsome—Young at heart, works hard, plays hard, seeking attractive, fit, early 40s to mid 40s female who is looking for great times. Photo a must. 5642 ✉

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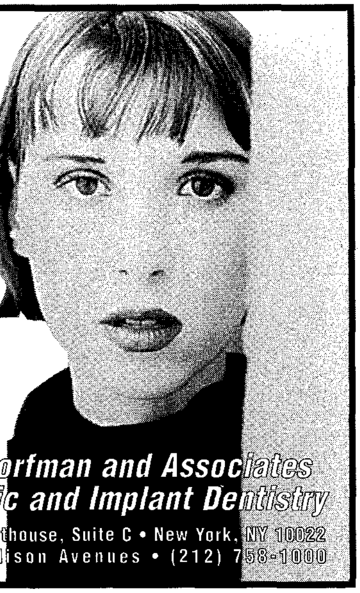

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Self-Made Man—45, 5'9", good looks, good heart, somewhat eccentric, loves art, NYC. Seeks a woman who can be a best friend, companion, with a sense of humor, patience, intelligence and spontaneity. Photo/note/phone. 5654 ✉

Very Warm, Outgoing—And very attractive woman, lively, in young 50s, tall, bright, curvaceous, looking for a warm, communicative man with a wonderful sense of humor, capable of enjoying a real relationship. 5585 ✉

50s, Full-Figured And Fun—Divorced white female, EdD nurse, near Giants Stadium, enjoys her motorboat, bassoon, choir-singing, bike-riding and nature. Seeks divorced/widowed white male, 50-60, for romance and long-term relationship. 5623 ✉ ☎

Are You Interesting?—Handsome European, 30s male, Upper West Sider - traveled, educated, successful and musically inclined - seeks very attractive, successful (in any field), open-minded woman, 24-34. 5649 ✉

Adorable, Slim, Boca Raton—Professional Jewish lady seeks accomplished male, 52-62, forever. Note/photo. 5624 ✉

Cat Lover—Single white male, NJ, 47, teacher, well-traveled, loves NYC, beaches, golf, enjoys active life seeking female for long term relationship. 5587 ✉

Unpretentious, Stylish—Slender blond widow seeks kind, successful man, 58-68, with sense of humor. Photo please. 5594 ✉

Looking For My Best Friend—Jewish woman, 35, smart, spirited, successful business owner, 5'6“, full-figured, attractive and classy. Seeks kind, educated, professional, handsome Jewish man, late 30s, for dating. Interests include the arts, fine dining, NYC culture, East Hampton (off season), good conversation and sharing good times together. Extra credit for great sense of humor. 5690 ✉

Co-Parent Wanted—Stable, financially secure, trim, healthy, nonreligious Jewish man (never married) would like to co-parent with emotionally mature woman who has the need to nurture. 5618 ✉

Picture This—40-year-old, easygoing, good-looking Irish man, successful physician, loves NYC, travel, dining, adventure. I'm looking for a very attractive, upbeat woman, 30-40. Note/photo please. 5701 ✉

Possibilities Exist—If you are a man who enjoys travel, the arts, sports and laughter. Uncommon, smart, divorced, pretty woman whose lifestyle allows time for travel and city/country pleasures, seeks similar man - 46-58, handsome, warm, nonsmoker, Jewish. Note/phone/photo. NJ/NY. 5668 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Petite, Perky And Playful—Fit, successful professional artist, 30s, seeks cute, fit, romantic and affectionate, professional, caring, marriage-minded man to share life's pleasures. 5602 ✉ ☎

Sweet, Smart, Sexy—Pretty mom of cute boy, 42, professional, seeks warm, attractive professional man for lasting romance. Please send note/photo. 5625 ✉

Individualist, Successful Professional—Artistic, fit man with great grown kids, 58, seeks exciting and loving, tall woman for friend/lover. Photo and note. 5641 ✉

Successful, Affectionate, Handsome—Sufficiently bright, single Jewish male diamond, 42, seeks adventurous and caring, single Jewish female, mid 30s, for adventure, passion and romance. 5595 ✉ ☎

Tenderhearted Cynic—Seeks same. Slim, blue-eyed Jewish female; likes Verdi, the Mets, J. Austen. You: literate, funny Jewish male, 32-42. 5696 ✉

Beach Lover—Successful, tall and slim NYC attorney with own law practice, who loves jogging, volleyball and the beach in LI and Miami - looking for slim, attractive woman, 26-30. Send photo. 5656 ✉

Cute, Upbeat And Warm—Jewish male, 37, 6'4", secure professional with a bohemian twist. Can you startle me with your intellect and charm? A fiercely loyal man to come home to in return. 5606 ✉

Looking For Pleasure—Prime NYC author, PhD, 61, athletic, comfortable, 5'9", seeks a literate, genuinely pretty, loving woman, 40-50, for good times, bright nights. Recent photo/note. 5672 ✉

Outdoorsy Man—51, writer and wilderness guide, tall and thin, grey-bearded, nice-looking, warm, eco-concerned. Seeks attractive, self-aware, loving, spiritual woman who's passionate about nature, for lasting relationship. Photo, please. 5640 ✉

Need A Reason To Leave The Office!—Female exec, 36, hazel eyes, 5'7", easygoing, accomplished and attractive. I enjoy movies, antiquing, country weekends (love the Hamptons) and sailing. Are you a funny, very kind, unpretentious, traditional, professional man, 34-45? Please, be my reason! 5665 ✉

Handsome, Successful And Confident—Male, 38, physically fit, outdoors type with old-fashioned values and passion for life, seeks bright, slender, attractive woman, 25-35, nonsmoker, to share everything from the great outdoors to great restaurants. Note/photo. 5699 ✉

Petite, Attractive, Fit And Sexy—In her mid 40s, very well-educated, teacher, witty, caring and loves children. Seeks man of similar qualities. Please respond with descriptive letter and picture. 5584 ✉

Legally Separated Mom—Seeks a special man, 36-40. Phone/photo. 5596 ✉

Haydn Seek—Writer, truly pretty and fit, thrives on art, music, books, nature, humor - would frolic with literate, warm, congenial guy, 48-55, who's ready to come out and play. 5635 ✉ ☎

Older Man, Younger Woman—Young 40s physician, ex-modern dancer, carpenter, Wasp - with blue-green eyes, curly blond hair - hopelessly progressive, occasionally politically incorrect, true heart. Seeks accomplished, lithe, sane woman, early 30s, with the right pheromone, for friends, love, family. Mambo? Yoga? Hiking? No Prozac, please. Note/photo/phone. Manhattan preferred. 5597 ✉ ☎

Handsome Financial Professional—Divorced, 50s, 6'1", slender, fit - loves the outdoors and the arts. Seeks attractive, slender, nonsmoking woman, 35-47, for fun and a serious relationship. Note/photo, please. 5629 ✉

Attractive Single Female—26, health-care specialist, seeks professional, white, Catholic gentleman, 28-35, nonsmoker, never married. Photo/note. 5676 ✉

Apart From The Flock—Send out the clones. Attractive, witty, warm, divorced male, 50. Accomplished triangle player who enjoys writing monologues for mimes and standing in long lines. Seeks unfit she-wolf, non-singer, under 93 but above the ground, who never slept over at the White House. Photo/note, please. 5683 ✉

Suburban Orientation—University professor, 50s, divorced, 5'9", muscular, chiseled features, conservative, seeks suburban woman around 45. Letter and photo, please. 5632 ✉

Attractive, Warm, Affectionate—Fun-loving, sensuous woman with an interesting, exciting background, artistic, well-traveled and very family-oriented, seeks 60ish man, worldly with sense of humor. Photo a must. 5682 ✉

Lovely Brown-Eyed Blond—Tall, 5'8", willowy, sophisticated yet natural and sincere professional woman seeks sincere man, 50-65, who is warm, witty, wise and wonderful. 5616 ✉ ☎

All Day—I hunt for the liquid measure of your steps. Sweet, very nice-looking poet/Manhattan esq., 33, cultured, filled with Mediterranean warmth and charm but lonely in his sunny seaside home, seeks a hip younger woman - Christian, nonsmoker. Note/photo. 5660 ✉

Constructive, Single White Catholic—Professional male, 37, trim, fun-loving and serious, seeks active, attractive, intelligent and trim single lady, 26-34, with character. Note and photo, please. 5614 ✉

Seeking Equilibrium—Guy, 46, fun, fit, caring, handsome, 5'10", (212), lapsed Catholic. Seeks woman in 30s, accomplished, no kids yet, likes outdoors, arts, hearth. Photo. 5525 ✉

Pretty, Thin Brunette—34-year-old book editor seeks sincere, successful, attractive man for fun and romance. Note/photo/phone. 5628 ✉

Your Mother Will Love Me!—Handsome, successful, fun-loving Jewish male, 38, 5'9", Ivy League, Wall Street, family-oriented, never married, can cook - seeks sincere Jewish female, to 35, for lasting relationship. Note/photo, please. 5592 ✉

Male Musician/Teacher—(Classical and jazz), 63, 5'8", 155 lbs, good-looking, fit, successful. Likes concerts, films, plays, dining, museums, humor, football and travel. Seeks romance with affectionate, attractive, successful, nonsmoking woman, 40s-early 50s. Photo/note/phone. 5611 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Successful Jewish Male—34, 5'11", blue eyes, dark hair, sensitive, caring and honest. Looking for a beautiful woman, race/religion unimportant, who is down-to-earth and at peace with herself. It's also helpful if you love, wine, food and travel. Note/photo. 5692 ✉

Attractive Latin Lady—34, vivacious, sensual, smart and athletic, seeks a white or Hispanic male, 30-47, 5'7" plus, handsome, successful, professional and athletic, for fun, friendship, romance and possibly marriage. Photo/note/phone. 5613 ✉

5'10", Model-Like Beauty—31, down-to-earth, professional Jewish female who loves sports, animals, travel and romance. I am seeking one special man who is successful, intelligent, fun-loving, handsome, witty and honest - for lasting relationship. Photo/note. 5651 ✉

Once More—Warm, bright, widowed Jewish female, mid 60s, slim, athletic and easygoing - enjoys music, travel, romance, reading, theater and Israel - seeks warm, caring, romantic Jewish male for fun and friendship. NJ. 5653 ✉

Pleasant, Pretty, Voluptuous Blond—Brains, heart, no ties, European, 130 lbs, 5'7", stranded in U.S., craves all-American magic man, 38-48. 5678 ✉

Offbeat—Handsome, Buddhist scholar, witty - okay, a bit sarcastic, but warmhearted, funny, affectionate and very successful, 5'10", trim, very blue eyes, music lover, good dancer. Likes skiing, scuba, lakes and trees. Be very cute, hip, 37-42, and no allergies to logic. Photo! 5631 ✉

Greek-American Male—Handsome, 39, educated and successful, sincere, fun-loving and romantic, seeks Greek-American female, 28-34, educated, career-minded, honest and seeking long-term relationship. 5615 ✉

eal Woman—Warm heart, wise soul, dventurous spirit, with passion for life, it, active, pretty, bright professional, eager connect with fun-loving, good man, 0-plus, Jewish, nonsmoker. 5655 ✉ ☎

sian Femme Fatale—Very attractive, ducated, slim, lithe and playful, 25, '6", seeks the real thing with handsome, hivalrous, passionate, spiritual, cerebral, inancially secure prince, 5'8" plus, to urney a honeymoon that knows no end. ote/photo. 5648 ✉ ☎

et's Get Serious—28, redheaded, ewish, petite female looking for fun-to-e-with, romantic and honest guy. Photo/ote. 5658 ✉

ultimillionaire—Looking for someone ho is interested in shopping, travel, n and financial freedom, and who is lender, striking, elegant and very telligent, has varied interests and a usy private life of her own (24-37). am warm, caring, very generous, kinetic, abulous and an adroit paladin whose rofessional life in the TV industry equires a great deal of domestic and ternational travel. Call or write. 5687 ✉

harismatic, Attractive, Sexy—Finan- ially and emotionally secure woman, '7", 138 lbs, radiating wit, passion nd intelligence, looking for same ualities in Conservadox gentleman, 6-63. Photo. 5593 ✉ ☎

ingle White Male—43, professional, kes outdoors; ethical, honest, sincere. eeks woman, 38-45, for friendship. ote/picture, please. 5586 ✉

andsome Male Business Exec—5'11", wish, green eyes, intelligent, gym-fit, nsitive and generous - loves laughter, lf, old movies, Mozart, Dylan, Seinfeld, d sunrises. Seeks model-pretty, slender auty, early 30s, with great legs, a good ind and a heart of gold - for friendship, mance and marriage. 5646 ✉

ery Handsome Male—33, 6', dark, ccessful, athletic, intelligent and nny. Your mother would love me. eeking an extremely beautiful girl nside and out), 24-33, with similar alities. You need not be tall, but have a art of gold to match mine. No attitudes ed apply. Photo/note. 5666 ✉

hite Female, 46—Looking to meet ngle, white professional male, 44-60, for lf and friendship. Note/photo. 5633 ✉ ☎

ttractive Female Writer—46, seeks nest, thoughtful man to write a great ginning with. POB 99, NYC 10108

oncompromising, Nontraditional—andsome, boyish charm, successful wish professional, divorced dad, 11", 185 lbs, athletic, fun-loving, ssionate, romantic, integrity, values d spirited - seeks woman, 28 plus, same, for best friend/lover/wife. for it! Note/photo. 5601 ✉

andsome MBA—41, 6'2", fit, divorced o children), white Catholic male with rm heart, intelligence, humor, diverse erests - seeks comparable female soul ate, 30-50. Photo, please. 5657 ✉

Lovely—Beautiful, classy, brainy, ltured, leggy, divorced Jewish female, strawberry blond, 5'5", 125 lbs, ercised, therapized, witty, sensuous, iculate, successful, unencumbered, seek- handsome, successful, stable, emotion- y and legally available male, 5'7" plus, -61. Note/photo/phone. 5659 ✉ ☎

Pretty Green-Eyed Blond—Sweet, feminine and elegant, 43, Catholic with great sense of style and personality. Loves NY/CT. Enjoys tennis, golf, sailing, nature. Seeks preppy, successful man with traditional values. Phone/photo. 5688 ✉

New Jersey Man—Legal - political past, 50s, in shape, open, irreverant, interests vary, funny, knows intimacy and space. Seeking like woman, 30s up. Seen and done a lot. Not into pretense, clubs. Note/photo. 5697 ✉

Easygoing, Romantic And Funny—Dentist, handsome, athletic and kind, seeks a kindred spirit - younger woman in her 30s, for laughter, friendship, love and commitment. Photo. 5630 ✉ ☎

I've Got It All But You—Old-fashion girl seeks 36-48, 5'9" plus, athletic Jewish prince to be lifetime best pal. Must be able to sweep this 5'5", slim, pretty blond off her feet. Likes to laugh, dance, travel and golf. Note/photo. 5610 ✉ ☎

Long-Stem Beauty—Jewish professional female, 5'9", health-conscious, down-to-earth, sincere, caring and affectionate - enjoys weight-training, country/western music, ocean and traveling. Seeking my one and only, handsome, dynamic, successful, intelligent, sophisticated, sincere, fit, tall (5'11" plus) Jewish male, nonsmoker, 32-40, no children, to develop a lasting relationship plus more. Must have a good sense of humor. Note, photo and phone. 5603 ✉

North NJ Beauty—White professional, many interests, seeks man, 33-50, 5'6" plus, stable, fit, for marriage/fun/kids. U won't regret! Serious replies/photo. 5608 ✉ ☎

Latin Man—30-something, fit, handsome professional seeks attractive, classy lady with brain. Photo/note. 5674 ✉

Off The Bell Curve—Pretty, witty, honest writer for mega-zines. Has maintained historic home, sense of humor, size 4 jeans. Seeks big-hearted, broad-shouldered, stable man with hair (some), humor (lots), 40s or 50s, great eyes and hands. Please send note with photo or paint picture with words. 5637 ✉

Beautiful, Intelligent Professional—East European woman, 36, 5'6", 130 lbs, of great integrity, grace and style, is looking for a diverse, worldly older man who is financially secure. Phone/photo. 5604 ✉

Wanted: Rollerblading Partner—And life companion. Me: 41, 5'4", blond, attractive Swedish professional, athletic, adventurous, affectionate. You: 35-45, over 5'10", professional, handsome, fit, emotionally available. Note/photo. 5684 ✉

NJ Spanish Beauty—47, seeks white, caring, handsome, secure, good man for marriage. Photo, please. 5650 ✉

Handsome Italian Male—40, Catholic, professional, seeks nice, attractive woman for sincere commitment. Enjoys travel, scuba diving and dining. 5669 ✉

Go Figure—Very pretty (really) professional Jewish female, 32, hasn't made her true love connection yet. I'm fun-loving, physically active, slim, 5'7", and am seeking an established Jewish male, 33-42, 5'10" +, for friendship/laughter/romance. 212 or 516. Note/photo. 5698 ✉

Warm, Nice-Looking—Wall Street analyst - Greenwich Village male, athletic build, dark hair, green eyes, 38, 5'9". Interests include writing, languages, travel. Seeks intelligent female - professional or starving artist. Photo/note. 5622 ✉

Gay Jewish Man—29. When I moved to NY, I was convinced that there would be so many 25-33-year-old, Jewish, intellectual Manhattanite men who were out of the closet, lisp-free, healthy, athletic, funny, warmhearted, good-looking, employed, Jewishly involved, passionate, oversexed-but-monogamous and in good shape - that I'd spend all of my time with them at "nice little brunch places" on the Upper West or West Village and quickly kill myself with an overdose of Eggs Benedict and Mimosas (prix fixe). As it turns out, all of these guys must be hiding in the back room at the Guggenheim, and so I never meet them at all. So, if you're one of them, please give me a call. I'd love to hear from you. 5644 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Intelligent—Established Russian female, mid 40s, seeking love leading to commitment. 5583 ✉

Princeton Resident Preferred—(NY/Philadelphia okay). Truly sensual, extremely bright, very independent, athletic, Euro-blend beauty seeks tallish, sane, successful, fit playmate/lover/confidant, 33-48. In-depth letter a must. Photo. 5617 ✉

Hazel-Eyed MD—33 years old, 5'10", handsome, fit, tan complexion, upbeat, way kind and way cool, seeks single white female, 24-32, slim, sophisticated, very attractive and intelligent - for serious long-term urban adventure. Photo and thoughtful note. 5693 ✉

Self-Supporting Househusband—(PhD) available for career woman wishing to start family. POB 539, NYC 10101

Single Jewish Man—42, attorney, seeks slender, long-haired woman, 27-35, never married, NYC resident, for serious relationship. Note/photo. 5626 ✉

Searching—For the man of my dreams! Jewish professional female, 30, attractive, sincere, energetic and in great shape, seeks handsome male, 30-35, 5'8" plus, with a sense of humor, thoughtful, sensitive and in search of a lasting relationship. Note and photo please. 5619 ✉

Sweet Innocence—I am a financially secure, divorced white female, 49, stable, well-adjusted, no games, nonsmoking, caring and sensitive, with traditional values. I love cooking, travel, dining out, theater, NYC, the beach or lake, children and dogs. I'm attractive, medium build, 5'5". I live in New Jersey. 5652 ✉

Spirited 50-Year-Old—Eternal teenager. Divorced white female - loves music, movies, reading, nature, matters of the mind and heart. Prefers male, 45-62. Photo/phone/note. 5621 ✉ ☎

Beautiful—5'7", very successful 50ish female, looking for friendship and fun with very successful man. 5664 ✉

Soulful, Smart, Sexy—Sophisticated, bright, 5'7", 134 lbs, divorced, mid 40s, successful professional, into arts, books, working out - seeks good-looking, 5'9" plus, fit, well-educated, fun, trustworthy, financially secure, supportive male, 42 plus, for true love. Note/photo. 5685 ✉

Internationally Acclaimed Artist—Englishman, 45, who is married to my profession, but the buck stops here. I'm now in the position to declare myself lonely. I'm 6'1", dark, extremely fit, Pierce Brosnan look-alike, born in Ireland, spent my life in Liverpool. I adore conversation, restaurants, other people, and I am bent on laughter and happiness. Looking for tall, easy-going American woman. Please write. Photo a must. 5691 ✉

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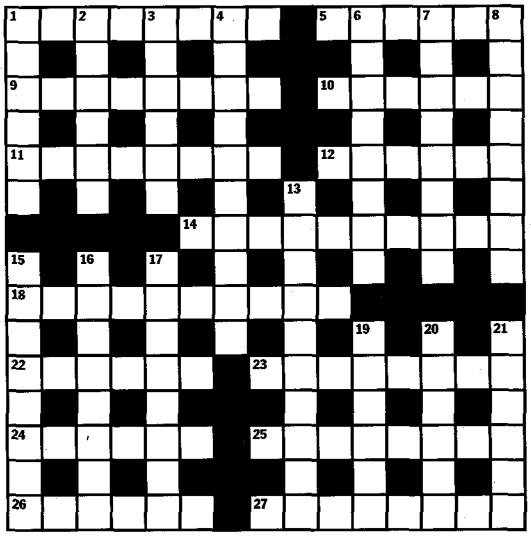
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Rise and fall of one of the French, recently deceased. (8)
5 Farewell, thank you for the dance. (6)
9 Moved camp. (8)
10 House signs. (6)
11 Having had a rise, a man goes on holiday. (8)
12 Rings, and right inside them, gems. (6)
14 Manage to give a little publicity to the head of department. (10)
18 A defender who is prepared to shoot, if need be. (5,5)
22 Relation puts us in the money. (6)
23 Showed annoyance in grating nutmeg? (8)
24 Lorry driver—one in Leeds—breaks down. (6)
25 Hobbies make time pass. (8)
26 Dislike writing notes before exam. (6)
27 Wolf-like descendant? (8)



DOWN

1 Freshly discovered nebula lacking power. (6)
2 Fed up with tea-break? Just the reverse. (6)
3 Cupboard key. (6)
4 Some turned out great. (10)
6 One is distressed by it. (8)
7 Travel overseas to get home. (8)
8 They charge a County Council with devious ruses. (8)
13 They shelve their responsibilities. (10)
15 Bounder, when boxed in, took the plunge. (8)
16 Being saucy I am put outside the room. (8)
17 Extreme irritation? (8)
19 Workshop occupied by strikers. (6)
20 Is upset, internally affected by sea-food. (6)
21 A famous man, but there's no side about him. (6)

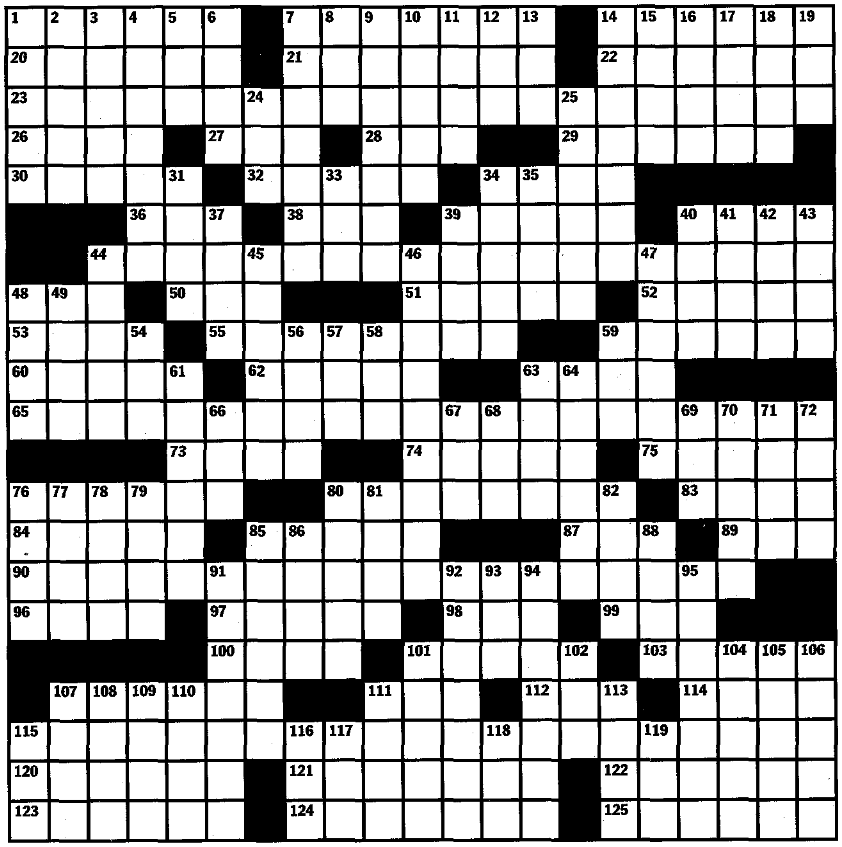
'Wabbit Tale': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Higher clef
7 Asserts without proof
14 Tree-lined
20 Raised
21 Having richer soil
22 Black-belt art
23 Where a man found a rabbit
26 Convene
27 Yule drink
28 Catch the meaning of
29 Hemingway's seagoer
30 Canary's relative
32 Program in
34 Table staple
36 Mayday call
38 Adult elver
39 Masters golfer Nick
40 Dolt
44 What the man asked
48 Flurry of excitement
50 Paul Newman film, 1963
51 Snow: Fr.
52 Horse opera
53 Shangri-La monk
55 Doctor in children's literature
59 Muppets' maker
60 Tropical vine
62 Writer Lofts
63 High-school jrs.' exam
65 What the rabbit then asked
73 Trial run
74 Opposite of everybody
75 Swashbuckler Flynn
76 Brazilian dances
80 Priests' aides
83 Pitcher's mistake
84 Oil-based
85 Marner of fiction
87 Menagerie
89 M-G-M's lion
90 What the man replied
96 Have a migraine
97 Show oneself off
98 Clay, today
99 Before two Tins
100 Jetty
101 Caen coin
103 La —— (Milan's Met)
107 Petty tyrant
111 Supermodel Carol
112 Cry out loud
114 Steel component
115 What the rabbit replied
120 Type of vacuum tube
121 Agreement between nations
122 —— Pieces (popular candy)
123 Gasoline for a lorry
124 Bulwark
125 Put within

DOWN

1 Barbershop quickies
2 Dancer Jeanmaire
3 Tension-relieving device
4 Part of BBC
5 Went first
6 Sir Anthony
7 Wheel specialist
8 Pop music's —— Lobos
9 For the most part
10 Arab honcho
11 Birthday buy
12 Ending for musket or racket
13 —— Lanka
14 Kadiddlehopper's creator
15 No picnic
16 Khachaturian
17 Facts and figures
18 Prince William's school
19 "—— Rosenkavalier"
24 Weeding tool
25 Oscar winner Hawn
31 Biblical skipper
33 Informal shirt
34 Maugham's Miss Thompson
35 Easy as falling off ——
37 Kind of poker
39 Engine need
40 Oland's detective role
41 Is permissive
42 Sandwich cookie
43 Laura or Bruce
44 What Helen Reddy is, in her song
45 Handsome one
46 Exactly: slang
47 "Faust" author
48 Dylan's "—— Really Want to Do"
49 Banquet platform
54 Scavenging bug
56 Like Bo-Peep's sheep
57 Tax-deferred account
58 Child's marble
59 Crone
61 Tack on
63 Pub amount
64 Evoke a Gesundheit
66 Males
67 Between fa and la
68 Plaything
69 Eye, to a poet
70 Eurasian mountains
71 Shoe bottom
72 Northeast Nevada cit
76 Oriental bean
77 One of the Baldwins
78 Engage, as gears
79 Orthodontist's concern
80 Do tailoring
81 Lyricist Sammy
82 Evening in Paris
85 Flag feature
86 "—— Your Face Before Me"
88 Elevator pioneer
91 Clothing
92 Cocktail with an oliv
93 Carte words
94 Family members
95 Rabble-rouses
101 Armada
102 Bull's mate
104 Crop up
105 Asocial person
106 Feeling of anxiety
107 Peeved
108 Keep —— (hang in)
109 Thunder god
110 Effect a makeover
111 Baccalaureate degree
113 Half a vitamin deficiency
115 Car-oil additive: abb
116 Aquarius-Pisces mo.
117 Actress Munson of "G.W.T.W."
118 From —— Z
119 D.C. legislator: abbr.



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 1

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